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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

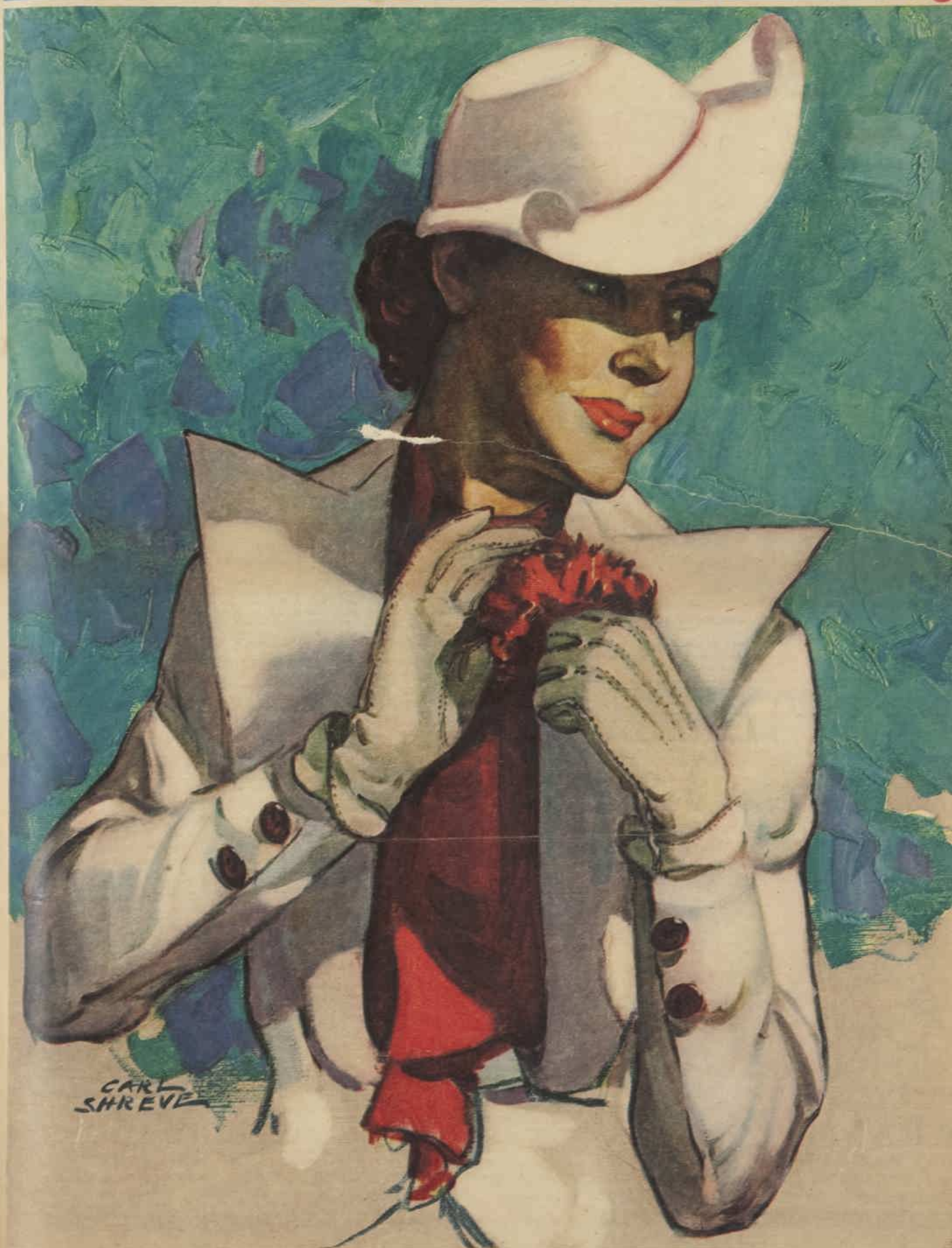
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3^d



ARE YOU *Highly* STRUNG?

Find Out For Yourself by
This Simple Test

By A PSYCHIATRIST

Here is an interesting questionnaire which will tell you how highly strung you are, tell you if you are neurotic, or just normal.

IF you ARE neurotic, don't worry about it, says the author of this article, there are plenty like you.

TO be classed as a neurotic shouldn't depress you. In Australia alone there are 1,200,000 like you. About one person in five.

They include people who, in the attempt to overcome their emotional instability, have developed enough emotional horsepower, enough drive, to do the really big things.

They are the people who create new ideas, new values.

These people were neurotics: Napoleon, Isaac Newton, Beethoven, Schopenhauer, Rousseau, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Abraham Lincoln, Richelieu, Henry VIII, and the Dictators of the present day—Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin.

Naturally all neurotics have not benefited mankind. Not all are great or useful people. Many are a drag on themselves and on others.

But if you are neurotic you may have something to be thankful for. To be neurotic pre-supposes having a mind. Neurosis is the occupational risk of those who use their minds.

The stabilised neurotic is one of the superior types of individual we have to-day.

The questionnaire below will tell you if you are neurotic.

Go through the questions, mark a tick against all to which the answer is "Yes."

There are two sections to each question: where the answer is "Yes" to both, put two ticks.

Add the total number of ticks. Subtract from a hundred to get your score.

If it is above eighty-five you are reasonably normal. If between seventy



ARE YOU a chain-smoker? Then, says the author of this article, you are highly strung. The neurotic is also given to day dreaming and mirror-gazing as pictured above. At left: Haven't we all done this? Here is an "O" filler at work.

unduly: or find it difficult to relax?
25. Sleep badly: or too much?
26. Awake tired: or always feel better towards evening?
27. Difficult to make up your mind about anything: or are very suggestible to what others say?
28. Prejudiced against everything new: or everything old?
29. Daydream a lot: or bothered by troublesome, useless thoughts?
30. Easily fatigued: or always restless?
31. Concentration poor: or memory?
32. Go off the deep end easily: or swear overmuch?
33. Feel sometimes that people are unreal: or your surroundings?
34. Have had a nervous breakdown: or impulse to suicide?
35. Have physical symptoms that your doctor considers imaginary or due to "nerves": or without any physical cause?
36. Think or talk too much about your health: or suffer from nervous dyspepsia, nervous palpitation, nervous headaches, migraine, asthma, hay-fever, writer's cramp or chronic eczema?
37. Laugh with difficulty: or cry with ease?
38. Hoard things: or get rid of things as fast as you buy them?
39. Dislike and fear new people, places and clothes: or crave them?
40. Awkward at practical things: or often say and do foolish things that you regret?

Answer These:

1. Are you over-sensitive and easily hurt: or shy?
2. Shirk meeting people: or remain too much alone?
3. Blush easily: or stutter?
4. Self-conscious about your appearance: or in the presence of your superiors?
5. Feel uncomfortable when people watch you at work: or would cross a street because you shirk meeting someone?
6. Concerned about what people think: or quick to make excuses?
7. Given to jealousy: or suspicion?
8. Tend to find fault or become cynical: or become obstinate?
9. Difficult to make friends: or hold them?
10. Prefer your own sex: or dislike the other sex?
11. Lack self-confidence: or feel sometimes you would like to be a child again?
12. Dislike children: fear or dislike marriage?
13. Unhappy as a result of love-interests: or lonely?
14. Were unhappy between fourteen and eighteen: the influence of a parent or other relative is unusually strong?
15. Easily discouraged: given to self-blame or feelings of guilt?
16. Given to self-pity: or to pampering yourself?

Changing Moods

17. Afraid of responsibility: or over-consciousness?
18. Prone to ups and downs in moods without apparent cause: or apathetic and without ambition?
19. Overfastidious in dressing: or spend too much time before a mirror?
20. Liquor depresses you: makes you quarrelsome?
21. Smoke too much: or drink too much?
22. Entertain feelings of being inferior to other people: or tend to bluster, bully, or fuss?
23. Feel depressed: or unable to do your best work?
24. Exaggerate trifles and worry

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Success Overseas

MAX HELPMAN, whose brother, Robert, is one of the most popular ballet dancers in England, is following in his footsteps and fast making a name for himself on the English stage.

He had a twelve-months' contract for repertory work at the Albert Hall, London, and later hopes to go into motion pictures. He has already appeared in two British Gaumont film productions since leaving South Australia.



—Brochover.

Distinguished Guider

MRS. C. BLYTH, who has been visiting Australia with her husband, Colonel C. F. Blyth, C.M.G., was one of the pioneers of the Girl Guide Movement in England. She has now given up active work, but is a Lone Guide, so promotes the interests of guiding wherever she may be.

She was awarded the highest honor in guiding, the Silver Fish, and is a member of the London Council and of the executive committee in her district.



Nobel Prize Winner

PROFESSOR GEORGE PAGET THOMSON, 45-year-old British scientist, who was awarded the 1937 Nobel Prize for physics in conjunction with an American savant.

In winning the coveted honor, Dr. Thomson duplicated the feat of his father, Sir Joseph Thomson, who won the Nobel Prize 31 years ago.

Travelled...then found beauty aid back home!



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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

37,18,27

A VISITOR Says This ABOUT US!

Criticises Our Accent, Our Walking, Our Women
PRAISES OUR HOSPITALITY

"Aren't we awful?" Australians might amusingly think, as they review the home truths about themselves, aired by another overseas visitor — a schoolteacher from Rhodesia who is now looking Australia over.

Things that have impressed her so far are: Our terrible accent, which begins in the schoolrooms; our slow walking pace; the unimportant part women play in public life; the lack of team games in schools—and our generous hospitality.

THESE are some of the conclusions arrived at by Miss Penelope Gordon, a teacher, from Salisbury, Rhodesia, who is now in Australia giving our education systems a look over.

Miss Gordon is a member of the staff of the Girls' High School in Salisbury. Although she had only been here a few days when The Australian Women's Weekly called on her in Brisbane, she had already made some very interesting observations and comparisons about school homework, sports, our women, and Australia's national hospitality.

"One of the chief differences I have noticed in Australia," said Miss Gordon, "is that in Rhodesia we have very few non-State schools. We have one Church of England school for boys and one for girls. We are a very large country, too, with a European population of 55,000.

More Swimming

THERE are several convents and one secondary Roman Catholic school. The rest of the education is in the hands of the State.

"The majority of children having secondary education are in State schools, which, until quite recently, were fee paid."

When asked if she thought too much time was given to sport, Miss Gordon said:

"From what I have seen, not so far as girls are concerned. In that respect we equal Australians. We think games are important. In most of our big schools they are, in fact, compulsory."

"What amazes me is that in this hot climate swimming is not compulsory. Many of the schools have swimming baths quite close to the grounds, yet

the children are not obliged to learn to swim.

"In Africa swimming baths are available, even if some distance from the school grounds, but the children MUST have their swimming lessons, even if it means a long walk to and fro."

Australians who do a lot of swimming will be particularly interested in this angle of Miss Gordon's comments—that we do not have enough swimming early in life.

Team Games

"ANOTHER surprise is that the girls here seem to do very little in the way of team games," she says. "Very few play hockey. What is the reason for that? I feel very sorry."

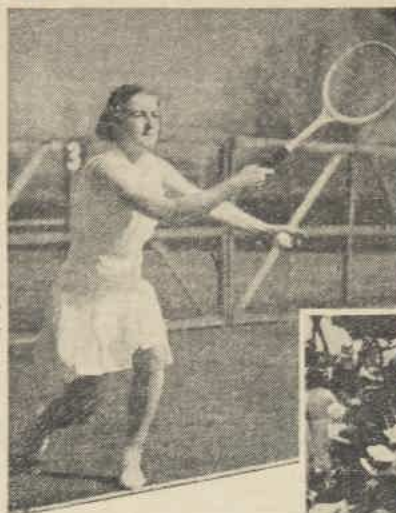
"I think it such splendid training in co-operation to play a team game instead of only doing individual games like tennis and athletics."

"I hope before I return to Africa to discover what conditions make it inadvisable here to play more extensively a game like hockey which enjoys a world-wide reputation. Not only is it a game played enthusiastically in Southern Rhodesia, but it is also extremely popular in Northern Rhodesia and Belgium Congo, where conditions are extremely tropical."

"The girls love it; they don't continue to play to an advanced age because they have other activities and interests."

In Rhodesia, people walk faster than we do, says Miss Gordon. She notices this because her rapid walking pace enables her to pass other pedestrians here.

"We think the presence of native labor is inclined to make our boys and girls lazy," she said, "but Rhodesians do walk and talk much faster than you do here. Of course,



when we've lived to be 150 years old—we are now less than fifty—we might have the same characteristics as you have."

"Your children do more homework than ours. We are giving up homework in the primary schools, and reducing the amount given in the secondary schools."

"It is quite possible that this will ultimately mean that we shall extend our school hours. At present we have no afternoon school. Our hours are from eight a.m. to one p.m."

Then the matter of accent in Australian children was discussed. Miss Gordon has a beautifully-cultured English voice, so perhaps it is more noticeable to her that some of our children have an accent.

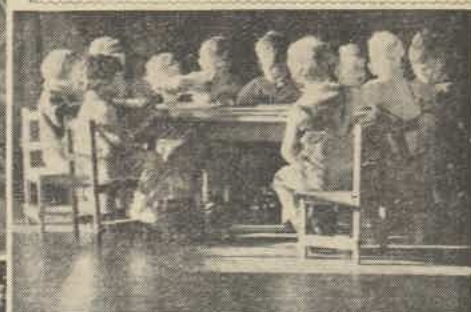
Our Accent

"I EXPECTED to find people much more worried about the development of a marked accent just as we are about a LESS marked colonial accent," she said. "It seems rather absurd to have English-speaking people who cannot understand one another. In our schools we definitely work towards a normal English speech."

Something else that is different is our school leaving age. Here it is 14, and over there it is 15. This is made possible, Miss Gordon thinks, by the fact that manual occupations are in the hands of native people over there.

Another comparison is that Australian women don't play the same part in public life as the Rhodesians.

Our Faults . . . In Pictures



AUSTRALIA'S FAULTS shown in pictures, as seen by a Rhodesian schoolteacher. Our girls play too much individual sport like tennis, instead of more team games; our schoolrooms develop our terrible accent; and our pedestrians are slow walkers. What do you think?

"There seems to be," said Miss Gordon, "a regrettable tendency on the part of the men to believe that higher education is wasted in a girl if she is going to marry early."

"I have not had time to notice whether your children suffer from having mothers who are expected to devote all their energies and attention to domestic duties."

Our Hospitality

"AND now a word for the teachers! I am surprised to find that your teachers seem to need very little sick leave or vacation leave. Conditions are much more liberal or generous in our service. That is why I am able to be here."

"We have four months' vacation leave every twelve months. At the present moment we are having a re-organisation of education in Rhodesia."

"I studied educational problems in London for 16 months, and then I wanted to see a country more like Rhodesia geographically and climatically."

And about our hospitality she says: "I have been surprised and most grateful for the interest that people have shown in my visit, and the kindness and hospitality they have offered me."

"We Rhodesians pride ourselves on our reputation for open-handed hospitality, but I have found that Australia can equal us."

NEXT WEEK—MARVELLOUS NEW AUTUMN FASHIONS

24-Page Free Supplement with Snappy Dress Ideas

Next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will be a special fashion number. It will contain some exciting fashion surprises in addition to its regular features.

There will be a free 24-page fashion supplement covering newest styles for 1938 autumn and winter seasons. Other fashion ideas will appear in beautiful colored artgrature.

DESIGNS include glamorous evening wear for dining and dancing, evening coats, smart day and afternoon frocks, suits and topcoats, fascinating lingerie, children's wear, and other items so necessary in every woman's wardrobe, such as blouses, collars, hats, and accessories.

You will be able to get paper patterns for making these designs from our Pattern Department, and when you see the smart styles available you will immediately want to get busy with your sewing machine.

If you are the fragile type—



Do—wear white which is harmonious with your fragility. Yards and yards of light, diaphanous tulle to float about you, seed pearls, delicate perfume, blossoms in your hair—typical of movie star Lucretia Young.

Don't—play at looking the dangerous woman in the slither and sheen of sequins

COLETTE's first tip for you. But wait till you see next week's surprises.

modern Cleopatra how to dress so that even caty enemies will not notice her big nose.

So make sure of next week's issue with all its surprises in fashions and regular fiction and magazine features.

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Go Down To The Sea Like This, GIRLS!

Young Australian Trips Round The World On A Tramp Steamer

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special
Representative in England.

Every girl loves a sailor, they say, but does every girl love the sea, as seen from a tramp steamer sailing round the world?

Maybe the romantic adventure of it would thrill you as it did Miss Norma Cooper, who left Sydney some time ago and has just reached London.

MOUNTAINOUS seas, broken steering-gear, shortage of coal and intense heat and cold were only a few of the hardships she endured as a deckhand aboard a tramp steamer which has just reached England.

"I wasn't really looking for adventure," she said demurely, when I asked her why she had signed on. "It was all a question of finance. I was just crazy to see England."

"The girls I worked with in Sydney had been to the 'Old Country,' and they were so enthusiastic about what they had seen, how they had been entertained, and the friends they had made that I determined to do likewise."

"At the last moment the captain of the vessel on which I finally embarked said he didn't know where the ship was going, it might be Norway, but I decided to go, anyway."

"The first port of call was supposed to be Durban, but the weather round

the Australian coast was so bad, and we had used so much coal that we had to put in at Albany."

"My Work"

"At first the crew grumbled very much about having me on board. They thought I was going to be an awful nuisance, and sick all the time. But actually I wasn't sick at all, and I spent most of the first ten days nursing a passenger—a young man who has now successfully started on a stage career."

"As I had made myself part of the crew by signing on, I had work to do, and I think my scraping and painting on the deck-house were quite a tribute to my talents with a brush."

"I read a lot, too, and in the evenings I taught the captain to knit. He wanted to learn, but was shy about it, and used to hide his work when the steward was anywhere around."

"I had a grand time at Port Elizabeth, where we spent a week having the steering mended. The automatic steering gave out one night in mid-ocean. I shall always be sorry I was fast asleep in my bunk when that excitement happened."

"At Port Elizabeth we learnt that our destination was Dublin."

"I shall never forget the green beauty of the Irish Coast."

"The first thing I did when I got to the Irish capital was to send the two suitcases—my entire luggage—on to Euston to await my arrival."

"A great plan had been born in



TRICKY WORDS can't puzzle them. Miss Penelope Knox and Miss Miranda Tallents, English girl undergrads, who recently won world fame by beating men in a transatlantic spelling bee between English and American Universities. The girls are seen with their headphones after the phone competition. Words like haemorrhage, daguerreotype, trachea, sesquipedalian, and inosceles presented no difficulties to them in the spelling bee. —Air Mail photo.

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Safeguards Health—
refreshes and invigorates

A LEVER
PRODUCT

FLATS ARE Problem For BACHELOR GIRLS

As in other big cities in the world, bachelors—especially bachelor girls—present a serious problem in housing in Sydney.

Even at two and three guineas a week Sydney's one-room bachelor flats are so sought after that there are not nearly enough to go round.

A BLOCK of ultra-modern flats in the heart of the city is the latest idea to meet the shortage. It will enable one hundred and forty-three bachelors—men and women—to be added to the number of city-dwellers who can walk to work from the 2000-odd bachelor flats already in existence. The flats are to be erected in Margaret Street.

Although 1937 was a record year for flat building the demand for small modern flats is still greater than the supply.

A Sydney estate agent who told The Australian Women's Weekly that the average rent for modern bachelor flats furnished is from two to three guineas a week was asked:

"What do bachelor girls do on an income of £3 a week?"

"They just 'do,'" he replied. "They share flats, live in rooming or boarding houses, or live on the outskirts of the metropolis where rents are lower."

Sydney may yet have to follow the example of London and New York, where working girls cannot afford to live near their work because land values make the rent too high. In London high rents extend so far out of the city that many of them have to live in faraway suburbs and spend a third of their salaries on fares.

The new Margaret Street flats will be soundproof and will be fitted with built-in furniture on American lines, electric conveniences including stoves and refrigerators, scientific ventilation in the kitchen to remove cooking fumes, and there will be a restaurant in the building for bachelors who can't or won't cook.

In big cities overseas attempts have been made to solve the problem of housing bachelor girls by the erection

of huge rooming houses exclusively for women.

Rooms are obtainable furnished or unfurnished; there is a communal restaurant; bathrooms and washing rooms on each floor, and special terms for women who invest money in the building.

The main drawback to this scheme is that many women do not like to be herded together, preferring to live alone even at the cost of modern conveniences or an address close to work.

Nearly half of the new dwellings built last year in the metropolitan area were flats—505 blocks, containing 3436 flat dwellings in a total of 4490 dwellings. Included in this figure are 174 houses converted into 494 flats.

Every year more and more people become flat-dwellers. The number of houses built in 1937 was about 1000 less than houses built in the best recent building year, 1929, and the flats of last year were 1000 more than those built in 1929.

NEW blocks of flats in Australian capitals are tending to become like the vast blocks of flats in America, England, and Europe, self-contained communities, with restaurants, laundries, dry-cleaners, florists, delicatessen shops, milk bars, hairdressers, tennis and squash courts and swimming pools on the premises.

But Australia's housing problem is not yet so acute that flats have to be built in groups of hundreds instead of tens. Largest blocks here rarely exceed a hundred flats.

In England and Europe many blocks contain five or six hundred flats, while the largest block in Europe—Dolphin Square, on the banks of the Thames in London—contains 2000 flats.

THE frocks photographed in natural color and reproduced in our special artistry process on the last page of our fashion portfolio, are by courtesy of NORMAN BROS., and worn by Miss Jean Martin.

TALE of a Runnin' DOG

• Complete Short Story

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

A rollicking tale in an Irish setting by that famous story-teller, Maurice Walsh, author of "The Small Dark Man" and "The Key Above the Door"

ON a warm afternoon in May, I found writing even more irksome than usual. My characters sat on the breeching and criticised the plot that imprisoned them with sardonic disfavor; and my own favorite red-haired heroine told me that she was enamoured beyond hope of the uncompromising blond villain, and glad to be.

"This will have to be considered," said I. So I leaned back in the old wicker chair, draped a handkerchief over my eyes, and started the painful cogitation.

I was roused by the clanking squeak of an ungreased wheelbarrow on the gravel path in front of the summerhouse, and lifted a corner of the kerchief to see Thomasheen James, my man-of-no-work, rubbing his sandy poll under a disreputable hat that had been mine in its better days.

"God is good to some people," said he slootily. "Isn't it the fine sheep 'er's havin' to himself?"

My gently nurtured heroine had just told me to go to—Hades, and I had no hesitation in urging a similar adventure on Thomasheen James.

"A pity I waked you," said he. "You reminded me under your veil of them ladies I saw in the big war over beyond in Stamboul. I do be often thinkin' since, that 'tis a shame of the world we couldn't be puttin' the gordah on most Irish women ever I saw."

"The purdah?"

"'Tis what they call it. Cover 'em up except—well! as much as possible," said Thomasheen James. "Man, isn't it a thirsty afternoon is 't?"

Yearning lastly, I turned to the open cupboard at my right shoulder. "There's a robber in this place," said I warmly, "and I need go no nearer home than that."

"Near enough," said Thomasheen James. "an' you not to fall over yourself."

"I could have sworn I left a bottle of lager in there last evening."

"One does be losin' count after three or four," said Thomasheen James. "and, robber or not, I never touched a bottle, barrin' out of your hands—and that not often."

"Run up to the house and tell the girl to give you one bottle of beer."

"Give us wan bottle is it?"

"No. One bottle which you will bring to me here intact."

"Very well so," said Thomasheen James resignedly, and left me to consider the twisted character he was, and to wonder how he was to account for the second bottle of beer he was sure to bring.

A lean, wiry, ageless scoundrel, with a strange roguery strangling a stranger honesty. He had served in the King's Navy as far away asabled Stamboul had cruised erratically and with malice aforethought over the broad of Ireland, had lifted grapple hurriedly out of many doubtful situations, and was now loosely anchored in my garden for his own purposes and my occasional profit.

He handled a sweeping brush efficiently, was awkward with a hoe, and, as he himself put it, could not sleep a sound wink if there was a squeak in the same house. He was to respecter of persons or institutions, had read surprisingly but without method, used astonishing strokes in the wrong places, and

yielded to an outspoken tolerance in our mutual relationship.

"That's a mighty intelligent young woman you have visitin' you," he said at my shoulder. "She was inside in the kitchen invitin' a cake in a brown bowl—God help you—and says she: 'Take down a second bottle, Tommy; my uncle will be needin' it in a small while.' Are you her uncle?"

"No. My wife's her uncle."

"Ha! That's where she gets the brains from."

"Implying that I have none?"

"Oh, you have brains of a sort, all right," said Thomasheen James carelessly, "but you haven't as many as you think you have; an', anyway, the best day ever you was, your wife could twist you round her little finger. Will I hit the second cap for you?"

"You may, I suppose," I grumbled. "And you can risk the beer, if you will also risk my sincere hope that it rends you like a bad conscience."

"I'll risk the both o' them," said Thomasheen. "My conscience is clear."

He sat on the tail of the barrow, poured his beer carefully, looked through the misted amber of the glass, and took one delicate, appreciative sip.

"Yes, so. An intelligent young woman as ever was. Is she married, that one?"

"She is—to an Englishman 'way up in Scotland."

"She doesn't look it then, but sure the English was always soft about women. God help the poor gum, anyway; he wouldn't need to be born yesterday to throw dice with the likes of her."

"No, then, I don't. I don't be havin' anybody anymore—'tisn't worth while—barrin' a go-by of a cop 'an him askin' awkward questions, or a Jewman beatin' one down over the counter, an' the capitalist class as whole, an' Jimmy Thomas an' Ramsay Mac an' wan or two more. No! 'Tisn't many people I hate these days."

"But you dislike women?"

"Don't you?"

"I married one with red hair," I said.

"So you did, so you did, an' you've let the whole world know about it; but 'tis a lie all the same, for I'm

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By MAURICE WALSH

I eased my shoulders into the wicker chair and decided to be lazy for the afternoon, with Thomasheen James as fount of inspiration.

"From certain of your remarks, Thomasheen James," I began, "I am led to conclude that you are something of a misogynist."

"Japusi! mis—you don't mean miscreant?"

"That also. But we'll hold by misogynist this afternoon."

"Mis—I mind meetin' the word somewhere—but I never done the like in my life and well you know it."

"I mean you suffer from a constitutional hatred of women."

thinkin' 'tis she married you—maybe her mother to help her."

"A sound practitioner, the same dear woman," I admitted. "She had ten daughters and saw them all married."

"Thunder-an' turf!" said Thomasheen James with awe. "She was a woman. I hope you didn't fall in with her an' the throw-out of the clutch still on her hands?"

"Perhaps your dislike is not constitutional after all," I hinted, returning to the charge. "You may have been crossed in love."

"And wouldn't I be the blamed fool?" said Thomasheen James.

"By this time the lady was in a hurry to see her dog racin', but I wouldn't let her be in a hurry. I brought him on at my own pace."

"Or had an unfortunate adventure or two."

"You don't have any other sort," said Thomasheen James. "Not with women."

"Suppose you finish that beer and get on with some work," I suggested coldly, firing my last shot.

"S U R E," the evening is before us," said Thomasheen James hastily, "with this new summer time drawin' out the day for the dumb proletariat. But let me tell you all the same, man—any man—has cause an' plenty to dislike women. It would be a foolish man would put his trust in them. They're kind enough in the matter of a bottle of beer, an' them not payin' for it—and in other things as well, pay or no pay—but at the back of all, they do things for a reason of their own, and it unreasonable, an' then, at the heel o' the hunt, they'll change their minds all of a sudden an' do something that can be undone only one way and the worst way. I mind me once down in the County Limerick meetin' a woman o' that sort. She was a nice woman, too, as women go an' a widow woman at that." He stopped, and I felt his china-blue eye considering me, but I kept my gaze on my writing pad, pencil carelessly scribbling.

"I don't mind," said he, "not a hair. Take your few notes if you

want to, an' who knows? Ye might be turnin' an honest penny for the both of us." He paused, and then went on slowly, as if drawing on a memory that was stored deep down in him.

"Well, then, it was down in the County Limerick as I said, and at that time I was a lively, strong, hard-workin' man. I was so, whatever you think, and had a steady job an' me steady with it. I was kennelman to one Captain Owen Terrie of Dromo, over near the Kerry border, an' he was a gay sportin' buck, a tall fair devil of a young rooster, and the same devil, but old, lookin' out of his two eyes at any woman worth lookin' at. He kep' a horse in trainin', bred a hunter out of a half-bred mare, an' had a colt that promised to be good enough for the cup at Punchestown. But, strange enough, dogs was his rare fancy: Runnin' dogs, pedigreed greyhounds, and them he knew as well—as well as meself, an' what didn't I know? He did his own conditionin', and only paid me a kennelman's wages, but in a matter of close judgment he often gave me back, for he was a fair-minded man in many ways. Yes, sir! I knew runnin' dogs, every turn and twist of them, an' what's more, my knowledge is still in here where I keeps me brains. This very minute I knows a fawn pup out of Lady Loon be Master Ross, an' if you—"

Please turn to Page 40



An INFAMOUS ARMY

Continuing
Our Brilliant
Historical Serial

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

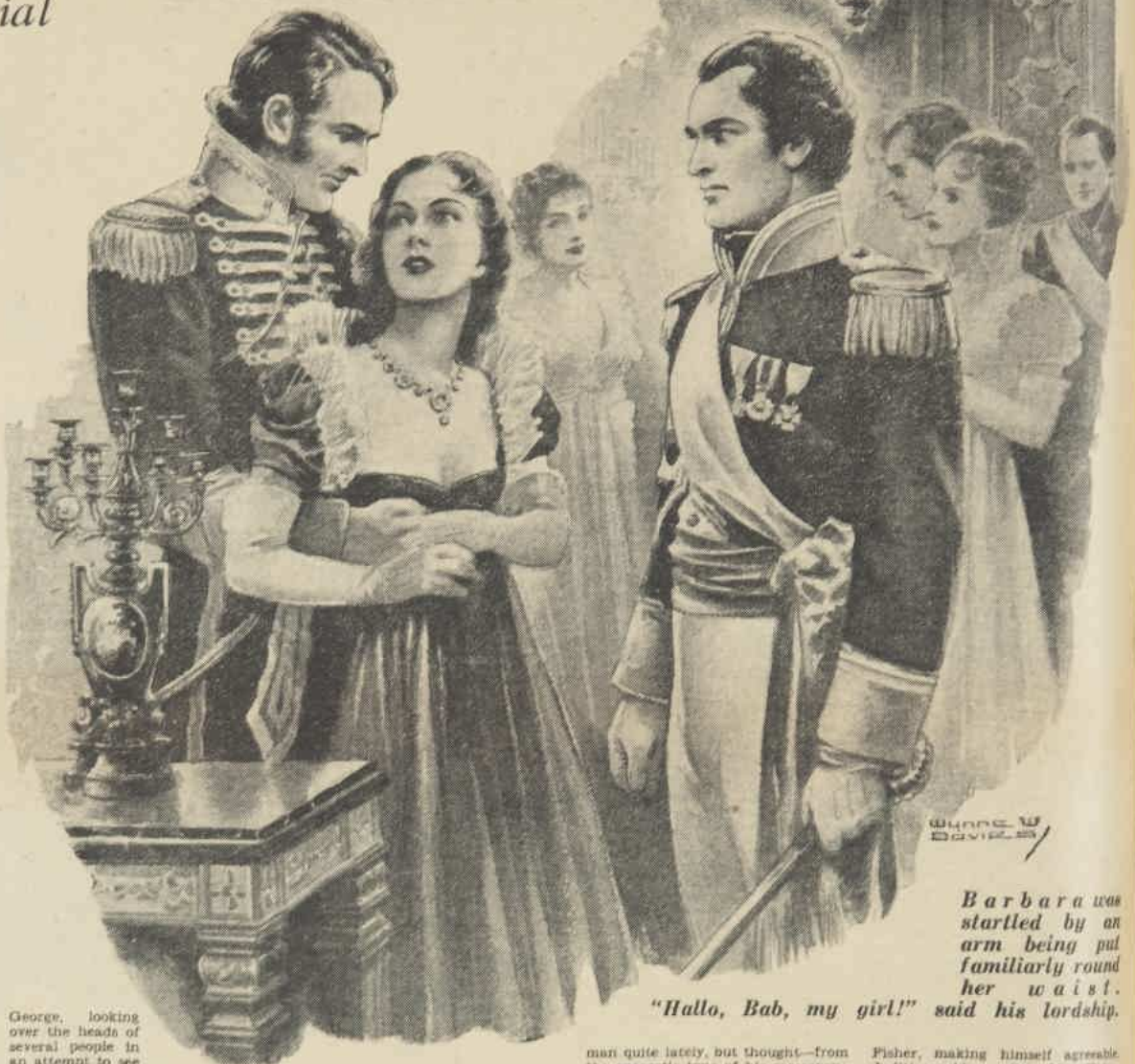
THE STORY SO FAR:

THE EARL OF WORTH, Army General, and his wife, Judith, the Countess, are in Brussels, where most of England's social lights have gathered. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, on the eve of war, has returned from Vienna, where he has attended an important congress. He complains bitterly of lack of support from England, and peevishly of the wretched Belgian troops. Among his personnel is COLONEL CHARLES AUDLEY, brother of the Earl of Worth.

Included among the prominent members of the English aristocracy in Brussels is SIR PEREGRINE TAVERNER, young dandy, and brother-in-law of the Earl; LADY BARBARA CHILDE, notorious flirt, famous for her beauty, newly engaged to Charles Audley, to the chagrin of their relatives, particularly Judith, who had hoped to marry him to LUCY DEVENISH, an heiress.

Meanwhile, the military situation is causing concern. The possibility of Bonaparte descending upon the city is responsible for much discussion and apprehension. With Napoleon at large, summoning his Champ de Mai assemblies, issuing his dramatic proclamations, gathering together his colossal armies, only the very optimistic could feel that there was any hope for King Louis getting back his throne.

Lady Barbara's flightiness is concerning Charles, particularly when on the eve of his departure for Ghent with the "Iron Duke" for five days she arranges a picnic at the Chateau de Hougemont with M. De Laviase, matrimonial prize, who wants to marry her. When Charles returns to Brussels, they quarrel, but their disagreement is forgotten with the advent of LORD CHARLES ALASTAIR, Barbara's brother. NOW READ ON—



Barbara was startled by an arm being put familiarly round her waist.

"Hallo, Bab, my girl!" said his lordship.

SHE got up as she spoke, and with a slight inclination of her head moved away to where her aunt was seated. Lord George looked after her for a moment, and then turned to his hostess, saying briskly: "Where's Bab? In the other salon? I'll go and find her. Now, don't bother your head about me, Lady Worth, I beg! I shall do very well."

She was perfectly willing to let him go, and with a nod and a smile he was off, making his way across the crowded room through the double-doors leading into the further salon. There had been thrown open, and as he approached them George saw his brother Harry standing between them in conversation with Lord Hay. He waved casually, but Harry, as soon as he caught sight of him, left Hay, and surged forward.

"Hallo, George! When did you arrive? Where are you quartered? I am devilish glad to see you."

George answered these questions rather in a manner of a man receiving a welcome of a bolshous puppy; twitted Harry on the glory of his brand-new regimentals, and demanded: "Where's Bab?"

"Oh, with Audley somewhere, I daresay. But what a hand you are, not to have written to tell us you were coming!"

"Who's Audley?" interrupted

George, looking over the heads of several people in an attempt to see his sister.

"Why, Worth's brother, to be sure. Lord, don't you know? Bab's going to marry him—or so she says."

This piece of intelligence seemed to amuse George. "Poor devil! No, I didn't know. New, is it?"

"Oh, they've been engaged for a fortnight or more! Look, there they both are!"

A MOMENT later Barbara was startled by an arm being familiarly round her waist. "Hallo, Bab, my girl!" said his lordship.

She turned quickly in his embrace, an exclamation on her lips. "George! You wretch, to creep up behind me like that!"

He kissed her cheek, and continued to hold her round the waist. "What's all this I hear about your engagement?" He glanced at Colonel Audley, and held out his free hand. "You're Audley, aren't you? How d'ye do? Think we've met before, but can't recall where. What the devil do you mean by getting engaged to my sister? You'll regret it, you know!"

"But you must see that I can't in honor draw back now," returned the colonel, shaking hands. "When did you arrive? At Liederkerk, aren't you? We're deuced glad to see you fellows. I can tell you. How strong are you?"

"Two squadrons. What are these Dutchmen like, hey? Saw some of them on our way up from Ostend. They're not so badly mounted, but they can't ride."

"That's the trouble," admitted the Colonel. "A great many of them are shocking bad riders. You know we are not getting Comberners to command the cavalry after all? The Horse Guards are sending Lord Uxbridge out to us."

"Oh, he's a good fellow! You'll like him. Don't know him, do you? No, of course he wasn't out in the Peninsula in the Duke's time."

"His brother was. We knew him."

George laughed. "Oh, General Paget! Got taken prisoner because he was so short-sighted, didn't he? Uxbridge won't do that. But I say, Audley, you Peninsular fellows have the advantage of us—and by Jove, don't you mean to let us know it! A blooming rifleman I met to-night

man quite lately, but thought—from the energetic tone of his correspondence—that he was enjoying his customary vigorous health.

"In debt again?" asked Barbara.

"Would he not come to the rescue?" "Oh lord, no! Wrote that he'd see me to the devil first!" replied George.

"But I daresay if I come out of this little war alive he'll pay up."

"Return of a hero?" inquired the Colonel. "You'd better get wounded."

"Devilish good notion," agreed his lordship. "Of course if I'm killed it won't matter to me how many debts I've got. Either way I'm bound to win. What are the Prussians like, Audley?"

"I haven't seen much of them so far. Old Blucher has arrived at Liege, and says he can put 80,000 men in the field. Some of them pretty raw, of course—like our own."

"Queer old boy, Blucher," re-

Fisher, making himself agreeable. Judith could see that Mrs. Plover was pleased with him, and hoped that she would not allow herself to be carried away by a thin and a handsome face. She had little confidence, however, on that amiable lady's judgment, and was not much surprised to see her beckon to her niece to come and join in her chat with Lord George. Miss Devenish obeyed the summons, but reluctantly. Lord George jumped up as she approached, and in a few minutes succeeded in detaching her from her aunt, and bearing her off in the direction of the parlor, where the refreshments were laid out.

IT was not until the end of the evening, when her guests were beginning to disperse, that Judith found an opportunity to speak to Lucy. She said then: "I hope Lord George did not tease you? He is rather a bold young man I am afraid."

Lucy colored, but replied quietly: "Oh no! I knew him before, in England."

"Yes, so you told me. I was surprised; I don't think you ever mentioned the circumstance to me?"

There was a little hesitation, a faltering for words. "I daresay I might not. The occasion did not arise, our acquaintance was not of such a nature."

"My dear, why should you? I helped no blame! But I was sorry to see him single you out with such particularity."

Please turn to Page 43

By...
GEORGETTE HEYER

called my lot Hyde Park soldiers!" "So you knocked him down, and poor Vidal will be faced with another scandal!" remarked Barbara.

"No, I didn't. Fellow was my host. But when it comes to fighting we'll show you what Hyde Park soldiers can do!"

Barbara, who was tired of a purely military conversation, changed the subject by asking him how her grandfather did. He confessed that he had not seen that frascible gentle-

marked George. "Saw him last year, when he was in London with the Emperors and all that crowd. Seemed to take very well—people used to cheer him whenever he showed his face out of doors."

Lady Barbara moved away; Lord George wandered off, and presently discovered Miss Devenish again. He apparently prevailed upon her to present him to her aunt, for when Judith caught sight of him an hour later he was sitting beside Mrs.

Hour of Reckoning

A Complete Short Story

By E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



*He would have shrunk away,
but she was holding him. One
hand was free, the other she gripped.*

Another
exciting story
from our new
"Pulpit in the
Grill Room"
series.



IT was perfectly well understood at the Milan Grill Room that, unless I telephoned by at least half an hour before the usual time for luncheon, the third table on the right against the wall as one entered the room was reserved for me. It was somewhat of a shock, therefore, to enter the place on a certain eventful morning, glance towards my table and find it occupied by perfect strangers. I turned to a favorite *maitre d'hôtel* who happened to be passing.

"What is the meaning of that?" I asked severely.

He shrugged his shoulders as only a Provencal can do.

"C'est Monsieur Louis," he confessed. "Another table has been prepared for Monsieur."

I turned round to where Louis was seated at his pulpit-like desk. He beckoned to me with his usual respectful gesture and I knew at once that there was some reason for this unexpected happening. I leaned towards him and indulged in a word or two of remonstrance. He stopped me at once.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," he said, "I ask your pardon for having changed your position to-day. I am begging for your help. A young lady, whose father was one of my most valued clients, has embarked upon an enterprise which fills me with misgivings. I cannot dissuade her from it. She lunches here in a quarter of an hour under conditions which I consider highly dangerous. She needs supervision; if necessary, a strong arm and a quick wit. I have ventured to give you a table next to hers in a more secluded corner of the room and I am also considering the matter of asking you to accept the companionship of another man whom I think you know slightly."

"Is it to lead anywhere—this affair, Louis?" I asked him.

"Louis, although he appeared to the world to be nothing more than the

head waiter at the Milan Grill Room, was a man of importance in many other ways. Scotland Yard trusted him with their inquiries. A certain Secret Service branch of considerable importance, of which I myself was a humble member, made frequent use of him. He shook his head firmly.

"This is just a little drama such as you love to watch happening in the very midst of the turmoil of life," he said. "Intervention may be necessary—I trust not. The luncheon party in which I desire you to take an interest will be of two, then there will come a third. It is my hope that it will end with you and the man who shares your table at luncheon also included."

"Never in my life, Louis," I confided, "have you sent me to luncheon in such a confused state of mind. I don't know what to look for or what to expect."

Louis smiled at me in kindly, almost fatherly fashion. I could not help thinking to myself what a handsome picture he presented with his black hair, his finely-shaped features and complexion of that waxen pallor which seemed to have nothing whatever to do with ill-health. He waved his hand to a waiter who was lingering below. I was escorted to my new quarters, a table neatly arranged for two, next to one in the most secluded corner in the room.

The change from my usual surroundings was so complete that I could scarcely believe that I was in the same restaurant, yet in a moment or two the old associations asserted themselves. There was another larger table, but laid only for two people, in the corner, and in the background there was our giant *maitre d'hôtel*, Jose, a born fighter, who did very little waiting indeed, although no one's black tie or shirt front was more immaculate, but who was always hovering round if trouble

came. In these surroundings I took up the menu and ordered my lunch. Even though the gloom of this sunless corner was a little depressing, there remained the thrill of coming adventure which Louis' guarded words had inspired.

I AM afraid that my response to Sub-Commissioner Parkinson's pleasant greeting, as he paused at my table before I had even finished my cocktail, was not an entirely cordial one. Apart from my conversation with Louis, it happened to be just one of those days when, for other reasons, I was not particularly anxious to be seen on intimate terms with a representative of Scotland Yard, however distinguished.

"All alone?" I inquired grudgingly.

"I am in that unfortunate position," the Sub-Commissioner, who was a tall, hatchet-faced man, acknowledged. "That isn't all, either. I am on just one of those jobs when it doesn't do to attract attention, and there is nothing which makes one so conspicuous as to be lunching alone in a place like this."

I summoned a waiter and ordered him to bring another cocktail. My uninvited guest handed his stick and hat to a passing cloakroom attendant.

"The trouble about you, my dear Lyon," my companion remarked, as he took up the menu, "is that you have too many activities. You are a valued member, I understand, of MITB which brings you at times into touch with my own organisation, and

you are also a cock-a-hoop journalist."

"Cock-a-hoop fiddlesticks!" I answered resentfully. "I am on a job now which, if you hadn't come blundering along, and if Louis hadn't rather upset my scheme, would have provided me with an excellent story."

"Let me set your mind at rest at once," the Sub-Commissioner remarked. "This time, at any rate, our interests are not so far apart. I am not going to steal your thunder. You are not going to interfere with my sleuthing. In other words, we are both here as observers of the same possible drama."

"I might have guessed it," I muttered. "We are the tools of that great man who watches us from his seat of vantage. Perhaps you can tell me a little more of what it is that we have to expect."

The Sub-Commissioner shook his head.

"I know very little more about the affair than you yourself," he assured me. "I gather from what I have heard that our friend Jose, who for the moment is out of sight, will be hanging round as a bodyguard in case there is actual trouble, and that you and I are to take such part in the adventure as our chivalrous instincts may dictate. Louis is rather like that. He loves a dash of mystery."

"You might give me an idea of what we have to expect," I suggested. Parkinson shook his head regretfully.

"There again, the man of mystery

prevails," he said. "You are to pick up what you can of the affair by listening and watching. As a matter of fact, Louis doesn't know what is going to happen any more than we do. So now to our muttons."

The broiled sole which Parkinson had ordered came along at that moment and with the serious business of luncheon established our conversation, after a few words of mild invective on my part, became a trifle desultory. Suddenly my companion stopped in the middle of a casual sentence. I knew from the keen light in his eyes—rather sunken eyes—that what was happening in the room close at hand was interesting him. I, too, looked up. A girl, well but quietly dressed, with an interesting, thoughtful face and sorrowful grey eyes, had taken her place at the corner table close to ours. Her companion was a middle-aged man of an utterly different type. He was obviously either a successful business man, a stockbroker or someone engaged in a similar occupation. His keen blue eyes darted here and there, as though in search of acquaintances. He handed the menu to his companion with an exaggerated gesture of devotion. His voice—not wholly a pleasant one—reached us distinctly.

"Whatever you fancy, my dear. Oysters are in season now, remember, and if you don't fancy them, they always serve good caviare here. A roast pheasant I should suggest afterwards, and what about a glass of champagne?"

Please turn to Page 14

THE Healing PASSION

Complete
Story

By

Sir Philip
GIBBS



It is impossible to say what limit there is—if any—to the influence of the mind over the body or—as one must add—the body over the mind.

As regards the latter part of the thesis, it seems proved that the human character may be changed by stimulating the activity of certain hormones produced by the ductless glands—a rather dangerous form of experiment now interesting biologists.

But the mind itself is more powerful than drugs. Most doctors admit that the patient must go at least half way to cure himself, and certainly there can be no cure in many cases when the patient loses hope and the will to live. Then there is the imagination—a miracle-worker, as old Coue proved.

Now, all that seems a heavy introduction to a simple romance which happened in a pension at Menton, on the French Riviera, where a friend of mine, Betty Markham, stayed for a few weeks last year, after a winter in England and a spell of influenza.

But the end of the story is linked up with this beginning and provides an interesting and astonishing case for those who believe that the mind has a tremendous influence over physical conditions.

Let me introduce Betty. In the Three Arts Club of London, and in one of the Chelsea group of painters, writers and working women, she needs no introduction.

Her full name of Elizabeth Markham is not without honor in the art world as a talented painter in water-colors, and as a designer of stage scenery. She was 35 last year when she went for that holiday at Menton, after her spell of influenza; thirty-five and still a spinster, although a pretty little woman, not without charm, due mostly to rather haunting eyes, a little sad and a little humorous.

SHE was slight and delicate, and almost painfully shy, except among her own intimate friends, and it was probably this shyness, as well as a single-minded devotion to her work, which had kept her single, in a studio flat at the far end of Cheyne Walk, overlooking the river.

As one of her friends, I happened to know that some of the money she earned—not great sums—helped to keep a family of poverty-stricken relatives, and that she had to work too hard at a time of world depression, when art is the first luxury to be abandoned.

She tells me that it was an advertisement on the back page of an old art journal which took her to the Villa Mimosa at Menton. "Superb view over the Mediterranean. Hot and cold water in every bedroom. Good cooking. Moderate terms. Specially recommended to artists and sketching parties."

After a long, dreary winter and that touch of influenza, she felt desperate for sunshine. That "superb view over the Mediterranean" sounded very good. The moderate terms appealed to her sense of economy. A villa recommended to artists and sketching parties was probably simple in its style.

There would be no need for smart clothes, which she did not possess.



Illustrated
By
Wynne Davies

Good enough! She might do a bit of painting in the hills behind the old town. Anyhow, she needed—quite desperately—rest and sunshine and a change of scene.

So she sat one evening at a little table in the dining-room of the Villa Mimosa, after a long journey which she had done in a second-class carriage for economy's sake. She hadn't spoken to a soul the whole way, as her carriage was occupied by a party of French nuns who spent most of their time reading prayer-books or saying their beads.

Now, at this small table there would be no chance of conversation with the other people staying on pension, unless they became chatty in the salon. As she glanced round the company with her shy eyes, they did not seem very interesting or attractive.

There were two or three elderly English ladies of the usual kind familiar in every small boarding-house on the Riviera before England went off the gold standard.

Betty Markham knew their type. They had let little flats in South Kensington to escape from the east winds of a London winter. Only by being very economical could they afford this annual adventure on the Cote d'Azur.

Lying there on the grass he didn't look like a crippled man. His fine shoulders and torso were those of an athlete.

Now and again they would go to Monte Carlo to gamble a few francs or so, in fear and trembling. They subscribed to the English library and propped up novels to read at table between the courses. They were lonely souls—like Betty Markham.

"I shall be like them in a few years," she thought, "getting old and querulous."

ONE of them was complaining in bad French to the waiter because he had forgotten to send a bottle of Evian to her bedroom.

Opposite Betty Markham's table was a family of Germans, or perhaps Dutch or Swedes. The father had tucked his table napkin into his collar over a capacious paunch.

The mother had her hair tied tightly in a bun behind, and her bosom was exuberant. She glanced at Betty with friendly eyes for a moment, before rebuking two little

girls for bad behaviour with their knives and forks.

There was a bearded Frenchman—or Belgian—with a young wife. By the window was a young couple who looked as though they might be on their honeymoon—Americans, perhaps.

At the end of the room was an Argentine or Spanish family—they were speaking Spanish—and near them an elderly husband and wife—they had nothing to say to each other—whose nationality was difficult to guess.

Not English, certainly. Perhaps the husband was a French professor who had tired his eyes out with small print so that he had to wear dark-colored glasses. There was no sign of an English artist or a sketching party. That advertisement in the art journal had not produced much result, except in the case of Betty Markham.

"I'm going to have a lonely time," thought Betty. "I've nothing in

common with these people. Probably they can't speak English, and my French leaves much to be desired. I shall have to do a sketch to-morrow. Perhaps I shall get a little bored in this pension after a week or two."

It was then that she saw a man whose face interested her more than most faces she had seen for some time. She could not help looking at him several times, until presently their eyes met.

Please turn to Page 20

FASHIONS IN ARTGRAVURE

The Camera Captures... COLOR HARMONIES



Photographs posed by Miss June Munn, Australian film star, by courtesy of Glensand, taken in natural color, and reproduced by our special Artgravure process.

PARIS Snapshots

CROCODILE leather is very popular again in natural brown and bottle-green. Sets of shoes, handbags, belt and suede gloves with crocodile quillets are being sold by all the most exclusive houses. Cigarette cases, flap-jacks, flat matchboxes, and card cases are only a few of the articles for which it is being used.

SASHES are appearing on everything from wool jumpers to brocade housecoats.

On wool jumpers they are in heavy taffeta or soft suede, on brocade housecoats or velvet dinner dresses in flimsy chiffon, and on lacy evening dresses, soft draped negligees and gossamer nightgowns they are of rich-looking velvet, usually in some deep wine color.

THE newest material for chic afternoon frocks is striped silk pique—formerly called benzeline.

The background of this fabric is usually black with wide pyrama stripes of blue, gold, scarlet, and emerald.



● **ABOVE:** Sky-blue chiffon makes this lovely gown, which has an exceedingly full skirt attached to a small bodice. The latter is shirred in rows from neck to waist and trimmed with blue velvet bows down the front to match the thin velvet shoulder-strings. The bolero is also shirred.

● **LEFT:** Model gown in dusky moss-green crepe cut on smart lines and trimmed with a simple white collar, bow, and buttons. The same contrast trims the short, elbow-length sleeves. The frock is belted to match, and has an inset panel of little pleats in the bodice.



● **ATTRACTIVE** evening gown in cyclamen marquisette cut with voluminous skirt that flares from the waist. The gown is frilled from neck to hem at back and front, and shoulder-strings of cyclamen velvet ribbon match the velvet posy tucked into the belt at the waistline.



● **STRIKING FROCK** for afternoon in an all-over floral in shades of rose and grey on a white background. The dress is very simply made and is finished with a little Peter Pan collar, buttons down the front of the bodice, and a matching belt at the waist. It is worn with a large leghorn.

The Fashion Parade *sketched by Petrov*

ON the FRINGE of FASHION

● Fringe in infinite variety—long, short, looped, straight, silk, wool, leather or what have you. Take your pick for autumn. Some of the new woollen fabrics have inwoven fringes.



TOP LEFT: Evening or dinner gown with fringes of extravagant length. Becoming interlaced squares at waist and shoulders. Gold on black.

ABOVE LEFT: Travelling coat in soft brown and beige angora, fringed lapels and circular leather motifs at neck and waist. Pockets are concealed in the lapels.

CENTRE: Afternoon frock of navy with navy fringe in many diagonal rows.

RIGHT: Rust-colored coat remarkable for its collar treatment. Fringe trimming is fine grey suède.

BOTTOM of page. Extreme left: White chenille fringe spills over the side of this little black pillbox. Next to it is a light grey cap with navy felt fringe passing through it, and gloves, white on the palms with black backs fringed with white.



P E T R O V

MARCH OF THE MODE

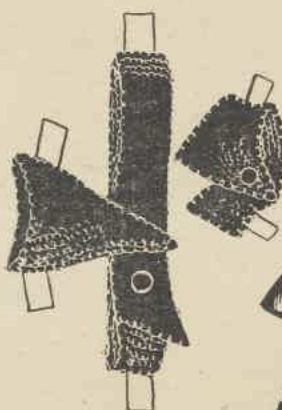
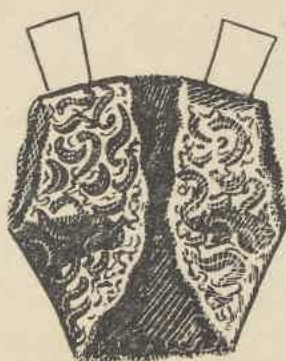
You Simply Must Have a LITTLE BLACK FROCK ... Because You Can Wear It—



● TO A WEDDING under a bright lame wrist-length coat, striped black, gold, and red, severely tailored and very smart.

(2)

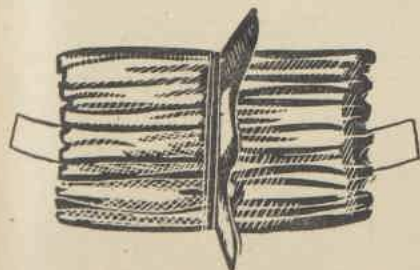
● TO A BRIDGE PARTY with a short sleeveless bolero made of coarse white lace.



● FOR A DAY'S SHOPPING with an astrachan collar and belt and little peaked cap to match.



● TO A CINEMA with a bright magenta-colored corduroy jacket, quite short and simple, with turn-back revers and long, straight sleeves; hung with two rows of tiny silver bells instead of buttons.



● TO THE OFFICE — belted with a wide band of emerald-green crepe, closely draped, but held with a whalebone at the back to keep its width, fastening off in a short frill.

YOU can wear a smartly-cut little black frock on a hundred different days in a hundred different ways . . . with short coats and long coats, with belts and sashes, with collars and scarves, with necklaces and bracelets . . . or just absolutely plain. Men will always think you well dressed, and women will envy you the different outfits you have for every occasion.

On this page is sketched the ideal type of frock: black wool marocain, high-waisted and moulded to the figure, quite plain at the back, slightly full in front. Neck is plain and cut high, sleeves are gathered in to just below the elbow.



● OUT TO LUNCH with several strands of pastel-colored pearls, two gold clips, and a long gold chain hung with gold shells. On one wrist a thick gold cable bracelet, on the other a bangle of twisted old gold and copper, and a wide gold band.

Paris Snapshots

DOUBLE collars of white organdie, very finely pleated, are the latest finish to simple wool frocks either for morning or afternoon wear. Some of them are trimmed with very narrow real lace, but in most cases they just have stitched hems.

NOW that skirts are shorter, stockings are demanding more and more attention. Dark beige with a brownish tendency, and a rather orangey tan are the two most favored shades. The tan is very effective worn with all-green ensembles, while the beige variety can be worn with every kind of blue.

Elaborate clocks in openwork and embroidery are beginning to make their appearance again. Some of them reach almost to the knees. The stockings specially designed for sandal shoes have embroidered toe-caps, which must, of course, match the house-shoes with which they are worn.

HEAVY gold collars—almost like dog collars—are adorning the necks of those fashionable Parisiennes who frequent the gay and exclusive rendezvous that make the Bois so attractive in the evening.

Most of these collars are studded with rubies, the stones sunk into the gold and forming zig-zag or scroll patterns round the throat. Rubies are the stones of the moment here.

WAISTLINES are gradually going down. Coats and frocks at receptions and race meetings are losing their Empire lines and getting back to a normal waist just above the hips and firmly defined with wide leather, silk, or cord belts.

FUR-LINED capes are de rigueur in Paris at the moment. For evening wear they are floor-length in thick brocade or brightly-colored broadcloth, so thick as to be almost felt-like, and lined with white or grey rabbit or white or banana ermine.

For day wear they are mostly three-quarter length in tweed to match the tweed tailored dress worn with them. They are generally lined with ocelot—a fur like leopard, but softer—which is enormously popular here just now.

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Ad 102

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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 26, 1938.

HE SAVED OUR BABIES



A FEW days ago there died in New Zealand (his native country) a man who may be named the pioneer of the modern crusade against infant mortality — Sir Truby King.

His was a strange story. Started in life as a bank clerk, an urge towards social welfare work drove him to throw up his job, and graduate in Medicine, Surgery, and Science overseas.

Returning to New Zealand he took up the study of insanity, and started a vigorous crusade for the better treatment of the mentally afflicted.

Finally, noting so many children in mental hospitals through early parental neglect, he decided to make the better care of infants his sole aim in life.

After years of experiment and study he evolved the Truby King (Plunket) system of infant welfare, and at once put his theories into practice.

The success of his system spread his fame to Britain. He was "lent" by the N.Z. Government to organise similar work in England, and a little later founded the Mothercraft Society in Australia.

The mainstay of the Truby King system is a return to nature's method of feeding infants, or its equivalent. To-day it is generally adopted; at the time it was a principle neglected or avoided, with consequent mortality among babies.

Much of the Truby King system has become part and parcel of modern practice to-day. Hence it is sometimes forgotten that this man was the initiator and the pioneer.

There are thousands of healthy young Australians now in their teens who owe life and health to the reforms in infant welfare initiated by Truby King.

In honoring the memory of this great-hearted man, Australia should never forget its debt of gratitude—the recognition of Truby King as pioneer in a field where now, following in his footsteps, doctors and nurses save so many infant lives.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

To End Shocks

DEALERS as well as housewives will welcome the move in Australia to pass new regulations governing a number of electrical appliances with a view to giving greater safety to the users. The new law will affect the sale, hire, or advertisement for sale or hire of toasters, grinders, radiators, immersion heaters, electrical kettles or saucepans, jugs, irons.

Science has catered so well for the housewife that she is inclined to take for granted the safety of electrical equipment, and even takes grave risks in the use of electrical appliances.

If the law and the dealers provide her with a safe article it is up to her to treat it with respect and to have it kept in order by qualified electricians instead of permitting "home-made" repairs, which are always dangerous.

Disillusioned City

RENO, America's famous—and notorious—divorce rendezvous, has added yet another side to its many-sided character. It has become the centre for country-wide crime rings.

The criminal thrives in a constantly changing population, especially when that population is composed of disillusioned, discontented men and women.

And in a city that is a mixture of cynical disillusionment and such sugary sentiment that attorneys ask their clients what colored ribbons they would like on their divorce papers, a "crook" with a "good line of talk" could probably sell anybody anything.

All Should Be Fit

RESULTS of the Empire Games suggest that women are no longer the "weaker sex." Women competitors won 10 of 16 events in athletics and contributed 71 to Australia's 132 points for the entire Games.

Australia's sportswomen set an example not only to the men in poise, training, and endurance, but also to women. All girls can't run like Decima Norman and swim like Evelyn de Lacy and Pat Norton, but they can make fitness as important as clothes and cosmetics in ensuring that beauty is more than skin deep.

Royal Mother

PRINCESS JULIANA'S possible visit to Australia would delight everyone—especially women. We want to see the woman who is not only one of the most important Royalities in the world, but who is also a modern young wife.

Her delightful frankness in telling the world she was going to have a baby, and her cheerful admission that she wants a large family, have already endeared her to Australian women.

LYRIC OF LIFE

FROM MY WINDOW—

ON these warm nights I see young lovers go,
Arm linked in arm, with dreams I used to know.
I watch them from my window close above
And bless them all, so young and so in love.

Their quiet laughter, lifting to my ears,
Turns back my thoughts to those remembered years,
When, with my love, I walked some shadowed street
With singing heart and wings upon my feet.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

New Countrymen

A NUMBER of overseas visitors have sampled Australian hospitality in the past few weeks.

Twenty-eight more guests arrive next month. But they are very young, and—so far—comparatively unimportant officially. They are the English boy migrants who are coming to the Fairbridge Farm School. N.S.W. Agent-General in London, Mr. A. E. Heath, promised them the "same pranks, same games, and same lessons" here as in their home country.

But they will find many things that are strange and foreign to them, and in spite of their courageous pioneer spirit they will sometimes be frightened and lonely. They probably don't want speeches and a brass band to meet them, but they will welcome a special effort of friendliness and understanding.



MISS AGNES HODGSON, who has returned to Australia after ten and a half months spent nursing in Spain. See story col. 4.

—Women's Weekly photo.

The Reason Why

SQUADRON-LEADER GILLAN, of the Royal

Air Force, smashed the landplane speed record in England by flying 327 miles in 48 minutes, or an average speed of 408 m.p.h.

At the same time comes news that four Russian scientists who have been studying the weather for nearly a year near the North Pole are drifting helplessly on an ice floe that may disintegrate at any minute.

Why do people do these "fool stunts," many armchair critics ask? The stunters would probably reply that they risk their necks in the cause of science and to provide knowledge that will be useful to mankind. They would doubtless not add that even if these stunts were not useful to mankind they would still indulge in them.

Most of the men and women who leap to fame in feats of daring and endurance have an unquenchable thirst for adventure. They achieve the same exhilaration from defying the forces of nature and matching their strength against unknown dangers that the research worker gets from isolating a germ, an accountant from an audit that balances, and a housewife from successfully mastering a difficult recipe.

Fried Eggs Are a Feast In Spain Now!

Fried eggs and garlic sausage are luxuries in Spain to-day, reports Miss Agnes Hodgson, a young Australian nurse who has just returned from the Spanish battlegrounds. In a land once noted for its castles and riches, people are starving.

"WE usually got enough to eat," she told The Australian Women's Weekly, "though it was not what we would choose at home. Sometimes food was short. There were times when even eggs gave out, breakfast was a meal of bread and water, and we only had regular milk for the patients."

"Butter and green vegetables were things of the past. I have eaten horse, dismissing all prejudices, and because I was hungry enjoyed the meal, and I never want to see another lentil or Boston bean again."

"Of all Spain's many problems, food is the greatest. Hungry cities like Barcelona and Valencia are sending supplies to starving Madrid, though their own bread is rationed to the very minimum."

Miss Hodgson has returned to Australia after nearly a year on active service as a nurse with the Government forces in Spain.

"Human life is of little account in Spain to-day," she added.

"The red cross on a hospital seems to be more a target than a protection, and even ambulances of wounded have been followed by rebel planes and machine-gunned. I have seen them arrive at the hospital riddled with bullets."

"The realities were more grim and fearful than anything one can imagine."

Had To Clean Up

OUR first hospital was at Granen, in an old farmhouse with crumbling floors. The rooms had to be cleaned before they could be used, and the dining-room floor had been boarded up in several places where people had fallen through. But the first British Medical Aid unit had already done invaluable work there, and the equipment was fairly good.

"We soon became a part of the place. Later, when we had to transfer the hospital to Polerino, a small village of about 600 people, the local butcher and his wife gave us a grand breakfast of fried eggs, garlic sausage, wine, and cognac. This was a luxury, for food was often scarce."

"When we had said farewell to nearly the whole population we climbed into the ambulances, one of our surgeons nursing a priceless trophy, an angler's cap which the butcher's wife had filled with eggs."

"Some of us carried the blood-transfusion equipment and other precious things, and we took with us Alejandro and Pedro, two patients needing daily treatment, who insisted on coming."

Heart-rending Scenes

ALEJANDRO was an elderly refugee from Saragossa who, in the flight from that town, was separated from his two sons and daughters, and does not know where they are. What heart-breaking searching there will be when the war is over.

"The people I met are confident that the Government will win."

"We had a much more suitable hospital at Polerino—two-thirds of the former landlord's house. It was cleaner and more modern. All the floors were marble."

"We had three wards containing 40 beds, but during a rush of casualties all available floor space would be covered with stretchers as well. We felt this was palatial, though six nurses slept in one small room."

"It was a case of all hands to work when casualties poured in. Even the cooks worked as stretcher-bearers. There was no time to eat, but these same cooks brought us eggs to keep our strength up."

"Fortunately, these rush periods seldom lasted more than three days."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



ALL AT SEA With L. W. LOWER

Enemy Fires Out Of Its Turn in Fleet Manoeuvres

By L. W. Lower, Australia's Foremost Humorial
Illustrated by Wep

You should have been at our fleet manoeuvres last week!

We had a wonderful time. We fired off about half a million pounds' worth of shells and only hit two seagulls.

I WAS Front Admiral of the Fleet, which is higher up than a Rear-Admiral. That's me standing on the bridge with the second-hand telescope. The telescope got bent like that while we were using it as a baseball bat in the officers' mess. The battleship in the background got bent like that while swerving too quickly to avoid a torpedo.

The whole scene is astonishingly life-like, and Artist Wep's to be congratulated on a work of art which only he could do. Or would even think of doing.

The position of Admiral carries a lot of responsibilities. One has to be in careful.

Last time we had battle practice we set off with ten ships and came back with two.

"Where's the rest of them?" asked the Minister for Defence when we got back.

"Bunk," I said proudly. "Bunk!" he exclaimed—rather sternly, I thought. "Do you know those ships cost about two million quid each?"

"Well, what did you want me to do—burn them?" I replied heatedly. "Pure practice that would be. Teaching the quacks how to miss!"

"Hmm. I suppose you're right, but it seems frightfully expensive. I dunno what Joe Lyons will say when he hears about it."

That's gratitude for you. Yet in time of war, if I was to sail about, missing everything about the place, they'd grumble just the same.

The ordinary civilian does not realise the intense strain on an admiral during fleet manoeuvres. He has to think of everything.

Take a typical naval engagement. I am standing on the bridge when the enemy is sighted.

"Enemy on the port bow, sir!" cries the lookout.

"Well, push him off! The ship's overcrowded as it is."

"This is an enemy fleet over there on our right, sir."

"Oh! That's different."

The order is given to strip for action. Soon, every member of the crew is in his singlet and shorts.

There is no confusion. All the men know exactly what to do except in cases where they have bad memories, which, of course, can't be helped.

A gunnery lieutenant dashes up to the bridge.

"Excuse me, sir!"

"Well, what is it, you slob?"

"Have you got the key of the magazine?"

"We can't get in."

"They're in my spare trousers pocket hanging up behind the door of my cabin. Don't take anything else but the keys."



Front Admiral Lower surveys his Fleet through his trusty, bent telescope.

"Aye, Aye! Sir!"

"Yi-Yi, yourself. Get going."

You've got to be stern with them, otherwise they dawdle about, telling yarns and playing euchre, and the next thing you know is you're sunk.

At last the guns are all loaded, and the order is given, "Fire!"

With an inexperienced crew this is sometimes misinterpreted, and on several occasions when I have shouted, "Fire!" the crew have started rushing about with hoses and buckets, looking for the fire.

On this occasion, everything went off fairly smoothly. The guns crashed out, and the captain cried out, "A direct miss, sir!"

"Signal-master!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Signal to the enemy to come in closer."

"Yes, sir!"

"Tell the Master Gunner not to shoot till we see the whites of their eyes."

"Yes, sir!"

"And wipe that gravy off your singlet. Where's the crew from No. 2 gone?"

"Down below, sir. They said it was too draughty on deck. Shall I speak to them, sir?"

"Aw, let 'em go. It'll be lunch-time shortly, anyhow."

Narrow Escape

EXCUSE me, sir. I don't know whether you've noticed it, but if we don't fire shortly they'll bump into us."

"Goodness gracious! So they will! FIRE!"

You've no idea the shudder a ship gives when all its guns go off at once. It stopped my watch.

"Hey!" I yelled from the bridge. "Can't you do it a bit quieter than that? I've got a splitting headache already."

Just then a shell from the enemy whistled across our bows.

"Signal to the enemy to cut that out," I roared. "It's not their turn. FIRE!"

"Got one, sir!" said the Lieutenant. "She's sinking by the stern. I'm afraid there'll be trouble about that, sir. You know what happened last time."

"Well, if you shut up and say nothing about it, there's no need for anybody to know. We can say that some discontented vandal pulled the plug out of it."

"But that would be an untruth, sir!"

"Well, just don't say anything."

"Excuse me, sir. There's a torpedo coming our way. Don't you think we should shift the ship?"

"Certainly! Excellent idea. I'll recommend you for promotion when we get back. FULL SPEED SIDEWAYS TO THE LEFT!"

You have to think pretty quickly when you're an admiral. The torpedo just missed us.

"Signal-master! Signal the enemy to knock off for lunch."

"Aye, Aye! Sir."

And so back to the officers' mess.

"I must congratulate you, sir, on your masterly handling of the ship. So far we have lost only one funnel," said a young officer, as he sealed himself at the table.

I blushed, slightly, hardened old sea dog though I am. "It's just a matter of practice," I said, gruffly.

"Take a boat and row over to the enemy and tell them to take the afternoon off. I'm going to have a lie down."

A well-earned afternoon's rest is essential to an admiral if he wants to keep his proficiency at top level.

I'm retired now, but if ever the country is in danger and needs my services, I will be first to answer the call.

Have You the FIGURE that Men Admire



SHE'S got that attractive, slim figure so much admired by the opposite sex. She's maintained her lovely line, and kept in perfect health, with the aid of her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood and remove fat-forming residue daily.

So, if you want to gradually melt away those surplus pounds of fat and have radiant health, just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans at bedtime.

THE BILE BEANS

AND LOOK YOUR BEST ON THE BEACH

"I know how essential it is to have 'appearance' and be able to wear my dresses and gowns to perfection. Taking Bile Beans regularly enables me to look and feel my best at all times and keeps my figure slim and attractive."—Miss D. Hill.

"Bile Beans have not only improved my figure, but have made me happy and energetic again. When special reducing preparations and dieting had no effect, nightly doses of Bile Beans safely and gradually removed 15 lbs. of excess fat."—Mrs. R. Campbell.

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made as Gin should be made, the secret of the House of Gordon since 1769

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the Perfect Pair

WHOLESALE & DELICIOUS

MADE FROM Fresh Fruit

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ORANGE GIN · LEMON GIN

TANGORAY, GORDON & CO., LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. The largest gin distillers in the world



Summer Sleeplessness

DO you find it difficult to sleep on a hot summer's night? Are you so conscious of the still, oppressive air, of your overheated body and frayed nerves that you toss and turn restlessly far into the small hours?

And yet it is very important to get long, peaceful sleep in summer. Only in health-giving sleep can your body be restored to perfect fitness. You can always be sure of enjoying sound, natural sleep if you drink a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" at bedtime. While you sleep, the nourishment which "Ovaltine" so richly provides will build up your body, brain and nerves and give you abundant energy and vitality for the coming day.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample, sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of packing and postage.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-, At all chemists and stores.

Ovaltine
The World's Best Night-cap

A. WANDER LTD., 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY. OS 18-18

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE Attacks Heart of Victims

Amazing New Prescription Controls Blood Pressure
Clears Blood-stream Improves Circulation

One of the most dramatic and amazing examples of this scientific fact is the case of the English society woman who, at the age of 55, was advised by doctors to make her will and put all her affairs in order. Suffering from High Blood Pressure, which caused dizziness, loss of memory, and falling eyesight, she was told she could not hope to get better. Her friends recommended her to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, that most wonderful new prescription for the arteries. She has now made a wonderful recovery, and has regained so much vitality that she has gone on a world cruise.



Watch for these tell-tale Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Browniness and loss of energy.

If you suffer in this way, start a course of MENTHOIDS today. Get a flask of MENTHOIDS from your nearest chemist and take one MENTHOID at meal times. MENTHOIDS contain no drugs and are harmless.

**FREE
DIET CHART**

Every flask of MENTHOIDS contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Be sure you get genuine MENTHOIDS and refuse your substitutes.

12-Day Treatment, 3/6
Month's Treatment, 6/6
From Your Nearest Chemist.

MENTHOIDS

HOUR of RECKONING

Continued from
Page 7

THE girl, it seemed to me, shivered slightly. Her companion was turning over the pages of the wine list and noticed nothing. He had the air of a man who was very likely to make mistakes when in the company of a sensitive person. We heard her softly-spoken reply.

"Thank you, I never drink champagne in the middle of the day. I should like half a dozen oysters, a little cold pheasant and some salad."

"And to drink?"

"A light Moselle, or water."

The man gave his order, then he leaned across the table and began to talk in a lowered voice. She sat back in her chair listening, apparently, but with a far-away look in her eyes and with an expression about her lips which was completely baffling. They had glanced carelessly at us as they had taken their places, and it was clear that neither of them had recognised either Parkinson or myself.

"You are right," I told my companion quietly. "All the same, if these are two of the puppets in Louis's little drama, I cannot see how I could possibly be concerned. I never saw either of them before in my life."

The Sub-Commissioner remained silent, and I knew just enough of his methods to realise that it would be better to follow his example. My restraint was rewarded. A moment later he went on speaking in that soft velvety tone of his which usually meant that he was interested.

"I happened to know that the young lady would be here between one and half-past two to-day," he confided. "I rang her up in the name of an intimate friend, asking her to lunch. I found out that she was coming here, and from Louis I found out in whose name that particular table was booked."

"How did you know that she was going to sit there?" I asked.

Parkinson smiled.

"LOUIS showed me the plan of the room, of course. If you want to know the name of the man, though, I will tell you. That is Sir Julien Fairhaven."

"Never heard of him," I admitted. "That seems odd," Parkinson observed, tapping a cigarette upon the tablecloth and lighting it. "He's a baronet and I'm not sure that he's not a Privy Councillor. He's a director of more companies than I could ever remember the names of. He rules in a dominion which you or I perhaps don't know much about. It is a certainty that his finger-prints have never been asked for in Scotland Yard, nor has that scandal-mongering newspaper of yours ever had occasion to write of him with bated breath or hat in hand. He commits no sins, and he subscribes to every hospital in London. He loves to hear himself described as a sportsman, and I believe he owns racehorses, but for the little he knows about this turf or any other game, he has to pay dearly."

"What relation is he to the girl?" I asked.

"None at all that I know of. She had a fiancé who used to work on half-commission for a stockbroking firm Sir Julien was interested in. Perhaps that's how they became acquainted."

"Is there a Lady Fairhaven?" I inquired.

My companion looked at me with shocked surprise. "My dear Lyson!" he exclaimed. "I thought even you knew a little more about the social world than that Lady Fairhaven was a Moray!"

A mutual acquaintance who passed to gossip with us broke off our conversation. When we were alone again, it was Parkinson who asked me a question.

"You lunch here every day, don't you?"

"Generally," I admitted, "I came this morning, though, because I wanted to see something of a young man with rather a queer history behind him, who I understood was to be let out of prison at eleven o'clock this morning and had told the warden that he would have his first luncheon here. I think Louis knew something of him and I thought if he felt inclined to talk I might have got some copy."

"What was his name?" Parkinson asked.

"Lenwood," I answered. "Malcolm Lenwood."

"Small world," the Sub-Commissioner observed, lighting another cigarette. "Malcolm Lenwood was the name of the fiancé who used to sell stocks and shares on half-commission for the House in which Sir Julien had an interest. So you see, after all, Lyson, my butting in and Louis's little scheme have not interfered so much with your luncheon plans, especially," my companion concluded, stiffening a little in his chair and depositing his cigarette in the ash-tray, "as the young man is walking straight into your journalistic arms."

For a brief space of flying moments it seemed as though the stage were set for drama. The young man, tall and handsome, although the complexion was unhealthy and expression furtive, dressed in the correct attire of the moment in clothes that were almost painfully new, was a likely enough actor in any scene of violence. The girl, who awaited his approach, had lost her listless manner. She was leaning a little forward, and one felt that she was vibrating with the pent-up desire for action. Her companion, heedless of the Nemesis which was closing upon him, was engrossed in the very excellent meal which she so far had neglected. In the background I saw Louis, who had raised himself in his strangely-shaped cubicle, watching intently and with a queer look of apprehension, the young man's fateful progress. He, like Parkinson and myself, seemed to have grasped the grim possibilities of the next few seconds.

Everything of drama was, as a matter of fact, to be curiously delayed. That was because one frail girl was able to dominate both an agitated young man torn by a thousand furies, and an obstinate, conceited and cowardly pedagogue who, if he had known what risks he was running in those few seconds, would have forgotten alike his self-conscious dignity and his frenzied regard for appearances, and would have been pushing his way towards the door with his coat-tails flying behind him.

The young man came to a halt. The girl, who had risen to her feet, held him by both hands and drew him nearer to her. I noticed the slight awkwardness in his acceptance of her gesture and a glint of metal under his coat-sleeve. As yet, however, he had not realised the sinister element in the situation. She was whispering in his ear, talking quickly and inaudibly, and he was listening intently. She was making some sort of an appeal to him, to which he was listening in puzzled silence.

Suddenly expression crept into his features. He would have shrunk away, but she was holding him. One hand was free, the other she gripped. He forced himself to swing round. He recognised for the first time the man who was sitting at the table. Once more expression claimed him. His eyes blazed with sudden anger. It was to be her triumph, however. Her little laugh was so amazing that both men seemed paralysed. The paroxysm of fear passed from Sir Julien's face, and the fury from the young man's. They leaned upon her words. She raised her voice a trifle and this time I heard what she said.

"A KIND of nudism of the passions, isn't it?" she observed. "Malcolm came in to kill you, Sir Julien, and his gun is safely in my bag. He doesn't want to kill you any more. We are going to arrange things differently."

Sir Julien laid down his knife and fork. I could see that his hands were trembling. His appetite was falling him. It was clear that he was both angry and terrified.

"I sink," he said, "I shall ask to be excused."

"No you will not," the girl insisted. "You will keep your promise, sit this luncheon out and be civil to any additional guests I may ask to join us."

"And if I don't?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Then I shall give Malcolm back."

Please turn to Page 16

BILLY'S HOPED-FOR PA-IN-LAW
ASKED HIS PROSPECTS COLDLY



"ENGINEER-AND DOING WELL"
BILLY TOLD HIM BOLDLY



"THAT EXPLAINS YOUR FILTHY HANDS"
I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER...



"SOLVOL, CRIED BILL'S LADY-LOVE -
AND THEN WE'LL BE IN CLOVER!"



THE SUREST, QUICKEST CLEANER FOR
DIRTY HANDS—SOLVOL! ITS PEN-
ETRATING LATHER REMOVES GRIME,
GREASE AND STAINS IN 30 SECONDS.
YET IT'S AS MILD AND GENTLE AS
FINE TOILET SOAP.

REFUSE
SUBSTITUTES.



A KITCHEN
& SONS PTY. LTD.

SOLVOL
cleans hands
in 30
seconds!

Some... NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"Well, you should have let me go first. I sounded my horn before you blew your whistle, anyway."



SHE: When my father gives anything to anybody it is always expensive.
HE: Yes, I noticed that when he gave me you.

Have YOU tried to Lose your FAT—and Failed?

If you still carry around tiring, ugly fat, do as Mrs. R. H. Cox, Rose Bay, did: "My friend (a nurse) recommended Youth-o-form to get rid of the rolls of unsightly fat on my figure. I tried Youth-o-form and lost 32lb. in seven weeks! Now I feel splendid and felt fine while losing the ugly fat that made me so weary and miserable... All my friends marvel at my figure and compliment me on the change. I shall always recommend Youth-o-form as a safe and sure way of reducing easily."

No Dieting or Exercises Fat Goes Quickly

You, too, can reduce your bust, waist, hips and thighs. You, too, can possess a stylish, slender, graceful figure—with famous Youth-o-form. Thousands have safely, quickly reduced pounds and pounds without any starvation diet or exhausting health wrecking exercises. You feel well, look well, when taking Youth-o-form, for the small capsules are pleasantly tasteless.

Tasteless, Convenient—YOUTH-O-FORM

Go to your chemist and get a carton of Youth-o-form to-day. Take just one capsule once a day. Then see how you lose ugly bulges and rolls of fat from your neck, chin, bust, waist, hips—or wherever it is spoiling your figure. See how your skin clears, your eyes brighten, and you gain new energy, as you regain your slender youthful figure. Try Youth-o-form NOW. You will be delighted at how well you feel. And you will hardly believe your eyes when you see the hated fat vanish. Youth-o-form is the most effective, scientifically balanced, medical prescription in the world for removing ugly, surplus fat, and to drive out Rheumatism, Constipation, Indigestion, and Chronic Headaches.

Get genuine YOUTH-O-FORM to-day from your chemist. Ten days' treatment, 1-6 "one week" treatment, 20-4. Before substitutes.

YOUTH-O-FORM

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"You take my jewels or I'll call the police! I'll get my picture in the paper or else I'll know the reason why."



"This photograph makes me look much older than I am!"
"Well, madam, that will save you the expense of having another taken later."

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"BOBBY," said mother, "are you sure you washed your face? It doesn't look like that when I wash it."
"But," pleaded Bobby, "if I rubbed it as hard as you do, I'd push myself over."

TRAFFIC CONSTABLE: There's no number-plate on your car, miss.
Girl Driver: It fell off, but it doesn't matter—I know the number.

FIRST CHORUS GIRL: They advertised for a chorus of seventy.
Unsuccessful Applicant: Yes—and they looked it!

"I SAY, old man," said the passenger, "is the horn on your car broken?"
"I guess it's just indifferent," replied the driver.
"What does that mean?"
"It just doesn't give a hoot."

"I'M a crooner on the radio," announced the customer to the chemist. "What's the best thing for my throat?"
"A razor, sir," answered the chemist, who was an opera enthusiast.

THE master of the house detected a leakage in his whisky which he connected with his new housekeeper. "My former housekeeper," he said to her one day, "was a most trustworthy woman. You see that bottle?"
"I hope, sir," interrupted the woman, "you don't think I would stoop to touch it. I come from good honest English parents, and—"
"I'm not saying anything about your English parentage," commented the master. "It's your Scotch extraction I'm complaining about."

"I'm glad I saw the HOOVER first!"

See the new Hoover "375," and you too will be satisfied that this is the cleaner for you. You can buy the latest Hoover Model "375" for £1 down and small weekly payments. Then start to enjoy a new life—feed for ever from the endless, aging work with dust pan and broom, or the futile, half-hearted "Cleaning" of an out-dated machine.

Hoover is the world's best cleaner—you know that. It removes more dirt per minute than any other machine, and its exclusive "POSITIVE AGITATION" is the only method which cleans carpets completely of dust, fluff, threads, and most important of all, embedded grit. Put aside a one-pound note—and to-morrow have the Hoover you've always wanted.

The NEW HOOVER 375 with the famous "POSITIVE AGITATION" exclusive to HOOVER costs only £18/18/- cash (tools extra). Terms: £1 down and 4/- weekly.

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Sole Australian Agents.
H.V. 413

HOUR of RECKONING

Continued from Page 14

HER voice suddenly dropped. I heard no more. Perhaps the consciousness of being an eavesdropper, even though there was nothing personal about the affair, brought its sudden quota of shame. I leaned over towards Parkinson.

"Your wealthy baronet," I remarked, "doesn't seem to appreciate the young man's butting in to his party. I hadn't noticed before that the girl is really beautiful."

"You will have a better opportunity of observing her in a minute or two," my companion replied. "You heard her speak of additional guests, perhaps?"

"Yes?"

"Those additional guests are to be you and I."

Parkinson was right. It was barely two minutes before a maître d'hôtel brought us a few scribbled lines on the back of a menu card. Parkinson laid it on the table in front of me. They were written in a woman's bold, clear handwriting:

"I shall ask you to fulfil your promise to Louis. Come please, and bring your friend, Captain Lyson."

I followed Parkinson's example and rose cheerfully to my feet. After all, it seemed to me that I might get

my story. We crossed the few feet of vacant space and made our bow. The girl nodded to us both in friendly fashion. Jose, hovering in the background, pushed up chairs for us.

"These are two friends of mine, Sir Julien," she said. "Mr. Parkinson" (she laid a certain amount of stress upon the "Mr.") "and Captain Lyson. I asked them to join us for coffee because I think they might help clear up this little affair."

Sir Julien bowed stiffly.

"I am pleased to welcome any friends of yours, Miss Rodney," he said, in a tone which reeked of displeasure, "but surely this discussion into which you have dragged me is a private one? Besides, I should imagine that Lenwood himself is scarcely in the humor to make acquaintances just now."

There was an underlying sneer in Sir Julien's voice, but the girl ignored it.

"I really don't see why not," she observed. "Mr. Lenwood will, I hope, soon be meeting all my friends Mr. Parkinson and Captain Lyson,

I should like you to know my husband. He has only been out of prison three hours, since when we've been married, so you must forgive him if he seems a little dazed."

There was an instant's silence. So far as I was concerned, I could think of nothing to say. Sir Julien, on the other hand, seemed troubled in the opposite direction.

"This is absurd!" he exclaimed. "Perfectly ridiculous! How can you have married him?"

"I FOUND the arrangements all quite easy," the girl assured him. "I had the certificate in my bag when I met Malcolm this morning. He had a little difficulty with him," she went on with a faint smile, "because he knows I have a great deal of money, but he is getting more reconciled. I am afraid that my stage management of this little marriage, too, has not been very good. The poor fellow hasn't had lunch yet and that is his first cocktail . . .

Walter, another Dry Martini . . . I insist, Malcolm. In ten minutes you will be able to have your lunch."

"Will you tell me what all this fooling is about?" Sir Julien demanded angrily. "Why have you made me promise to sit out your wretched party? I am a man of my word, but there are limits."

"And there are reasons," Sir Julien, the girl assured him. "Believe me, I am not disposed to waste many words at this function. Perhaps you will feel more inclined to listen patiently if I can tell you that I am in a position to claim, if I chose to claim it, the reward of £1000 you offered for the return of your private diary and ledger and several other documents which were abstracted from your personal safe at the office—let me see—some—where about four months ago."

Fortunately most of the people at the adjoining tables had left, and there was scarcely anyone who was in a position to see that anything unusual was taking place among our small party. I have never seen such a change in a man as took place in Sir Julien. A moment or two ago his face had been scarlet and the veins were standing out on his temples. Now, almost with the rapidity of moisture vanishing from a looking-glass, the color was fading from his cheeks, his lips were trembling, he had the appearance of a man on the verge of a stroke.

"What do you know about the burglary?" he gasped.

"I wouldn't call it by so harsh a word," the girl remonstrated. "Some of the books and documents stolen were scarcely your property, were they? Malcolm's account book, for instance, which contained a note of all the transactions authorized and initiated by you which he undertook on behalf of the firm. . . . No, don't interrupt me," she went on. "The book, of course, had vanished when you let Malcolm down, denied any responsibility for the burglaries he had made on your behalf, and gave evidence which sent him to prison."

"With the rest of the business I shall not trouble these two gentlemen. You know it and I know it. Malcolm's story was word for word the truth. You made a huge mistake in entering into that rubber speculation. You saddled Malcolm with the result, and let him go to prison sooner than face a loss of a few hundred thousand pounds which you could have well afforded. You are a very conceited man, Sir Julien, and I think that the loss of your personal prestige counted for even more than the money."

There was another curious little silence. The young man for the first time seemed aware of the cocktail which stood by his side. He raised it to his lips and drained the contents, smiling as he felt for the girl's fingers and drew her hand into his. He seemed to have recovered his manhood just as the man at the head of the table seemed to have become a shrunken effigy of his former self.

"WHY have you dragged these two strangers into this business?" Sir Julien asked harshly.

"Well, for this reason," the girl explained. "I have a paper drawn up here for you to sign, exonerating Malcolm; confessing your grave error in having overlooked certain circumstances which throw a different light altogether upon those transactions. You will take him back into the office in his former position for, say, a month—he won't want to stay longer—and you will take the chair at the dinner which his friends will give him to celebrate his return and the clearance of his name."

Sir Julien's eyes were fixed upon Parkinson's and there was fear stamped upon his face.

"I agree," he muttered. "Well, I have paid several visits to Scotland Yard," the girl continued, "and I have also consulted a criminal lawyer. It is a matter of doubt whether actually the law has any hold upon you, Sir Julien, and I think the feeling is that if you do your best to make amends for your various mistakes, you will have nothing to fear in the way of prosecution." The girl paused for a moment and the Sub-Commissioner bowed his assent. "As regards Captain Lyson," she continued, "he represents a newspaper with the owners of which you are not on the best of terms and his version of this little luncheon-party would, I am afraid—"



GLADYS GEORGE, M.-G.-M. player, selects a blue-and-white print for her spectator sports frock. Tiny white wooden buttons, with red stitching, decorate the frock from neck to hemline.

"Stop!" Sir Julien called out. "I'll sign. If there's to be no trouble outside, I'll sign."

"I appear here as a private individual altogether," Sub-Commissioner Parkinson intervened. "As a matter of fact, I am retiring from the Force almost at once. Still, I am able to tell you that as a result of a consultation at headquarters, it has been decided that unless strong pressure is brought upon us by Mr. and Mrs. Lenwood, and the various books and documents in the case, which as yet we have not seen, are laid before us, we can make no move in the matter."

THE man's eyes moved questioningly towards me. Something of that light of fierce and terrified inquiry had gone; the anxiety still lingered.

"In the circumstances," I assured him, "you are safe from publicity so far as I am concerned. Sir Julien. I must confess that I should like to make a story of the whole business, but I shall follow Mr. and Mrs. Lenwood's wishes in the matter."

Sir Julien raised the glass with which his nervous fingers had been fumbling so long, and drained its contents.

"I'll sign," he announced as he put it down empty.

The girl, who had never for one moment lost her self-possession, laid a half-sheet of typewritten foolscap before him and produced a fountain pen. He made an attempt to use his monocle, but the nervous twitchings of his face made it impossible. He fitted on a pair of spectacles and read.

"This is awful," he groaned as he came to the end. "It will be published?"

"It will be published," the girl assured him. "But," she added, and her voice was as hard as granite, "it is a very lenient punishment."

"I would rather take Lenwood back on an increased salary," he suggested.

"Malcolm will find something better to do than work for you, or anyone else in the city," she told him. "I didn't hold on to my job with you because I needed the money. I happen to be a very rich woman."

Her late employer signed. His fingers trembled, but his signature was clear enough. The girl blotted the document and placed it in her bag.

"For three years, Sir Julien," she said, "ever since I accepted a post in your office, you have pestered me with invitations to lunch and dine, which somehow I have evaded. Now at last you have had your lunch and I hope you have enjoyed it. Perhaps you will be so kind as to pay the bill."

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SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Australia's War Memorial in France



THIS AND OTHER PICTURES on this page are the first received showing the Australian War Memorial now being constructed at Villers-Bretonneux, near Amiens, at the war cemetery shown above. The names of 10,860 Australian soldiers will be carved on the walls of the memorial.



CHECKING THE STONES on which are inscribed 10,860 names of Australians. These stones will eventually form the wall around the tower of the memorial.



THE KING (left), who it is expected will unveil the memorial. His Majesty is here shown, after making the second flight of his reign, attending an inspection of Cranwell Aviation College.



A VIEW OF THE MEMORIAL in course of construction, showing the graves of some of the soldiers who fell in the battles round where the memorial is being erected.

May Be Unveiled by King

On this page appear the first pictures of Australia's war memorial now being constructed at Villers-Bretonneux, France.

It is hoped that the King will perform the unveiling ceremony when he makes his anticipated State visit to France—the first visit abroad made by a reigning British monarch in recent years.

The memorial will take the form of a great wall, with a watch-tower 100 feet high in the centre.

The memorial was originally planned in 1921, but the financial depression of 1930 interrupted the project. The wall will form three sides of a quadrangle. The central tower will be built of dressed Ashlar stone, while at the end of the wall will be four pavilions, also of Ashlar.

The names of the 10,860 Australians who have no known graves in France will be carved on the wall in Portland stone. The

names of 6141 Australians who fell in Belgium are already inscribed in the Menin Gate.

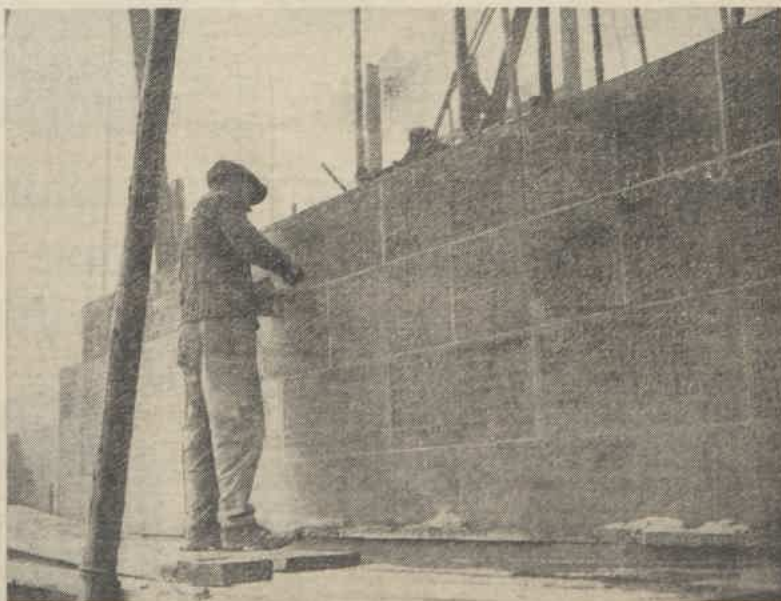
The work on this memorial is expected to be complete by July.

The memorial has been designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the famous architect who designed the Cenotaph, in Whitehall, London, which has been copied in all parts of the Empire.

During the unveiling ceremony the ashes of memorial wreath ribbons burned after Anzac Day ceremonies on Cenotaphs in Australia will be scattered over the graves of Australian soldiers in the Villers-Bretonneux cemetery.

A similar ceremony was carried out in 1935 at Anzac Cove on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the landing.

Representatives from Australia who will attend the unveiling have not yet been chosen.



A MASON cementing into position blocks of stone with the names of the fallen. So, almost twenty years after the Great War, arises this beautiful memorial, inscribed with the names of men who have helped write an incredible chapter in Australia's history.

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Books To Read

"LIFE'S A COCKTAIL." Jules Pinto. Clever story of luxury hotel proprietor told in the first person; smart and amusing.

"FEATHER YOUR NEST." Betty Traak. Light romance; well written.

"CAROLINE ENGLAND." Noel Streetfield. English novel of an old family. Caroline, the heroine, is a fine study.

"LOST CONTENT." Ann Napier. Excellent first novel.

"THIRTY MILLION GAS MASKS." Sarah Campion. A woman writes of the horrors of war.

"COME AWAY DEATH." Gladys Mitchell. Well written detective story.

"HIGH HAVEN." C. B. Pullman. Light sketches pleasantly done.

"THE HIGH SHERIFF." Henry Wade. Murder mystery with unusual treatment. Well worth reading.



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NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE

Kenneth Roberts Finds a North-West Passage to Renown

Kenneth Roberts, author of "North-West Passage," is familiar to Australian readers as the roving correspondent who contributed political and economic articles for many years to the "Saturday Evening Post" from odd corners of Europe, Asia, and the Americas. That will not inspire you with any ambition to read "North-West Passage."

But be not deceived... Not even when they tell you that he is the American Dumas and the greatest historical novelist since Sir Walter Scott.



KENNETH ROBERTS, whose novel, "North-West Passage," is a best-seller in England and America.

To anyone the pictures of Burgundy-soaked roisters in the London of Garrick and Bute, and the atmosphere of sweetgrass and wood-smoke in American Indian villages are equally vivid.

And over all, bestriding new world and old, like a colossus, is the magnificent Major... raising troops, burning villages, cosening kings and Governors, conjuring guineas from the empty air, dictating plays and travel books and "concise accounts" of history in a breath, swiping great stumps of fiery St. James brandy, slapping Sir Joshua Reynolds on the back with one hand, and chucking a chamber-maid under the chin with the other, whispering in the King's ear, roaring to French traders, fighting Indians for America, and Americans for London, fighting debt and disgrace in London's Fleet prison, and, finally, battling for glory and the Dey of Algiers... Caesar of his day, a Lawrence, and a Falstaff.

On almost every page of the book are brilliant descriptive passages.

Here is one about the Indians:—

"Wanotan's braves had live sparrows made fast to their heads, papers of pins dangling from their hair; looking-glasses suspended from their garments."

"Dacota women were cooking buffalo meat in iron kettles over huge fires, wiping their fingers on their hair, or washing their hands in the kettles of water from which we were supposed to drink."

It is difficult to convey in a few lines how the author contrives to get such arresting pictures of the scenes he describes. They have a reality about them and a sharpness which helps the reader to see the scene the author seeks to convey.

Here is another picture of the harsh winter in America.

"Once more I see the blinding storm of winter that half buried our village in drifts. The glittering ocean of snow on which we looked out when the storm was over."

"The black hulks of buffaloes wallowing and pawing for food in that vast expanse of white."

"The swift run of the Indians on snowshoes across the frozen billows to drive lances through these clumsy brutes."

His pen pictures of London are also very attractive, being full of the color of a more rollicking day. The Major is the principal character in the book described as the perfect man-about-town of his time.

Man-About-Town

"WHEN anything of importance happened in town, the Major seemed always to be among those present. When a highwayman was hanged at Tyburn Roger was there, smiling upon the crowd."

"His name appeared among those who attended great social functions. He attended the plays at Haymarket and Drury Lane, and he gambled in the best of company."

People to-day talk of "North-West Passage" in the same terms as "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With the Wind."

With its seven hundred pages, and its tremendous sweep of two worlds, its galleries of great portraits such as those of Hogarth and Governor Johnson, it is as monumental as either.

It is as adventurous as "Anthony Adverse," as human as "Gone With the Wind," and it owes nothing but a neighborly nod to any one of them.

"North-West Passage," Kenneth Roberts, Sydney: Angus and Robertson.



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WAR HORROR

PEOPLE are uniting through films, books, and women's organisations to teach the youth of the nation to hate war. This is unnecessary.

No war yet—except for the patriotic fervor at the eleventh hour—has been welcomed by those who had to fight. It is foolish to look askance at toy soldiers; children grow to realise the prosaic brutality of modern warfare.

Why, then, does this propaganda dwell on its horrors? It is making us fear, not hate, war. Will it leave us a race of cowards?

Peace is only possible if we remain reluctant, but unafraid.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. L. Valentine, Harrow Mansions, Clapton Place, King's Cross, N.S.W.

PROPER EDUCATION

WE still hear parents say: "I only had an ordinary education, so that's all I will give the children."

Such parents fail to understand that the developments in science—wireless, aviation, engineering—during the past years have opened up vacancies which will call for boys with a good education and training.

People should endeavor to equip their children in every way so that they will have a good chance of making a success of modern life.

Mrs. B. Rattinfy, Box 26, G.P.O., Springvale, Qld.

HOLIDAY QUESTION

HOW many married couples have arguments about where they will spend their holidays?

The husband, a "tired business man," thinks the perfect holiday is spent at a little house at the seaside, or in the hills, where he can wear his oldest and most comfortable clothes and do just as he pleases when he pleases.

The wife's idea of a perfect holiday is one spent at a guest-house where she can wear pretty frocks, eat meals she hasn't cooked, and meet and make new friends.

The only way they can each have enjoyment is by separating, and yet how many couples are willing to take this step?

E. A. Holdsworth, Glenferrie Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.

LAZY HABITS

ARE we at the present time becoming inert and passive? People are letting others do their thinking for them.

We find our amusements most readily at picture shows, where we need make no personal effort to know ourselves.

We watch other people expending their energy in sport. Many women spend their entire days in their homes, saying they have no time to go out.

Yet a busy woman I know makes time to attend literary classes every week, and so keeps her mind alive.

It is so easy to "develop" lazy habits.

Mrs. A. M. Lewers, Brocklesby, N.S.W.

PLEA FOR PIANO

IT is possible that some people may regret having sold the family piano.

Even though a wireless is, it cannot satisfy the longing in certain natures for self-expression.

Over Wendell Holmes pointed out how serious tension could be safely worked off on the keyboard of a piano. Recently, he thought such activity needed edgy nerves and possibly helped at times to avert a domestic feud.

Particularly in this age would such relaxation be welcome. I wish it could be made, as it was in previous days, the centre of family fun and entertainment.

R. Job, 1411 Sturt Street, Ballarat, Vic.

So they say

Comforts, But No Peace In Modern Life

GWENTH IZZARD (5/2/38) describes the age we live in, and asserts that, despite the comforts of modern life, we lack the peace and serenity of our grandparents. But is the serene life lost?

We moderns live at a fierce speed, but isn't this very speed exciting? Don't we all thrill to our present-day life of science and discovery and live with a zest that was foreign to former generations?

Peace and serenity may have been all very well in other days, but for the people of to-day life must be fast, exhilarating, and filled with the thrill of progress.

Miss Patricia Sellers, 3 Allison Rd., Kensington, N.S.W.

Their Unceasing Revolt

I THINK Gwenth Izzard has the wrong idea of the age that has just past.

Our grandmothers reared families of eight or ten, in uncomfortable houses, battled against sickness and monotony without the help of modern science, inventions and amusements. Our grandfathers toiled long hours for little return. Had they no sense of revolt? History proves that they had. It was the unceasing revolt of our forebears that cleared the way for us.

Dreaded sicknesses, which science was then unable to conquer, carried off more people than will ever lose their lives by aeroplane disasters to-day.

Mrs. A. G. Brown, Underhill Av., Indooroopilly SW2, Brisbane.

Were Stoical

I CANNOT agree with G. Izzard as to the shelter and security of the pioneers' lives.

If their crops failed or work was scarce, they stoically endured hardship. No Government help was available, nor was there clinic nor ambulance to assist in times of illness.

They had few pleasures—no sorrow or joy placidly.

And as I remember the folk of 60 years ago, they did little planning for their children. Those who were not required on the homestead drifted away and found what work they could elsewhere.

Mrs. A. Macpherson, Boyd Road, Nandah, Qld.

True Facts

IF Miss Izzard brushed up her historical knowledge she would revise her Utopian ideas of the 19th century.

Some of the outstanding features of our grandparents' time were—

Wars, political wrangling, bitter fights between Labor and Capital, sweated and child labor, famine. There was nothing very "sheltered and fixed" about those conditions.

Miss Winifred Haynes, Durban, 38 Grosvenor St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

Attitude of Mind

THE difference between the modern age and the Victorian age lies in the attitude of mind.

To-day we possess, as a class, little serenity, few mental reservations. But in an earlier generation people were



"Serenity Lacking To-day."

content with less—with simple family life and its pleasures, walks, evenings at home by the fireside, devotion to music and the arts.

The girls were more interested in acquiring accomplishments, which would give them an interesting occupation throughout their lives, and in preparing for matrimony than in having the passing pleasure of "a good time."

Phyllis Carey, Ocean Rd., Cottesloe, W.A.

Do Girls To-day Have Women Few Hobbies Outside Home?

MRS. ESTHER HUME, in saying that mothers nowadays are repressed by their daughters (5/2/38) greatly overstates the case.

Women do not mind their daughters ruling them to a certain extent, and daughters rarely do it in a nasty spirit. There is an understanding between mother and daughter which allows either of them to state her approval or disapproval of the action of the other without ill-feeling.

Mrs. Ellen Beyans, 11 Alexandra Rd., Glebe, Sydney.

Jocular Remark

I THINK, Mrs. Hume, that you took a speaker's jocular remark far too seriously.

Parents are no more repressed to-day than in the past, but daughters are now self-supporting and in a position to voice their own opinions. No longer is it necessary to accept with apparent awe and silent rebellion the slightest utterance of an autocratic parent.

There are far too many parents to-day who think that "children should be seen and not heard," even when those children are self-supporting young men and women who are helping to keep the home going.

P. Fitzpatrick, Seventh Ave., St. Morris, S.A.

Should Be Pleased

THE speaker at that meeting should have been only too pleased to think that her children were sufficiently interested in her to care what she does. It is those who care for us most who

Dress Styles of Yesteryear

SEEING the designs of women's clothes of 150 years ago, in the pagentry to celebrate Australia's 150th birthday, makes one realise how horridly plain and even ugly are the dresses of our day.

They are "straight up and down," whereas the frills and furbelows of yesteryear were attractively feminine.

Now why do we copy the uninteresting Parisian, London, and Vienna styles and modes when we could so easily, by copying these old-fashioned modes, have something really pleasing?

Mrs. E. Florence Griffiths, Longfield, Kulgoa Road, Pyralie, N.S.W.

criticise us most, and though this does hurt at times it is much to be preferred to indifference.

The mother in question is very foolish if she does not take her children's remarks in the way in which they are meant. Has she ceased to criticise and complain about her children's behaviour now that they are adults?

Mrs. May, Oatley St., Burnie, Tas.

Pity Poor Mother

IT is about time that someone complained against the treatment that poor mother receives. I have watched with indignation the way girls of my generation treat their parents, and think it is high time something was done about it.

The general opinion is that "mother knows nothing," and consequently her opinions are ignored and her suggestions regarded with patronising amusement. Daughters of to-day, it seems, forget the sacrifice their mothers made for them.

Yes, indeed, it is high time that mothers rose in a body and struck against their present state of repression.

Miss Ina Donald, 30 Robey St., Maroubra, Sydney.

Want Fair Treatment

THE average economically independent daughter does not want to rule her mother, but wants an equal say in everything, and the right to have her own opinion.

Girls these days like to treat their mothers as pals, but they still have as much respect for them as ever, and most mothers appreciate this attitude.

Mrs. F. H. Seaborn, Dragon St., Warwick, Qld.

IN reply to Miss Macpherson, who wonders that girls have so few hobbies compared with men, I for one do not think it at all strange, when you consider the wages girls receive.

I am a working girl, and cannot take up any of the hobbies I would



What are the Modern Woman's Hobbies?

like to simply because my wages do not permit costly indulgences.

Miss L. Leay, 125 Head St., Elsternwick, Vic.

Women Are Keen

IS Muriel Macpherson suggesting that photography, collecting, and so on are hobbies not followed by women? I have found women the keenest fans.

Some men have hobbies, some pursue them enthusiastically, others lackadaisically. But on the whole they waste their spare time after they do their routine bread-winning job by idling without pursuing any hobby.

It is nonsense to say mothers discourage their daughters. If the daughter is keen enough, she'll soon get her own way.

Mrs. Elsie F. Woods, 25 Sussex St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

Matter of Time

OBVIOUSLY, women haven't as much spare time as men to devote to hobbies.

The average working girl has to mend, and often make her own clothes, and has sundry little tasks round the house which her brother is never called upon to do.

Neither has a housewife time to take up any strenuous hobby other than "her family."

Further, women's natural bent is more towards knitting, gardening, light reading. Mechanical activities and photography are more suited to men's temperament and ability.

Mrs. Campbell, Clive Street, North Perth.

Chief Interests

WOMEN of to-day actually indulge

in more hobbies than men, because most of a man's life is spent in an office, and during his week-ends he is too tired to do much else but rest, and gain enough energy to meet the forthcoming Monday morning.

Collecting for one's home, playing bridge, reading, gardening, entertaining—each of these is an interesting hobby, cultivated by women.

What matter if they are concerned mostly with the home? Is that not where woman's interests lie?

Miss B. M. Collin, 27 Lang Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

All Have Hobbies

MISS MACPHERSON'S letter is certainly a contradiction to most ideas on this subject. We are told often enough that women are trying to usurp men's habits, hobbies, and jobs.

The woman with a young family lacks time for, not interest in, various hobbies. But among women without family ties we find collectors of antiques, for example, photographers, painters, writers, while among housewives we have the women who make a hobby of fancy cooking, amateur theatricals, competitions or working for charity.

The woman without a hobby is rare.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 28 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. Our address is at top of page 3 of this issue.

UNDIGNIFIED WOMAN

WHY don't women to-day strive for dress-sense and dignity?

Without their ridiculously high heels, unbefittingly brief skirts, glaring lips and finger-nails, and sun glasses, with grotesque little hats, many of them would be quite attractive.

Why don't women break away from this ludicrous smartness and aim at femininity?

Norma Travers, 284 New St., Brighton, Melbourne.

PRaise SENTIMENT

SENTIMENT plays an interesting part in our lives. How uninteresting it would be without the little symbols that give that little extra spice.

The letters we treasure, the old pictures, the programmes, because they remind us of some happy occasion or some dear friend.

Often these tokens are quite useless, yet how dull and drab life would be to most of us without them.

Miss Gladys Gouden, 10 Sturt Ave., Monreith, S.A.

BE LOYAL

HOW often do we hear a person disparaging her employer? If he pays wages that supply your bread and butter, you should speak well of him, stand by him, and the institution he represents.

Give an undivided service or none. An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of wit.

Above all, in business, be loyal.

Mrs. A. B. Kernick, Bridgewater, S.A.

PRaise IS GOOD

WHY are people so niggardly with encouragement? They seem to think that, being critical or indifferent, is the correct attitude to take towards a person's endeavor.

When a man submits anything to his fellow-beings, he is met with a cool "Not too bad," or "That's all right." There is nothing more disheartening.

Encouragement is the incentive to ambition and achievement.

Mrs. C. J. Wasson, Queen St., Camp Hill, Qld.

TRUE GENTLEMAN

IN these days of changing ideals, the older folk are often heard to say that the younger generation has no manners.

But, surely manners cannot be judged merely by a man walking on "the wrong side" of a woman, or failing to raise his hat to an acquaintance!

As Ruskin wrote:—"It is not wit, or beauty, or wealth, or power that lies at the root of the true idea of a gentleman. It is sympathy."

Again in the 15th Psalm we have the quotation:—"Even he that leadeth an incorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart. He that has used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor."

A gentleman, irrespective of outward show, is a MAN who treats other men as his equals and women as his superiors.

Mrs. B. Oakley, Hamley Bridge, S.A.

"THIS WILL PASS"

THERE is a helpful philosophy in the four words, "This also will pass." Sickness of heart and body, troubles big and small can always be made bearable if we say those four words, draw a deep breath, and go on.

In time of trouble we think that everything is overcast, and yet it is only a mist on the glass, and will pass away.

Mrs. C. E. Trythall, 177 Marsh St., Armidale, N.S.W.

BOOBY PRIZE

I WONDER how many readers have experienced that feeling of "inferiority" when presented with a booby prize?

The sensitive person who joins in, sometimes only to oblige, is the one who suffers most. To receive such a prize draws attention to himself, makes him appear rather foolish, and adds to his discomfort.

Miss J. Dickinson, 128 Carlton Pde., Carlton, N.S.W.

THE Healing PASSION

Continued from Page 8

HE was a man of about forty-eight, she guessed, judging by the touch of grey at his temples, and the lines about his eyes and mouth.

He was clean-shaven and hatchet-faced. She thought she had seen him before somewhere, or some picture of him. It was a striking-looking face, rather noble and arresting; not the sort of face one would easily forget.

His eyebrows were heavily marked and his eyes were sunken under rather prominent brows, which gave him an ascetic look. But it was the face of a man of action, she thought.

He might be a Naval officer, or an explorer. He had broad shoulders and rather big, well-shaped hands, like a man who had used them in hard toil. His skin was bronzed, and yet there was a kind of pallor underneath this color, as though he had been ill.

She noticed when she first looked at him that he seemed melancholy. There were lines of sadness or pain about his lips, and yet when their glances met—it was rather awkward—his eyes suddenly lighted up in a friendly, humorous way.

"I like that face," thought Betty Markham. "I should like to draw it one day. I believe I've seen him before somewhere. I seem to remember—"

She cudgelled her brain as to where she had seen him before some years ago—perhaps as long as ten years ago. She seemed to remember that she had seen him in white flannels somewhere. He was running about. He was playing some game. Tennis? Yes, she had seen him on a tennis court. And afterwards she had seen a portrait of him in white again, in tennis flannels.

It was a portrait by Orpen. It had been in the Academy some years ago. She had been struck by it. Orpen had done it marvellously well. She had admired his brushwork. The subject of this portrait was nursing a tennis racket. His shirt was open at the neck.

Yes, she remembered now. "Portrait of J. J. Thackeray," by William Orpen. Good heavens, yes! It was J. J. Thackeray, the famous tennis player.

She had seen him at Wimbledon a year or two after the war, playing on the centre court. For several years now he seemed to have dropped out. She hadn't seen his name in the papers all that time.

Betty, being a shy person, kept her eyes away from him after that encounter of glances. But it needed an effort. She felt curiously excited to know that J. J. Thackeray, the famous tennis player, was staying at this pension.

She might get to know him. He might let her do a sketch of him. She wondered if he would talk to her in the salon if they happened to be near each other. Somehow, she had the idea that he rather liked the look of her. For a moment there had been a friendly expression in his glance.

"It might make things less boring," she thought, "if I could talk to him now and then." After all, one can't live like a Carmelite nun without the use of speech.

It was rather unlike Betty Markham to hanker after conversational exercise. But she felt depressed and a little nervy after influenza. In this boarding-house where she didn't know a soul, she had had a sudden attack of doldrums, being overwhelmed with a sense of loneliness and futility.

Perhaps the thought that she was rapidly advancing towards elderly spinsterhood, like some of those Englishwomen in the dining-room, had increased her sense of depression and her need for companionship.

She stole another glance at J. J. Thackeray sitting at one of the little tables near the door. He had the look of an athlete, with those broad shoulders. The poise of his head was good. If she hadn't remembered him she would have put him down as a

commander in the Navy, "axed" out of the Service for economy's sake.

She wondered again why he looked so sad when his face was in repose. He was staring towards the window with an intent look, as though watching the last flush in the sky before the velvet darkness of a Mediterranean night.

The dinner lasted too long because of the time between the courses. It was at the end of dinner that Betty had a shock. J. J. Thackeray stood up, and reached out for something behind a screen. She could look at him now, because he had his back towards her.

He had taken something from behind the screen with a long-arm reach. It was a pair of crutches. With some difficulty he fitted them under his arms and by their aid dragged himself painfully towards the swing door.

Betty was next to it. Irresistibly she sprang up and held the door open for him. A wave of pity surged through her at the sight of this crippled man whom she remembered as a famous athlete and tennis player. What bad luck! What a tragedy!

He smiled at her and spoke cheerfully.

"Oh, thanks! But I can manage all right."

She held the door open and then let it swing behind them both and spoke to him shyly.

"I remember a portrait by Orpen. Aren't you Mr. Thackeray, the tennis player?"

He answered with a good-natured laugh.

"I used to be. No more tennis now, worse luck. Orpen idealised me absurdly in that portrait."

"No," said Betty. "It's ten years since I saw it. I recognised you instantly."

He raised his eyebrows. "By love, you must have a good memory for pictures!"

"I'm a painter."

He knew her name when she answered his question. He remembered some of her work. He was keen on a watercolor she had done of Chartres Cathedral.

HE stood there for a moment or two hanging on his crutches. Then he suggested that they should get two chairs before the "mob" left the dining-room.

"That is," he added hurriedly, "if it wouldn't bore you to talk awhile? Don't let me keep you if you have anything better to do."

"I haven't," said Betty. "It's my first night here. I feel rather lost among all these foreigners."

J. J. Thackeray laughed quietly. "They're a rum lot. Quite nice in their way, but not very entertaining. It's worse when they try to be. The other night they started doing recitations. There was a Norwegian lady who recited a whole act of one of Ibsen's plays. I found it rather trying, not understanding a single word. Afterwards she translated it all into French. Then one of the English ladies declaimed some of the poems she had learnt as a girl—Tennyson and Longfellow. It was rather pathetic. I wanted to burst into tears!"

He dragged himself into the salon and stood for a moment balanced on one of his crutches.

"It takes a bit of manoeuvring," he explained, as though apologising for his helplessness.

"Hold on to my arm," said Betty, losing her shyness because of her pity.

He held on to her arm and lowered himself on to a little sofa.

"Thanks, most awfully. Silly, isn't it? I used to be pretty nimble on my feet!"

She didn't dare ask him how this thing had happened, but presently he told her.

"Rheumatoid arthritis. It has twisted me up no end, and was all due to carelessness in not changing when I had played a hard match. I ought to have known better."

"But surely there's a cure?" asked Betty anxiously, with a look of intense sympathy. "Have you tried the sunlight treatment?"

J. J. Thackeray seemed amused. "I've tried everything. I've spent most of what I saved in trying it. Artificial sunlight, radio-active baths, mud baths, every blessed thing. Not a ha-porth of good. I'm done in."

He changed the subject abruptly. They discovered mutual friends in



AN UNUSUAL MATERIAL in red and green on a white background fashions the simple frock worn by this 20th Century-Fox player. Green taffeta edges the neck, sleeves and hem.

Chelsea. They talked for two hours, watched furtively by the elderly English ladies and the bearded Frenchman—or Belgian—and his wife, and the buxom German—or Swedish—woman and her stout husband, and by other guests of the pension, who seemed interested in this sudden friendship between the crippled Englishman and the young English lady newly arrived, who had sat at separate tables.

BUT they were sympathetic and kindly. When one of Thackeray's crutches fell down, it was the bearded man who hurried to pick it up. When he rose to go to his room the buxom lady's eyes swam with pity. One of the English ladies hoped he would have a good night.

"Can I help you to your room?" asked Betty. "It has been frightfully nice meeting you like this."

He declined her offer of help, saying that he could stagger up quite comfortably.

"Let's have another talk to-morrow," he suggested. "I feel as if we were old friends now that we've discovered so many people we know. Don't let me be a bore, though. It won't be much fun for you if you let an elderly cripple fasten on to you."

He smiled down at her and then said good-night and dragged himself out of the room. She could hear the tap of his crutches going up the wooden staircase.

It seemed to take him a long time to get to the top of the first landing where, afterwards, she knew he had his room.

Betty Markham was not so bored as she thought she would be at this pension on the hill above Menton. On the contrary, she had a queer sense of ecstasy because of the beauty about her when she went with her paints and easel up the mule paths behind the Villa Mimosa to make a sketch of the old town lying below, or to do a study of olive

trees with great gobbets of sunlight splashing their gnarled old trunks. Not more than five hundred yards away was an old house half ruined, but exquisite because of its rose-colored plaster and lovely shadows thrown upon it by one of the olive trees. Over its tiled roof was a glimpse of the Mediterranean, and above it, through the trees, the sky was cloudless and intensely blue.

"This is better than Chelsea," thought Betty Markham. "It seems too wonderful to be real. It's nice to be alive, after all!"

For a little while after influenza she had had moods when it did not seem worth while to be alive, because of poverty, and east winds, and a spiritual cheerlessness.

But it wasn't only the beauty of the Alpes Maritimes which made her glad to be alive. A crippled athlete had something to do with it. She had fallen in love with him before a week was out, although she was quite unaware of that until the revelation came to her suddenly and overwhelmingly. At first, for that week or so, she had only been aware of pity and admiration, and a sense of comradeship.

On the morning after her arrival he had met her again by accident—he couldn't have known where she was when she sat making a sketch of the olive trees at the top of one of the mule paths behind the pension.

She saw him before he saw her. Very slowly and painfully he was dragging himself on his crutches up the steep path. Several times he stopped to rest, as though exhausted by this effort. Then he struggled on again, until he turned the bend and saw her sitting at her easel.

"Hullo!" he said. "Don't let me disturb you. Wonderful up here, isn't it?"

"It's a bit of a climb," answered Betty, "do you think you ought to tire yourself so much?"

Please turn to Page 22

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Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and his Nubian servant, **LOTHAR:** Are investigating the case of **M. DUCHAMP:** Eminent French chemist, who has been acting very strangely, and who has kidnapped **SUZETTE:** His own daughter, and disappeared. Mandrake realises that **THE COBRA:** Wizard of hypnosis and telepathy, has him in his power, and with Lothar and **DR. ANDRE PETAIN:** Suzette's fiance, sets out in pursuit.

An agent of the Cobra is frightened into telling them that Duchamp is headed for Kuhl, in Tibet, headquarters of the Cobra. Mandrake and Lothar follow by plane, leaving behind Petain, whose leg has been broken. Meanwhile M. Duchamp, now in his right senses, and Suzette have arrived at the Cobra's cavern-lands, where the cruel wizard informs them that he has had Mandrake and Petain killed. **NOW READ ON.**

YOU--YOU HAD MANDRAKE AND--AND MY ANDRE--KILLED? YOU--YOU--HORRIBLE, DETESTABLE OLD MAN! YOU--

AH, A SPIT-FIRE! I LIKE HIGH SPIRITS--IN A PRETTY GIRL.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER--A CHARMING PICTURE. I'M EXPECTING A MESSAGE, SO I MUST LEAVE. I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL BE HERE WHEN I RETURN.

AND I--I JUST GOT OUT OF GAOL. THE MAGICIAN AND HIS SERVANT ARE COMING AFTER YOU--

FROM FAR-OFF EUROPE COMES THE TELEPATHIC MESSAGE FROM THE COBRA'S AGENT!

STUPID FOOL--TO LET THEM ESCAPE! AT LEAST, I KNOW! I SHALL BE READY FOR MANDRAKE--WHO CALLS HIMSELF A MAGICIAN!

WELL, HERE WE ARE IN KUHAJ, LOTHAR. WE'LL FIND A NATIVE GUIDE TO TAKE US TO THE SOURCE OF THE FIVE RED RIVERS.

LOOK HERE, WE'RE HAVING A HARD TIME FINDING SOMEONE TO GUIDE US TO THE SOURCE OF THE FIVE RED RIVERS. I'LL PAY YOU WELL--IF YOU'LL JUST SHOW US THE ROAD.

SOURCE OF--NO--NO--!

HIM RUNAWAY, TOO. ALL THESE FELLAS RUN SCARED WHEN WE ASK.

THERE'S NOT A NATIVE HERE THAT'LL GO WITHIN MILES OF THE PLACE.

THE COBRA'S DONE HIS WORK WELL. HE'S NEVER BOTHERED BY CURIOUS NATIVES. WE'LL HAVE TO FIND IT BY OURSELVES.

THE SOURCE OF THE FIVE RED RIVERS MUST BE A WATERFALL. THAT MEANS THE MOUNTAINS. THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD.

HAVEN'T SEEN NO PEOPLES PASSING.

THAT'S RIGHT. NOT MUCH TRAFFIC ON THIS ROAD. I GUESS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

MASTER,--LOOK!

DRAGON! MAKES FIRE FROM NOSE!

HMM--I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!

DON'T GO NEAR--IS TOO BIG TO SMACK!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SMACK EVERYTHING, LOTHAR. THERE ARE OTHER WAYS!

AND MANDRAKE WALKS WITHIN A FOOT OF THE HUGE, YAWNING JAWS!

WHY--HIM FADE AWAY--LIKE MIST!

MANDRAKE WALKS RIGHT INTO THE DRAGON!

GONE! HOW DID YOU--?

IT--WAS JUST AN ILLUSION, PLANTED THERE BY THE COBRA, TO SCARE AWAY TRAVELLERS! HOW DID I KNOW IT WASN'T REAL? WELL--BECAUSE "THERE AIN'T NO SECH ANIMAL!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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That the cause of terrible, crippling rheumatic pains, and kindred troubles such as bad back, lumbago, lies in the weak kidneys has been proved over and over again. Weak kidneys allow poisons and impurities to enter your system, causing stiffness, swellings, inflammation, excruciating pain, which may result in lifelong misery.

There is no remedy that will so quickly strengthen the kidneys and remove the cause of your pain as De Witt's Pills. They act at once on weakened kidneys and stimulate these vital organs into normal, healthy activity, enabling them once again to perform their natural function of filtering impurities from the system and preventing the formation of cruelly sharp, glass-hard uric acid crystals, which tear into the tender nerves, causing you pain.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/6, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

It does not matter how bad your condition may be. We tell you with all the conviction built on a host of testimony from sufferers the world over that De Witt's Pills can, will and must benefit you quickly and surely. Be warned against neglecting nature's symptoms of kidney trouble. Don't wait for health breakdown. Don't take De Witt's Pills now and be pain-free, vigorous and healthy once again.

QUICK RELIEF— LASTING BENEFIT

In 24 hours after you start taking De Witt's Pills you have visible evidence of their beneficial action. If you will only persevere, the quick relief that you experience will prove a lasting benefit.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/6, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

THE Healing PASSION

Continued from Page 20

"It's worth it. Still, I must admit it takes an effort. Do you mind if I sprawl down here for a while? I won't interfere with your painting."

He hung on his crutches while he glanced at her work and said "Topping!" Then he let them fall and lay on the grass and smoked a cigarette. He had brought a book with him, but didn't seem inclined to read it.

Lying there, with his hands clasped behind his head, he didn't look like a crippled man. His fine shoulders and torso were those of an athlete. But now and again Betty noticed that he gave a long, quivering sigh like a suppressed groan, as though in pain.

That demon of rheumatism was torturing him, stabbing him with red-hot irons, though he tried to ignore it and chatted very cheerfully on this rack of pain.

They talked about books and art and beauty. He was keen on pictures and knew a good deal about them. He was against the very advanced school of modern art which goes in for distortion and is scornful of Nature.

Betty agreed with him. She found herself remarkably in agreement with most of his ideas. He belloved in beauty. He thought art and literature were no good unless they revealed some aspect of beauty.

"I hate these fellows who wallow in filth and ugliness," he said.

"The point is, how can one define beauty?" asked Betty. "It's very difficult."

They endeavored to get a good definition. They agreed that ugly things might be illumined by beauty. They agreed that art can sublimate the commonplace.

"An artist is an interpreter," said J. J. Thackeray. "All art is the interpretation of hidden truth. Don't you think so?"

She thought so very certainly. They had a long talk on the subject—so long that they were very

late for lunch in the Villa Mimosa. and arrived when the other visitors had nearly finished the meal.

There were other talks. Betty suggested next day that they should take some sandwiches so they need not hurry back.

"That is," she added, "if it doesn't bore you to watch me painting!"

"I'm afraid I bore you by prattling too much," said J. J. Thackeray. "The fact is, I've been suffering from a sense of thwarted expression. You can't talk about art to our friends in the Villa Mimosa."

They slipped into a daily habit of going out together on these sketching excursions. Betty found it very pleasant to have such a companion. She wondered sometimes why each day seemed to be filled with a joy she had never known before. She thought it was beauty and blue sky. She was almost afraid of this sense of happiness. It was too good to last. Life wouldn't let it last.

"I'm afraid I'm monopolising you," suggested J. J. Thackeray one day. "I'm afraid I'm limiting your range of exploration. Won't you leave me behind and go farther afield? You ought to climb up to St. Agnes. It would make a lovely sketch for you."

Betty had intended to walk as far as St. Agnes, but now it didn't appeal to her.

"It's good enough here," she told him. "Why should I go any farther in search of beauty?"

"It's too bad of me!" he protested. "I'm taking advantage of your kindness to a cripple. Why should you be dragged back by a fellow hauling himself a few yards on two sticks?"

"It's not dragging me back," she answered. "I'm absurdly happy here. I feel too lazy to walk another yard."

At the end of the fortnight they knew each other well enough to talk about intimate things—their own private lives—their past adventures. Betty told him about her relatives—that family she was helping to keep—and about a boy to whom she had been engaged ten years ago, before he killed himself on a motorcycle in the darkness of a Surrey lane.

"It was my one and only romance," she said. "I thought I should die of grief. Now I'm ashamed because the wound has healed."

"Yes," said Thackeray. "The old heart is pretty tough. I had a wife once. She ran off with another fellow—a few weeks before I became a cripple. I thought I should go off the deep end. I had murder in my soul. Then one day I knew it was my fault. It's not much fun for a wife to have a tennis champion for a husband. She died last year, poor dear."

Betty was sorry that he had had a wife, although it was absurd of her to feel a stab of jealousy. Could it be jealousy? Could it be that she had fallen in love with this man on crutches?

The revelation came to her one evening, and left her weak as though drained of all strength. She asked him up to her room—the cheapest room except one in the Villa Mimosa—because it was at the very top of a separate staircase (hardly more than a ladder) and really in the servant's quarters.

Only one other guest lived in this part of the villa—one of the elderly English ladies, who retired to bed early every night with a novel by Edgar Wallace from the English library and a bag of tangerines which she had bought in the market, and, once, when Betty said good-night to her, with a packet of candles which she used as an addition to the somewhat feeble illumination of one electric light so far from the bed that she could not read with any comfort.

Betty's room was clean and comfortable, with a wonderful view from the window, looking right down to the bay of Garavan across the tiled roofs of villas, half-hidden among spear-tipped cypresses cutting the sky above them.

"Would you care to see some of my old sketches?" asked Betty one evening when she saw that J. J. Thackeray was a little tired of the company in the salon, which was overcrowded. "I have some pencil drawings of Rome which I did a year or two ago. They might amuse you if you could climb as far as my room. Or shall I bring them down?"

He preferred to climb up to her room. Anything, he said, to get away from the racket in the salon.

Betty regretted her invitation. It was silly of her, really. J. J. Thackeray had great difficulty in getting to the top of the narrow little staircase which led to her attic. There were beads of sweat on his forehead when he stood in her room. He gave a kind of gasp.

"By Jove! I feel as if I had climbed to the top of Mount Everest. Lordy, lordy!"

He had a sudden twinge of pain and put his hand to his side.

"I'm frightfully sorry!" cried Betty. "I didn't realise the staircase was so steep."

"Oh, it's nothing," he assured her. "My heart goes wonky now and again. My word, you have a glorious view from this perch of yours. It's worth the climb."

He dragged himself across the room and leant on her window-sill, staring out to a night of stars. The sky was still darkly blue. The spear-headed cypresses were black against it.

"Divine and glorious!" said J. J. Thackeray. "How quiet it is out there! Not a sound. Life seems asleep. Look at that pathway of moonlight across the sea."

Betty stood beside him and leant out, too, with her elbows on the window-sill and her chin cupped in her hands.

"It's all very mysterious—this life!" she said. "What's the mystery of it? What does it mean?"

"There's love behind it somewhere, surely," said J. J. Thackeray. "It must have some meaning of divine

GIRLIGAGS



"NOW someone predicts that the motor car of the future will have six wheels, and we are willing to bet that half the world will still take all curves on two."

love. All this beauty can't be accidental—some process of chemistry and mechanics. There must be an Artist behind the picture."

"And yet humanity seems not living up to it," said Betty. "So much hatred. So much pettiness. So many wars. So much pain."

"I know," Thackeray agreed, with a humorous groan. "But we have our good moments. This is one of them. We have a sense of things beyond ourselves. We are conscious of beauty. Some of us are worshipful."

They stood talking like that for an hour or more, until there was a tapping on the wall of the next room.

"What's that?" asked Thackeray, rather startled.

Betty laughed and put her fingers to her lips.

"Miss Smith! She has read the last chapter of an Edgar Wallace by candlelight. Now she wants to go to sleep and is peevish by our conversation—the selfish old creature!"

"There'll be scandal in the morning," said Thackeray, with a quiet

Love Walks So Softly

LOVE walks so softly through my heart. And this way turns to kiss my cheek. And that way gazes tenderly So that he has no need to speak.

Love lifts my day with kindness. And twines wild roses gently through the lathiced hours of deep content. In dreams I dedicate to you.

—YVONNE WEBB.

laugh. "I oughtn't to stay so long in a lady's bedroom. Most improper."

Betty shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"I don't mind. I haven't shown you my sketches."

He liked her sketches. They discussed them in quiet voices. Then he thought it time to go.

"Good night, and thanks immensely."

He stood in the doorway, propped on his crutches, and smiled down at her.

"Thanks a thousand times for comradeship," he said.

She stood close to him and raised her face to his. It was an invitation to him which came to her suddenly, irresistibly.

"May I?" he asked.

His body dropped a little between his crutches. He stooped down to reach her lips. He kissed her like an elder brother.

"Oh, my dear," she whispered. "I love you. I love you. And I'm so sorry for you. And I'm so grateful to you."

He reminded her of his physical disability.

"I'm a cripple. You mustn't love me. I'm done in, you know. I'm no use to any woman. I've only a little time more of this good life—a few months—a year or two at the most."

"I love you," she said.

She put her hands against his chest and dropped her head.

He put a hand up to her head.

"It's very sweet of you. I like being loved. If my love were any good to you—it's yours from the bottom of my heart."

Miss Smith tapped on the wall again.

"We are betrayed," said J. J. Thackeray, with humorous dismay.

HE let go of his crutches, supporting them under his shoulders, and held her head with both his hands and kissed her again.

Then he turned and made his way down the steep staircase, painfully and slowly. At the bottom he turned, and she could see the smile in his eyes, in spite of the half darkness of a passage with only one little light glimmering.

"Good night, my dear," he called out softly.

She answered him in a whisper, and then went to her own room and stood at the open window again, looking out to a night of stars. The revelation had come to her. She knew that she loved this crippled man more even than she had loved that boy who had killed himself on a motor cycle three years ago.

It was perhaps three hours later when J. J. Thackeray, sitting in his bedroom on the first landing of the Villa Mimosa—he was not yet undressed, and was very wakeful because of Betty's declaration of love and the emotion it had caused him—became aware of a smell as though brown paper were smouldering somewhere.

He didn't bother about it at first. He was deeply stirred by this love which had come to him in middle age, in his crippled state. It seemed incredible that Betty should love a man who hung on to two sticks, helpless and useless. Incredible, but wonderful!

Please turn to Page 24

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FARMER'S INTRODUCES

"Slinkies"

FUN 'NEATH YOUR SUIT

Cheeky, knitted jumper-ettes that are definitely leading a double life. One side flashing with frivolous rainbow colours—the other in sober plain tones. If, from the Paris Openings, we could bring back but one new notion—we'd have chosen "slinkies". You could afford 2 or 3 at

6/11

Sportswear Salon on the Second Floor.

FARMER'S

GOSSARD CORSETS

—fitted personally by Miss Vera Hamilton

Miss Vera Hamilton, famous figure specialist from Gossard, is at Farmer's for a short time. She knows how to manipulate bulges, so that you look thinner and new frocks fit better. Ring M 2405 now for an appointment.

GOSSARD CORSET, 15/11. (Illustrated). Two-way stretch foundation with a clever satin panel and lightly-boned front. So very inexpensive.

Corset Salon on the Fourth Floor.



HAIR BANDEAUX

Wear them night and day

A very attractive hair band filched from the style introduced by Ginger Rogers. You can wear it night or day. Made in various colours, to exactly match your own hair. Each costs but

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Hair Accessories—Ground Floor.

34'6 MATTRESSES 29'6

Lay-by now at saving prices

Serviceable kapok mattresses. Made of damask or striped black and white ticking. Don't forget the easy lay-by. It costs only 1/- in every 5/- deposit!

Size 2' 6", Usually 34'6. Now 29'6 Size 3', Usually 45'-. Now 36'6
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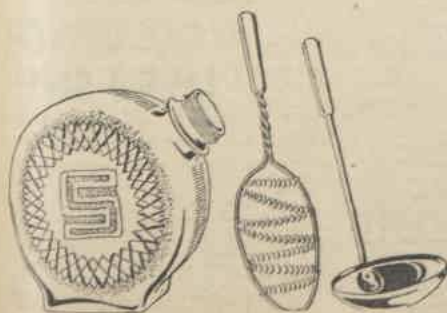
Mattresses—First Floor. Only 1/- in each 5/- deposit to lay-by.



KNIT IT YOURSELF, 12'3

You'll wake up one morning and there'll be a nip in the air—Autumn! Prepare now by knitting this carefree imported model, designed to hug your figure tenaciously. We made it (and you can make it) from 8 oz. of softest Opalsheen Wool at 1/6 oz.

The pure, joyous colours do things to your complexion. The pattern costs an additional 3d. So the jumper is yours for only 12'3



Useful things for your kitchen

WATER BOTTLE. "Beveragette" bottles to keep in your refrigerator. Holds a full 4 pints. Lay-by! 5'9

KITCHEN UTENSILS. Beautiful jade-green "Catalin" handled utensils that make excellent gifts. Egg whisks, 1'6, for 1'-. Soup ladles, 1'6, for 9d

Kitchenware—Lower Ground Floor.



MAX FACTOR BEAUTY LECTURES NOW

Miss Troedel, trained Max Factor Consultant, demonstrates make-up and shows you how to follow the lead of glamorous film stars. Lectures are given daily at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. on the Ground Floor. Every woman attending will receive an Individual Complexion Analysis Chart.

Max Factor Section—Ground Floor.

HE had had the great joy of her comradeship. From the very first day of her coming she had attracted him enormously. He had forgotten his pain sometimes during their talks together. He thought her exquisite, and lovely in spirit.

But, of course, for a man of his age, nearly fifty, and stricken down by this torture of rheumatism—putting a strain on his heart as his doctor warned him—it was absurd to indulge in day-dreams of married bliss or any other kind. It would be criminal to make a nurse of Betty Markham.

All the same—he sat on the side of his bed in the darkness, with his crutches propped against the bed rail by his side, and could not resist a waking dream in which Betty and he wandered together. All his life passed in review.

He had made a mess of his first marriage. He had been too absorbed in tennis tournaments, after

THE Healing PASSION

Continued from Page 22

other forms of athletics in which he had won more than national renown. Vanity, perhaps, had been his impulse, apart from the mental and physical joy of winning games or a race. He had set up the unbeaten record for a hundred yards sprint. Now he dragged about on crutches.

That smell of smouldering brown paper! It was becoming stronger. It attracted his attention.

He switched on the electric light, wondering if he had dropped a lighted cigarette some time ago. There was a thin wisp of smoke creeping under his door. What was happening outside?

He got on to his crutches and hobbled to the door and opened it. Outside on the landing the smoke was pretty thick. There was a fire

somewhere. He dragged himself to the staircase leading up to the attic where Betty had her room, and that elderly woman, Miss Smith, who had tapped on her wall because they were talking so late.

THE smoke was heavy on these steep wooden stairs. A waft of warm air came down to him. Something red and glowing showed through the smoke at the top of the staircase. The bannisters were alight. A flame was licking up the painted rail. It was only a few feet from Betty's bedroom.

For a moment or two J. J. Thackeray stared up at that licking flame, listening intently to a little crackling noise up there through the smoke. He had been a man of action. His old instinct for action stirred in him.

And something else stirred in him, a sudden fear. Betty was up there beyond the smoke and that flame. She might be burnt to death unless someone was very quick.

He gave a sudden shout.

"Fire!"

He repeated it harshly and loudly. Then he hobbled to the staircase—those steep wooden stairs almost like a ladder, up which he had struggled earlier that night with Betty, frightened because of the difficulty he had in getting up.

He had hardly room to use his crutches. He could get up quicker by hanging on to the hand rail. He let the crutches fall, and they clattered on to the landing. He grabbed hold of the handrail and hauled himself up with astonishing rapidity, using his arms more than his legs, which had been almost useless since his illness.

Below him, on the landing, he heard cries. A woman was screaming. He didn't bother about that. His only purpose was to get to Betty's bedroom. He didn't even remember Miss Smith, who slept in the next room to hers. It was Betty he wanted to rescue.

The smoke was rather suffocating, and he held his left arm over his mouth and nostrils. Somehow, he got to the top of the stairs. Some of the bannisters were alight. He had only a few inches between himself

wooden balcony. By some frenzy of strength he was able to lift her out of bed and carry her to this place of safety, as it was for a few minutes, until the flames from the staircase invaded her room.

Down below in the garden, with its green tubs and little orange trees, people from the Villa were gathering in their night clothes. J. J. Thackeray shouted down to them:

"Bring a ladder! For heaven's sake, bring a ladder!"

They shouted back again. He could hear the shrill voices of the women. It seemed an incredible time before a ladder was brought and raised against the balcony. A man—it was an Italian waiter—came up its rungs and shouted excitedly in his own tongue.

Thackeray had Betty Markham hanging somehow over his left shoulder, with her body grasped by his left arm. He told her afterwards that he was quite unconscious of her weight. "A featherweight," he said.

The fact was, he was unconscious of what he was doing in a curious way, like those men who went "over the top" in the war and flung bombs at German machine-gunners, and did mad, heroic things which they failed to remember afterwards.

He got backwards on to the top rungs of the ladder. The Italian waiter, a strong fellow, relieved him of Betty Markham's weight and took her down the ladder and laid her on the ground by the green tubs where she was surrounded by the people of the Villa Mimosa, half clad and hysterical.

Thackeray climbed down alone. He stood in a dazed way looking at Betty, who was still half unconscious, stupefied by smoke.

The top story of the Villa Mimosa was now ablaze. In that furnace fire poor Miss Smith was burned to death. Perhaps she had fallen asleep with one of her candles burning.

THE Italian waiter—a gallant fellow—tried to rescue her, but was beaten back by the flames. Thackeray tried to go up the ladder with him, but was pulled back by the bearded Frenchman—or Belgian—who held him with a bear's hug.

"Pas possible, mon vieux! Pour l'amour de Dieu!"

It was only then that Thackeray became aware of himself, as one might say. It was only then that he was intensely surprised by the things he had done.

He looked at the flames devouring the top story of the Villa Mimosa. "My crutches!" he said, in a strange, startled voice.

That is the amazing part of this story. That is why I have told it as J. J. Thackeray gave me its details. J. J. Thackeray had forgotten the need of his crutches during that 15 minutes or so of emotional adventure. He has not needed them again. That rheumatoid arthritis which had crippled him had utterly departed, except for an occasional twinge in damp weather.

I leave the story here. I have no medical theories on the subject. If people care to say that J. J. Thackeray's disease was one of "nerves," due to depression after his wife's abandonment of him, I can't argue with them. All his doctors had treated him for rheumatoid arthritis.

My own belief is that his cure was due to the mind effecting a terrific change in the chemistry of his body—those mysterious hormones—because of emotion, tremendous in its intensity, during that rescue of the woman he loved.

It was a healing passion, I believe, which had worked a kind of miracle in this man who forgot his crutches. . . . Betty and he are very happy with each other, in spite of poverty.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE-

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A normal bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes thousands of little liver pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Happily, gently, yet amazingly in making bile flow freely. Ask for LANTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Day-long daintiness for me! I'm a "CHANGE-DAILY" girl... the easy LUX way.

Shopping all the morning? But how beautifully cool and fresh you look!

Only 4 minutes to LUX the day's undies!

The thrill of stepping into clean, sweet undies every morning... a whole day of coolness and comfort... confidence in your daintiness... no fears of unpleasant perspiration odour! Be charming... be popular... be a Change-Daily Girl! Men notice and admire daintiness more than anything else, and it's so easy to Lux undies at bedtime.

Be really dainty...

LUX YOUR GIRLDE EVERY WEEK

Don't forget that your girlde needs a Lux wash too—at least once a week—to remove perspiration. Leading Corset Manufacturers recommend regular Lux care. A LEVER PRODUCT

NOW FINER, MORE SOLUBLE, IN A BIG NEW PACKET AT THE SAME PRICE

4 Minutes...

that's all it takes to squeeze the day's undies and stockings through lukewarm Lux suds and rinse well. Just 4 minutes and you've removed the perspiration acids that cause embarrassment and damage delicate threads and colours... you've made sure of another day's coolness and daintiness! "Lots of modern undies can do without ironing." Be sure to use only gentle Lux—it contains no soda. Harsh cake-soap rubbing for undies?—a thousand times NO!

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

I Like—

Sheila Carter's plain gold locket worn round her neck attached to a fine gold chain. Sheila says the locket craze is the latest vogue from London.

Joyce Beazley's pink flower brooch with dainty earrings to match.

Brilliant Pageant

THE Pageant of Nations was the colorful news of last week. It was not a bit of use making a tardy decision to attend, as there was not one seat available in the Town Hall after the first night.

Premier Stevens, a grandfather of a few days' standing, collected some of the limelight on the opening night, when he was congratulated by Lord Wakehurst, the Chief Justice, and other friends on his new status.

The scene on the stage was most vivacious with its rapid-fire changes of nationality, and decor. I thought Jane Connolly looked particularly fine as Miss South Africa, and Carmen de Baeza, daughter of the Consul-General for Spain, gave just the right air to the Spanish unit.

Rolling Around

PROFESSOR and Madame Paul Fischer will leave for their home in Paris this Wednesday. Madame, formerly Marie Helene Droulers, spent most of her girlhood in Sydney, and is full of regrets at leaving her relatives and friends.

She is most concerned about the deportment of her young son, Henri. He learnt to walk on board ship coming out, with the result that he is now toddling around with a most exaggerated sailor's roll.

Professor Fischer is attached to the Sorbonne, Paris, and is a conchologist. He will have many Australian shells to add to his collection when he returns home.

George Fuller and his fiancée, Noreen Hallard, spend quite a number of week-ends at Bowral, where they are the guests of Sir George and Lady Fuller at their country home.

Showboat Party

THIRTEEN did not prove an unlucky number to the three hundred or so guests invited by that number of hostesses on board the Showboat to a jolly young people's dance last week. This mode of entertaining while cruising about Sydney's romantic harbor is deservedly growing in popularity.

It was nice, too, to see so many mothers and daughters together. Mrs. Harvey Sutton and daughter, Rosalind, Mrs. Iven Mackay and Jean, Mrs. M. MacCallum with daughter Margaret, and Mrs. David Maughan with her two daughters, Joan and Jennifer, were all aboard when the whistle blew.

Sale at Yaralla

I VISITED Yaralla, the late Dame Edith Walker's lovely home, for the sale of pictures on Thursday. No doubt the new owners of the works of art will treasure their possessions, but there always seems something pathetic to me about the breaking-up of such a lovely collection.

Among the well-knowns who attended the sale at Yaralla were Mrs. A. B. Patterson, Una Cliff, Mrs. I. M. Kelty, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, and Mrs. Clive Savage.

Students Preparing

FROM far and wide University students are making ready for the first term of the year. Joan Haynes, daughter of Dr. Haynes, of Queensland, is already at work on her massage course. Another Queenslander, Helen McDonald, is coming to Sydney to complete her medical course.

Helen Paton, from Orange, who was in Sydney for a number of Anniversary parties, is returning to serious study at the Women's College. Peggy Allen, of Dalby, Queensland, and Nuala Brown, from the Gunning district, will also be attending lectures again shortly.

Preparing for Show

WHEN I think of the activity from one end of the State to the other in the Country Women's Association circles, I can only gasp in admiration. Busy fingers are now making exhibits of all shapes and descriptions to fill up the enormous space of two thousand feet which has been allotted to the Association at the Royal Sydney Show.

This is the first time the C.W.A. has had an exhibit at the Show, and members are working most ardently for its success.

After a stay of some months in Sydney and Leura, Mrs. J. Adams and daughter Gay are en route to their home in London. Gay is a splendid linguist and speaks French, Italian and Dutch.



Competent Hostess

LAST week Mrs. J. A. Chuey entertained in honor of Professor and Mrs. A. F. Barker, of the Chia Lung University, in Shanghai. Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll, the Consul-General for China, and Madame Pao, Lady Snowden, Mrs. McKee, Dr. T. D. Delpratt and many others were present.

Mrs. Chuey, as well as cooking the dinner herself, decorated the table in a charming fashion with red hibiscus and frangipanni from her garden. Each lady guest was presented with a fragrant posy.

Mrs. Bert McKay, of The Overflow Station, Warren, is making a short stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards, at Elizabeth Bay.

Cheery House Party

BERYL STANTON arranged a cheery house party at the family home at Port Hacking as a farewell gesture to Dr. and Mrs. Dan Thompson last week-end. The overflow of guests were housed in tents in the garden, and lots more friends motored down from town on Saturday and Sunday. The swimming pool, which is literally at the front doorstep, was occupied most of the time.

Among the merry-makers were the Ted Sandys, Keith and Charlie Stanton, and Mr. and Mrs. John Charley.

Reg Robson was one of last week's cheery hosts. He entertained a number of friends and many overseas visitors at his parents' home at Rose Bay at the cocktail hour.

Girl Law Student

NO wonder Margaret Makinson, of Coll's Harbor, feels in need of a holiday. She has just finished her Arts Course and about to commence her first term as a law student at the Sydney University.

With her father, and her friend, Jane Goulding, of Melbourne, Margaret sailed in the Stratheden for Tasmania last week. The party intends to do as much touring as possible during their short holiday.

Wedding Bells

THIS year of grace will bring wedding bells to mind as well as the 150th anniversary of our country to Ouida Delaney, Maisie Davie, Phyl Capel, and Sally Ewing.

Ouida, who comes from Bundarra, was married to Bruce Ryland, of Brisbane, on Saturday, at St. Mark's Church, and made a charming bride. "Shore" Chapel has been chosen by Maisie Davie and George Sautelle, and Phyl Capel, of the well-known Barraba family, will be married this Tuesday at St. John's to Walter Quinn, of Boggabri.

Another country wedding of interest will be that of Sally Ewing and Adrian Sutherland, scheduled for this Wednesday, at Bathurst.

Have You Noticed—

The lovely diamond brooch being worn by Jocelyn Josephson? It is in the shape of an arrow complete with realistic feather ends.



A GARDEN STUDY of Miss Dawn Jackson, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. E. Jackson, of Melbourne, who will celebrate her twenty-first birthday at a party being given by her parents at the Small Arms' School, Randwick, this Tuesday.

—Women's Weekly photo.

NO APPETITE?

Danger Signal of CONSTIPATION

Not really ill? Never really well? No appetite? Tired and heavy? Your trouble is Constipation!

You can't fix it up by drinking something. You've got to get right at the cause. You've got to start your bowels working naturally, easily and regularly. That means you've got to give your system "bulk."

Give your system this bulk by eating two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. This oat-sweet breakfast cereal will pass gently through your system, sponging the walls of your alimentary tract, and collecting all waste matter. Within a week you should be regular. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
Relieves Constipation the Natural Way.



Many are the Inventors—
But only ONE Edison

The Vision which leads to the Unique can never be matched. Hence the unrivalled Prestige of

METROPOLITAN
Secretarial Institute

6 Dalley Street, Sydney.



It was never in doubt.
Courage won by three lengths.

IT began with the rush to get on Courage in the first race.

That so very nice and friendly trainer, Jack Holt, always tells, and when he said Courage was a certainty I ran, dipping deeply into my bag as I went, and was just in time to get £5 to £4 before the odds shortened to 7 to 4 on.

And, of course, it was never in doubt. Jack Holt doesn't talk in terms of certainties without reason.

Courage won by three lengths, but I wasted £1 on the place tote on George Price's Heires, because he thought it a great each-way proposition.

But Heires will have to go faster if she's going to get anything left to her.

All the hard heads declared Con Devon, the favorite for the Second Trial, a "twinner," who did his best only in spasms.

But I worked it out that if little Willie Cook, from Sydney, couldn't hot him up nobbly could, so I ventured £2 to £1, and lamented when

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Won Enough At Caulfield
To Pay For My Trip,
Thank You!

By BETTY GEE

My white chiffon frock with shadow design of blue flowers and rather large navy blue straw might have been an inspiration of shady glens and cool, running streams, but who could be cool at 100 in the shade on Saturday, even beneath Caulfield's century-old pines?

The trouble was you didn't stay in the shade. There were the good things to drive you pell mell into the heat and burden of the betting ring.

old Con dropped back last and stayed there.

But it seems Willie Cook was told to let him do that, and when he pulled the flail at the top of the straight you should have seen Con fly. He won it easily.

I was one of the poor innocents who fell for Limulet in the Alma Stakes, but no more. Willie Cook had to try the same tactics, but Limulet gets back last because he can only hobble the first 50 yards of a race.

When he gets up steam he goes fast, but what's the good of that when the race is only 6 furlongs?

This Was Great

MILDURA was home and hosed before Limulet turned the last corner, and it cost £2 to find out Limulet is the slowest beginner on the Victorian turf.

When I spotted Alan Cooper take £1000 to £100 Mananul in the Wood-cliff, I declared myself in on this brew for £10 to £1, but I saved £1 on Le Grand.

Mananul landed the bacon, by the

best piece of riding I've ever seen—I mean on Mr. Cooper's part.

He went through all the actions up in the members' stand, and I'm sure Mananul and Freddie Shean could hear his shouts, and obeyed his instructions to "Come on, Manne!" Le Grand was nearly last. I gave him away.

Miss Pardier Baillieu told me that Mr. Clive Baillieu declared Ajax simply couldn't lose the Puturity, and he ought to know, because he owns the colt.

And he was right, too. I rushed £5 to £2 from the fashion plate of the betting ring, Tom Powell, and Ajax led all the way nicely.

Pain In The Neck

FUNNY how they take their steeples so seriously in Melbourne. Miss Iris Connolly told me her papa, famous Eric Connolly, said Elegance was money for nothing. So it was—for the books, including £1 of mine, and I don't think I'll bet on them again.

My early tip was Beechwood for the Hawksburn, but he was scratched, and now I hear he's saved for the



Boots tells me Nuffield will win the Sires' Produce Stakes.

Leonard at Flemington, so remember that.

But in the meantime what a pain in the neck the Hawksburn turned out. When I got seven tips, I put them in the hat, and picked one out, but another stuck to my fingers, and I had to waste £2 on Studio and £1 on Caesar.

Believe it or believe it not, I could have raced either with my high heels on.

Lolorua, a spurned outsider, won.

And Some Tips

WE turn to Newmarket day. Ajax is a sifter for the Newmarket, says the head waiter, and I know nobody will ginsay him in this.

Likewise Boots at our inn declares Nuffield past the post in the Sires' Produce Stakes, but it might afford a better financial result to back Pandava on the place tote.

Lots of people think he's a squib, but he'll be hurrying a lot faster than most others at the end of this race.

What's the good of backing anything to beat Hua in the Leger, too?

Lady Mauve is given to me as a "roughie" for the Brunswick, and Strathroy has been saved for a win in the March Nursery next Tuesday at Flemington. And don't forget Young Crusader for this meeting.

After Sale Specials

These terms apply also to Country Customers:—We pack and deliver FREE to your nearest Railway Station or Wharf in N.S.W.



New Improved "New Century Ace"
For 2/6 Weekly you can have what we believe to be the best family SEWING MACHINE IN AUSTRALIA

The new improved "New Century Ace" is now available at £18/18/- as illus. It sews backwards and forwards without removing material. Built to last a lifetime. . . . complete with set of dressmaking attachments. Fitted in new and artistically-finished cabinet only obtained before in much more expensive machines. Spare parts guaranteed available for your lifetime. Trade in your old machine as part payment for this £18/18/- model. Phone M4101 for free home demonstration or ask local traveller.

Model as illustrated

£18/18/-

Marcus Clark's

Demonstrators Clear!

These machines have been used for show room demonstration purposes only, and are fully guaranteed to be as good as new. Complete with attachments. There is definitely only this number available so call early to avoid disappointment or phone M4101.

10/- Dep. 26 Wkly

6 Only

"New Century"
Iron Leg Dropheads
Usually £23.

• After Sale Special

£15

8 Only

Ace Bureaux
Usually £19/19/-.

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£16/16

MARCUS CLARK & CO. LTD., "THE BIG STORE,"
CENTRAL SQUARE, SYDNEY.

Please post me without any obligation, full particulars of the "New Century Ace" you are selling for £18/18/-.

Name

Address

WWFeb. 26, 1938

"Perfect" Waitresses Just Made to Order

By Air Mail from Our New York Office

Young American women are being trained as "perfect" waitresses and they like the idea so much that the course is one of the most popular "career" courses.

Would Australian girls welcome similar training, is a question that comes to mind.

MISS RUTH LEDWITH, for eight years a waitress and hostess, who conducts the classes, explained that only ability to handle an armful of dishes and "sling hash" no longer qualifies a waitress for a job.

In the past two years, it is estimated 1000 young women have taken the course. More than 30 restaurant operators were consulted as to the type of waitress they preferred. The majority said the little, short, and stocky girl was given the preference with them. She should be about 5 feet 2 inches tall, and weigh about 120 to 125 pounds.

Employers prefer brunettes to blondes. Redheads are taboo for no particular reason.

"Personality means a great deal,"

Miss Ledwith said. "To be a good waitress a girl should be of the extravert type, yet humble. Attractiveness and neatness are other qualities especially sought in the waitress."

Instruction begins with carrying four big plates in one hand without the top of one touching the bottom of any of the others, the arranging of silverware and the serving of guests.

"Although simple as this may be, some girls apparently can't learn the fundamentals," the waitress instructor said. "In such cases I advise them to drop the course because they never would make good waitresses."

Before you can consider yourself an expert, Miss Ledwith said, you must be able to clear all the dishes from a table of six at one time.

That requires stacking about 30 or more dishes on your arm. The secret of success is to have your arm relaxed, not rigid.



Clothes will not turn yellow if you give them a last rinse in Blue Water

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

THE MOVIE WORLD

February 26, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia! Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
BARBARA BOURCHIER
from New York and Hollywood

Garbo Thaws in Sweden

WORD comes from Sweden, through Paul Muni, that Garbo on her native soil is not the fanatical recluse that she is in Hollywood.

Paul Muni and his wife went to the opera in Stockholm and, in the lobby of the opera house, walked right into the great Garbo herself. They recognised each other, of course, but Muni, knowing of the actress's reputation, hesitated to greet her.

To his surprise and delight, Garbo's face lit up with pleasure at the meeting, and she came swiftly over to greet them, introducing her brother.

She chatted with the Munis for some moments, expressing her enthusiasm for the "Zola" performance.

Compulsory Romance

WARNER BROS. are doing everything possible to encourage the romance of their two hopefuls, Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane.

They've co-starred the pair in two successive pictures and are now preparing a third, "Love, Honor, and Behave," for immediate production.

Wayne and Priscilla announced their engagement a while ago, but Hollywood thinks the announcement was made with considerable urging from the studio publicity department.

Fans will always roll up to see pictures co-starring off-screen sweethearts.

Marion Davies Stands By

MARION DAVIES, who hasn't made a picture for ages, has returned to Hollywood after a Christmas vacation in New York.

New "Birth of a Nation"

David Wark Griffith is to make a new version of "The Birth of a Nation," the film that brought a turning point in the history of movies. "Gone With the Wind" has revived keen interest in the colorful and dramatic Civil War period.

It was "The Birth of a Nation" that established Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh and Henry Walthall as stars many years ago. No picture, up to the present day, has equalled that great film in box-office receipts.

where she spent most of her time seeing the new plays on Broadway.

The studio says Miss Davies' absence from the screen has been due to the lack of a suitable vehicle—that she will make another film the moment the right story turns up.

Of course, the flop scored by her last epic has nothing to do with it.



Jeanette in Old Madrid

IN "The Firefly," Jeanette MacDonald is a dancer of that name in Madrid at the time when Napoleon invaded Spain. She is also a spy. Top Left: Allan Jones with a bad man. Top Right: Allan Jones and Jeanette MacDonald. Centre, Left: Warren William and Jeanette. Centre: Jeanette again. Below, Left: Allan Jones, Jeanette, and Belle Mitchell. Below, Right: Allan Jones and Billy Gilbert.

Cagney's Return

JIMMY CAGNEY has returned to the Warner fold. Both the Warners and the stubborn red-headed man think themselves the victors in the weary dispute that lasted through so many long months.

Cagney is delighted with the choice of stories for his first two films. He will soon go into the production of "Boy Meets Girl," the phenomenal Broadway success, and Warners have also bought for him the rights of "Of Mice and Men."

In the first picture he will be one of a team of erratic playwrights, the other member being Pat O'Brien.

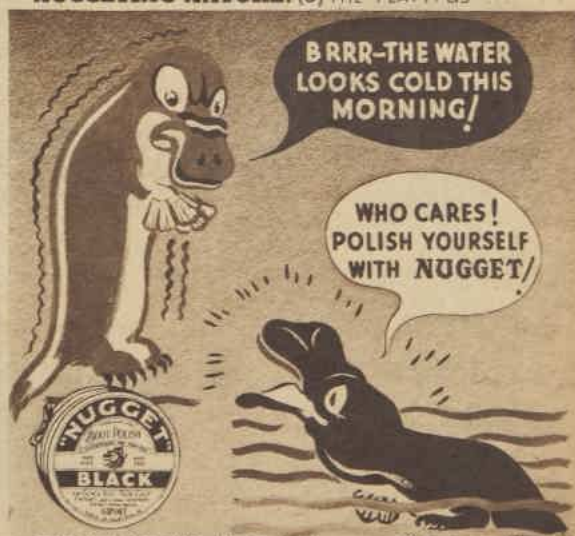
Bette Davis has been chosen to play the girl in "Of Mice and Men."

Cary Tired of Comedy

CARY GRANT yearns to make a serious screen play after four straight comedies in a row, and this in spite of his friends, who are begging him to leave the heavy dramas to others and continue to turn out laugh hits.

Come what may, there are at least three dramas on Cary's list this coming season, "Graustark" at Goldwyn's, "Gunga Din" at R.K.O., and an unnamed one at Columbia.

NUGGETING NATURE: (5) THE PLATYPUS



Polish your shoes with Nugget and the wet just trickles off. There's nothing quite so good as Nugget—for rainy weather and sunny weather, to keep them smart and keep out the wet and make the shoes last longer too. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

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It's the NATURAL Choice

PLAYERS HATE TO BE "TYPED"

Brilliant Careers Checked By Monotonous Roles

By MARGARET SIMPSON, from Hollywood.

"NEW stars! New faces!" This is the cry of that lusty giant, the motion picture industry. The giant must be fed. The studios disgorge an army of talent scouts to forage for his food.

Schools, universities, amateur dramatic performances, legitimate shows, on all these are focused their roving eyes. Even the kindergarten is not immune.

BUT in the constant search for fresh talent there is a tendency for Hollywood to overlook the material already at hand.

Too often it seems to pass by those players who have already given ample proof of their ability to act—and to act well.

What is the root of the trouble?

Story difficulties account for more than their fair proportion of falling stars. And consistent miscasting takes its toll as well.

The laborious and expensive task of building another star is the natural consequence of allowing a big name to appear to disadvantage in just one or two pictures. The public loses interest very soon.

An acknowledged evil in films is the "typing" system, which is responsible perhaps for a greater number of falling stars than any other cause. Individual cases seem to bear this out.

Jean Dixon, one of the screen's most effective and talented wisecrackers, is a player who is long overdue for a break from the "typing" routine.

She's always around when the heroine needs a female shoulder to weep on.

Pat Underpraised

YOU saw her doing her stuff in "Swing High, Swing Low." And good stuff it was. Yet, like every other part Jean has ever played in films, it was just another "friend of the heroine" role.

And it is only when Jean gets to work on them that these roles become something amusing, individual, real.

Perhaps she could be given an occasional break as the heroine of one of those realistic pictures that Hollywood does so well.

Another much underpraised person is Pat O'Brien.

Some people find O'Brien tiresome. His screen personality is certainly just about the most aggressive, the most cocksure available.

And perhaps it is for this very reason that it is necessary to point out the accomplishments of this unpretentiously brilliant player.

One hears him so often passed off as an amusing tough egg, or a good "stooge" to Cagney or McHugh, that his real qualities are in danger of being overlooked.

In Pat's case, Hollywood is inclined to take too much for granted. But the public won't go on doing it.

Pat's cinematic rainy day can be staved off only by effecting a change in his roles.

He's been trying to do it himself, as a matter of fact, since well over a year ago.

"I don't want to be just a fast-talking Charlie all my life," is how he puts it.

Four years of solid work and sound policy brought Anna Neagle to the pitch of fine achievement which she reached in her gallant portrayal of Nell Gwyn, and her even finer work as Peg Woffington in "Peg of Old Drury."

But her opportunity has not been grasped with anything like the vigor which seemed possible.

The gist of the whole matter appears to be that Anna cannot go on forever appearing in costume.

What she needs is one or two really good modern stories in which to take her place on the same ground as other stars, and consolidate her position as a player of the first importance.

Among the strangest things ever to happen in the strange history of Hollywood was the temporary disap-



● Two toughs who are tired of their toughness—George Bancroft (above) and Pat O'Brien (right). Bancroft quarrelled with his studio to obtain the more sympathetic parts. O'Brien says: "I don't want to be just fast-talking Charlie all my life."



pearance of George Bancroft from the screen.

For no discernible reason he just suddenly dropped from film prominence. And the typing system was indirectly to blame.

"Bancroft's gone temperamental," said current reports, and there were one or two big quarrels with his studio which gave color to the rumors.

When his contract expired it was not renewed.

Bancroft declared he would rather be free to select his own stories.

Behind it all, there was obviously a strong feeling that, successful though his pictures were, the tough

guy roles portrayed couldn't keep on forever without in some degree lowering his screen prestige.

A long break from pictures followed, and then George quietly started his career again in Columbia's "Hell Ship Morgan," with a very much more sympathetic role in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" promising to lead to better things. It is to be hoped that the studios will see they are there for him.

An unsophisticated and super-sensitive person in real life, Zasu Pitts is acutely conscious that the comedy role which originally had a genuine basis has since been carried to grotesque lengths.



● CLAIRE TREVOR, confined as a rule to colorless heroine roles, is a dramatic actress of exceptional gifts. Her emotional scene in "Dead End" leaves no doubt of that.

too close under their noses to catch their eyes.

A bad slump in Grant stocks was avoided just in time by giving him comedy parts.

In "Theora Goes Wild" and later films he has become widely popular with the public. Before then, his popularity was greatest among leading ladies.

In some instances, of course, the studio is not entirely to blame when stars fall victims to the typing system.

Katharine Hepburn's defiant preference for stories in which she can parade in queenly guise, through years of blood-red history, or pose as a kind of elaborately-dressed Hollywood version of Mrs. Pankhurst rejuvenated, is wearing down the vital appeal she once had.

Pathetic Outcast

IT is robbing her of the human, common touch which drew people to her in such pictures as "A Bill of Divorcement."

Her "Portrait of a Rebel" is rapidly becoming a permanency by constant repetition.

More mysterious than Garbo is the case of Claire Trevor.

Just a routine heroine for four years, Claire yet contrives to make her stock role into a vital, sympathetic characterization of the kind you believe in and like.

Nobody seems able to give a plausible reason why Claire has never been given the chances she has earned.

Yet everyone agrees that she is one of the best actresses and most real personalities in Hollywood.

It has been left to Samuel Goldwyn to borrow Claire Trevor for a really important picture.

As the pathetic outcast in "Dead End," her single scene lasts only two or three minutes. But she makes it the most genuine moment of emotion in the film.

American critics have raved over this performance. It is anticipated that "Dead End" will provide Claire Trevor with the big break for which she's waited so long.

Yet the irony of the "typing" evil is that, having rescued her from the doom of routine heroine roles, "Dead End" may stamp her as a girl of the underworld for an indefinite term.

Without considering herself unduly important, she feels humiliated by the class of picture to which this clowning has condemned her. She is under the impression that her career has made a fool of her; and this has made her sensitive and defensive, so that her comical wit is continually turned on herself.

An outstanding illustration of the "typing" evil is provided by Cary Grant.

With his first "showy" film role in Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong," it really seemed as if the lady of the famous curves had actually done him right.

He had broken into much bigger publicity than he had managed to achieve with his one or two earlier screen events.

The West touch had established him as "the tall, dark and handsome" man of Mae's screen dreams.

Grant International

ONE cannot blame Cary for not taking very kindly to the idea that he was a heaven-sent piece of boudoir furniture.

Yet the real "tall, dark and handsome" Cary embodies qualities rare enough in Hollywood's leading men.

He is an Englishman free from the straitjacket of British habits.

A fellow with the best traits of an unsnobish but cultured type of Briton upon which is superimposed some of the breeziness of a not-too-aggressive American.

He is, in fact, what producers call "an international personality."

And, while they send highly-paid emissaries all over the world searching for that very same thing, he has been

GLENDALAZIESTLADY

But Keen Before the Cameras

By ELEANOR STUART,
from Hollywood

THE screen has a few players whose names are not strong enough to pack the big theatres, but whom everyone is glad to see in a film.

One of them is that cynical blonde, Glenda Farrell.

GLENDAL is, to use the phrase of the show business, a thorough trouper.

With thirty years behind her, she has spent just half her life on the stage and in pictures.

She does not expect ever to be one of the biggest shots, but she loves her job, and is more interested in it than some players who get a lot more pay.

In spare moments when a film is being shot you can often see the stars and featured players in a corner of the stage boasting about their swimming pools or confiding spiced gossip.

Not so Glenda.

She is talking to the director, discussing the next scene with someone in the cast, or sitting alone to work things out.

Seeks Millionaire

BUT away from the studio Glenda is one of the laziest in the film colony, and is proud of it.

She likes watching polo, tennis, or football. But she shudders at the idea of taking any active part in sport herself.

On the beach she likes to laze rather than swim. That was what she was doing when I was lucky enough to meet her.

Lolling beneath a colorful beach umbrella when matched her smart bathing suit, she watched her eight-year-old son Tommy play with some other boys in the surf.

"If ever I give up my career as an actress," Glenda yawned, "it will be to marry a millionaire."

"Wouldn't a man with half a million do?"

"Oh, no," she laughed, her grey eyes sparkling.

"He would need at least a million," Glenda said, and through her fingers thoughtfully.

"He would have to keep himself and Tommy and me in the comfort to which we have become accustomed," she mocked in that husky voice of hers. "I am very extravagant. So very extravagant that at times I doubt whether even a millionaire could keep up with me."

"I have always wanted a millionaire," she said playfully, "but when I see them—old fat sugar-daddies—I wonder why there are no young and handsome millionaires."

"I am really an Irish-German-American," she said, patting a straying lock of hair back into place. "But I tell people that I am Irish. It explains a lot when I do anything unexpected."

"My name is my real name, by the way."

In reality one of the most energetic of Hollywood's stars, Glenda throws her heart and soul into her work.

She consistently turns in good performances for Warner Bros., who have her under contract. Her recently completed pictures, "Hollywood Hotel" and "The Adventurous Blonde," prove her to be one of the most capable comedienne on the screen.

Her first and only marriage was a failure. She left her with the custody of her adored little Tommy.

The male she prefers at present is assistant-director Drew Ebberson, for whom she brought back many gifts after her recent European trip.

Glenda thinks that too many women waste

energy trying to imitate other and more vivacious women.

She makes no secret of the fact that she detests bridge and golf.

Moreover, she is not faintly interested in politics and does not care five cents whether Roosevelt or Oliver Hardy is President of the United States.

She loves the simple, everyday things of life and enjoys to laze about her home or lie on the beach when resting between pictures.

Glenda freely admits that she drives her car—an eight-cylinder Ford—poorly, and that driving through the down-town Los Angeles traffic on a wet night tries her nerves so greatly that she cannot sleep for one or two nights.

"I was educated in a convent," said Glenda, beckoning unsuccessfully to young Tommy to come out of the surf.

"But that did not stop me from being afraid of the dark. I still am," she shivered involuntarily.

"Especially the dark nights after I have been playing all day in a crime story."

"Sometimes—so immersed do I become in the part that I am playing—I awaken in the dead of night with the feeling that some ghastly horror is about to overtake me—usually some brutality which has been enacted before the cameras at the studio that day."

Like most successful actresses Glenda Farrell early felt the urge of a stage career.

"I made my stage debut at 14 as Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'."

"Since then I have spent most of my life travelling from one theatre to another."



GALLERY OF STARS

Glenda Farrell

(Warner Brothers)

Her next film is "Hollywood Hotel."

ticated girls who go into a tap dance at the least provocation."

Asked if she used any special cosmetics to retain her fresh beauty, Glenda replied: "I use only a good quality soap and warm, not hot, water, followed by an application of a non-irritating cold cream. I do not need other cosmetics."

For her lovely blonde hair—said to be the most beautiful in Hollywood—Glenda uses a special preparation, the recipe for which she obtained from an old doctor.

This preparation consists of four parts genuine Jamaican Rum and one part castor oil.

She says it keeps her hair free of dandruff and silky soft even in the driest and hottest weather.

Twice each week she has it shampooed with a neutral olive oil liquid shampoo free of alkali.

Instead of having her hair dried over the usual electric drier, Glenda prefers, where possible, to let it dry in the sun and fresh air, as she thinks that the unnatural heat of the electric drier tends to promote dandruff.

Young Tommy came running up and greeted us. Then his eyes strayed to the basket of "cats" at his mother's side.

"Who is the greatest actress in the world, dear?" Glenda asked Tommy, with a smile.

"You are, of course," he replied very seriously.

Then when we had finished laughing he suddenly smiled wistfully in the way of all small boys and pleaded, "Aw, mummy, please give me a dime for an ice-cream."

When I left this talented actress she was following with her dreamy eyes the progress of her young son towards the ice-cream stall.

Young Tommy was now at the water's edge and looking under his shading hand towards us.

Glenda beckoned him with her hand, but Tommy, suddenly recognising her, gave a cheery wave and departed once more into the white embroidered breakers.

Glenda sighed resignedly and relaxed once more, to talk further about her profession.

Muni No Footballer

HER favorite actor is Paul Muni, she said. "Muni is fortunate in having had a most thorough grounding in the art of acting."

"He's not one of these football heroes who have been suddenly stuck in front of the camera."

Asked what she thought of Mary Maguire's prospects in Hollywood, Glenda said: "She is bound to rise to the top of the profession in Hollywood if she works hard and acquires the necessary technique."

"She has a quality of freshness which hardly any other actress in Hollywood can claim."

"The public is becoming tired of over-sophis-

TRAGEDIANS ARE NOT THIN MEN

Homolka Is Latest Heavyweight

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, from Hollywood

The screen likes its tragedians to be plump these days. Peter Lorre, Edward G. Robinson, Charles Laughton—all indicate that "heavies" are becoming more heavyweight.

AND the theory is supported by the case of the Viennese actor who makes

his Hollywood debut in "Ebb Tide."

The other day at Paramount I asked Homolka if he could explain this preference for the portly.

"Just why it should be I don't know," he said. "When I was a child in Vienna, and mad about the theatre, like the rest of my class-mates, we could always pick out the tragedians as they entered the stage door."

"They were tall, lean, and haggard, with fur collars and cavernous eyes that glowed like hot coals. And they talked with sepulchral voices, like the ghost in 'Hamlet.'"

"Just skin and bone they were, animated by the pure flame of genius."

Tragedians are the white-faced darlings of Hollywood. They are so few.

Handsome profiles the studios can get by the regiment, and glamor by the truckload. But "heavies" are rare and it is an event when one of them comes into sight.

No Party Man

HOMOLKA came here by way of London early in May, plunged at once into the role of the broken navigator in "Ebb Tide," and that is about all that most of Hollywood knows about him.

He attended a reception held in his honor the day he arrived, and he hasn't been to a party since. He doesn't care for parties.

When he isn't acting on the set he is in his dressing-room poring over a book of plays, or else writing.

At the age of ten, regretting that he wasn't hawk-faced and fragile, he got himself accepted as a pupil at the Vienna Dramatic Academy. Drama, the serious drama, like Shakespeare, was what he aspired to.

In Berlin he was lucky enough to be trained by the famous Max Reinhardt.

"A lot of Reinhardt's players are



●From Vienna, via Berlin and London, Oscar Homolka came to Hollywood to play in "Ebb Tide." We shall probably see a lot more of his strong, weighty characterisations.

here in Hollywood," he said to me. "Lubitsch, Dieterle, Thiele, Marlene Dietrich are some of them."

"All the while in Berlin I was studying English. My English teacher was a Scotsman with a heavy burr, and the accent I acquired almost ruined me."

"After two months I got it ironed out, then moved to London, where I acted with Flora Robson in a play called 'Close Quarters.'"

"That was just two years ago. Then I went into pictures."

A few saw him as Paul Kruger in "Rhodes: Empire Builder." Rather more have seen him with Douglas Montgomery and Constance Bennett

in "Everything is Thunder," also an English film.

His style is powerful, but slow-moving. "Ebb Tide" reveals him as a strongly disciplined artist.

He prefers restraint, and sometimes reminds you of Emil Jannings.

Patient and imperturbable as a Chinese, he is very suited for work in color films.

These are tedious to make, and require immense patience on the part of everyone—the actors most of all, who have to be measured for a long time with exactitude before the camera begins turning on them.

It looks as if Homolka is in Hollywood for a long stay.



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	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
NAME	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
CITY	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
		Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE

A48

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HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

SIMONE SIMON is fast losing her fame as a storm-centre and acquiring a reputation for sweet reasonableness. The reason is partly that the producer of her latest film, "Love and Hisses," is none other than her boy-friend, Gene Markey.

Mary Maguire has been released from her five years' contract with Warner Bros., and has signed up with 20th Century-Fox.

Because Joseph M. Schenck, Miss Maguire's close friend, is head of the 20th Century-Fox, it is believed that she will soon be starred in important pictures.

Recently it was announced that she would star opposite Dick Powell in an important Warner Bros. picture.

WHEN Laise Rainer finally recovers from her illness she'll start work on a specially-written film, playing opposite Nelson Eddy. Eddie is said to have a straight-acting role, without singing a note.

Rich Gifts of Loveliness

CLEAR SKIN AND EYES; FITNESS

"Six months ago, my face and neck were covered with pimples, and I had a sallow complexion," states Mrs. C. D. of Sydney. "My blood was poor; I was jumpy with nerves and my breath was bad. I was very run down."

"I tried many remedies without results, and then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since taking these pills my skin has cleared and I have gained a natural colour. The dizzy headaches have vanished and I sleep well and wake up fit and full of energy."

A clear, natural, colourful complexion and lustrous eyes are a few of the gifts of loveliness that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give to women and girls. Youth and attractiveness flash when pimples and blemishes mar the skin, the eyes become dull and when headaches and pains are all too frequent. You will be delighted as fitness and attractiveness are gained as you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills help to create rich, red blood which will give you a lovely complexion, red lips and perfect womanly charm and fitness. Get a 3/- bottle to-day at all chemists and stores.

Friday night is AMAMI night!

Blondes: and brown-haired girls should use Amami No. 1. This perfume the natural hair colour of the hair and stimulates the beautiful natural quality.

Brunettes: should use Amami No. 2, which contains the right proportion of pure Egyptian Henna to bring out the natural glaze which makes dark hair so attractive.

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DOTS... and DASHES

snappy ashtays for her friends. Margaret Lindsay planning a holiday in Mexico when "Jezebel" is finished. Kay Francis still doing the town with one Baron Barnaco. Anita Louise taking up art metal work and turning out some really snap. Bing Crosby, who was so sure the baby would be a girl that he had the nursery redecorated in pink, is now changing it back to blue. The fourth Crosby lad is being titled Lindsay. Ann Sothorn and husband Roger Pryor have almost decided to legally adopt the nine-year-old boy who has been staying with them for some time. Carole Lombard gleefully starting a three-month vacation, during which she intends to stay at home and sleep. Some of Hollywood's biggest stars will be present when Anna May Wong auctions off two hundred gowns, collected in Paris, London, and New York, for the purpose of raising money to aid war victims in China.

BARBARA STANWYCK took the stand to charge her former husband, Frank Fay, with having once struck her because she attended a burlesque show. She said that Dion, their young adopted son, was present when he hit her.

Barbara is answering Fay's complaint that she does not permit him to see their child. She refused to have the boy see him because of the way her husband maltreated her.

"It was the early part of July, 1935," she testified. "Mr. Fay became angry because I had gone out to dinner and to a burlesque show the night before. He hit me with his fist."

KONRAD BEROVICI, famed novelist, has signed a contract with Universal to write future screen plays for their favorite star, Deanna Durbin.

Realizing how many singing stars have had bright screen careers ruined by weak stories, the studio thought it would be wise to take steps to prevent this in Deanna's case, and henceforth will give her only the best in story material.

Berovic is already at work on a piece for the little singer, probably to be titled "Little Street Singer," and it will be ready for her when she returns from a holiday in New York.

SOME time ago Dorothy Lamour told the world she was through with skipping around in sarongs, pareos, or any other garb of the South Seas or the jungles.

Having worn these scanty wrappings in three pictures, "Jungle Princess," "Hurricane," and "Her Jungle Love," Dorothy decided enough was too much and begged the studio to give her a role calling for more civilized attire, so she might show the public her acting ability instead of her limbs.

Paramount's reply has been to give her another sarong role in "Tropic Holiday."

"IN two years she'll be above Garbo and Dietrich," Director Woody Van Dyke made this prophecy about Bona Massey while he was making Metro's "Rosalia."

She is a new Hungarian blonde with the voice of an opera star and the figure of a showgirl.

MRS RALPH BELLAMY was a visitor on the set of "Food For Scandal," in which her husband is starring opposite Carole Lombard. She was watching the scene where Ralph proposes to the lovely blonde.

Ralph seemed very awkward in the way he tackled La Lombard, and the director tried the scene over and over, without success.

Even Mrs. Bellamy was prompted to say, "What's the matter, Ralph, you weren't so bashful when you proposed to me."

Ralph replied, "I knew you better than I know Carole Lombard."

Then he walked up to his wife and whispered something, and immediately she took up her things and left the set.

Thereupon Ralph played the scene well and explained that it was pretty hard to make love to another girl in the presence of one's wife.

AT present Humphry Bogart is carrying on a game of draughts with a fellow actor in New York. The moves are made by long-distance telephone, and the loser pays the bill. Bogart was the fellow who challenged a friend to a nine-hole game of golf, to be spread over nine years. On a certain date each year they meet on the golf course, hit the ball once, mark the spot where it landed, and adjourn until the next year.

TRAVEL Notes.—On completion of "The Baroness and the Butler," in which he co-stars with Annabella, William Powell will hurry off for an extensive tour of Mexico.

Following this jaunt, he'll return to Hollywood, but leave almost immediately for his South American journey, on which he'll follow the same route taken by Clark Gable a couple of years ago. In all, Bill will be travelling for about five months.

His movie bosses aren't so enthusiastic about the idea, for Powell means money at the box-office, but he's determined to see the world and forget Hollywood and movies for a while.

WITH "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" completed, Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, are off to Europe... her first vacation in many months.

They'll be away for about four months, and their trip will include a visit to Egypt.

The latter is Claudette's idea. She is anxious to see the country as it was the role of the Egyptian Queen Cleopatra that brought her stardom.

WARNER'S "Jezebel" is becoming known as a "linx picture" in Hollywood, so much trouble has befallen members of its cast.

Held up for five days in its early stages when Bette Davis developed make-up poisoning, it was delayed again when co-star Henry Fonda dashed off to New York in the middle of production to be with his wife when their baby arrived.

Later Dick Cromwell suffered an injured hip when he was kicked by a horse during a scene.

Now Miss Davis is again ill, and will be unable to work for a week. She developed neuritis after falling from a boat into a tank of cold water in the middle of a scene.

THE scenario of "Marie Antoinette," the luxury show starring Norma Shearer, which is just now going into production, was one of the last to be given the once-over by Norma's husband, the late Irving Thalberg.

Among the scenes which he cut out was one, historically authentic, that occurred when the queen was attempting to escape from France. At the border she was caught, her Austrian clothes were stripped off, and she was dressed in French costume.

In Norma Shearer's earlier films this chance for an undress scene would have been eagerly grasped. Not so to-day, when Will Hays is king and Norma is a great lady in Hollywood.

WE predict confusion when Isa Miranda and Osa Massen, 20th Fox's new find, have pictures released. Miss Massen is an attractive Danish girl of 23, for whom Fox has great plans.

She has been a newspaper photographer, a film cutter and an actress. In Europe she was allowed to cut her own films, but in Hollywood she'll probably have to confine her energy to acting—and looking beautiful.



JACK OAKIE (centre) was host, Ginger Rogers and Jack Benny were guests, at a recent Hollywood party.

DIRECTOR Mervyn Le Roy and star, Carole Lombard, were having a discussion on the set of "Food for Scandal."

Carole said she had always paid a great deal of attention to such technicalities as lighting and camera work.

"Okay," said Le Roy, "I'll bet you one hundred dollars you can't light the set correctly for the next scene."

Carole stepped to the middle of the set and started giving instructions to the men handling the lights, so that each Kleig, large and small, would be focused to give the best effect.

When she had finished the cameraman, Teddy Tetzlaff, announced her work was perfect.

Director Le Roy handed over the hundred dollars, which Carole gave to a children's hospital as a Christmas gift.

FROM Paramount comes news that "Lady of the Tropics," first Hollywood picture for Isa Miranda, their new Italian import, will be a re-make of "The Letter," one of the better of the early talkies.

"The Letter" was written by Somerset Maugham and when produced in 1929 it co-starred Jeanne Sagals and Herbert Marshall.

The leading man has not been set, and Hollywood wonders if Marshall may be chosen to repeat the role.

AFTER a year's absence in Europe, Richard Barthelmess and his wife—and two dachshunds—arrived in New York the other day, and will soon be heading for Hollywood.

"Tchk! Tchk! Tchk! WOBBLY ANKLES!

Now DON'T Flare Up... just learn about FLARE-FIT!

It seems that the last person to become conscious of that awkward "wobbly-ankle" walk is the woman who's guilty of it! So our word to the wise is... come in and learn about the wonderful Flare-Fit innersole hidden away in Styl-EEZ shoes! This exclusive feature snugles up under your arch... holds your foot in the line of grace... helps put an end to wobbly ankles! So many very smart styles in the new Collection for Fall, too. See them!



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Do YOU get Painful Wind?

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

An accumulation of wind caused me to roll in agony for 30 hours," writes R. H. W. "I was so ill that my doctor had to be sent for. The pain eased a little, but then came on again more violently. Well, I managed to get some 'Bisurated' Magnesia and got wonderful relief. I've had no trouble since." Thousands of former sufferers have shared this experience. One dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will always relieve the agony of wind and gastric disorder. The moment it reaches the stomach, 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises all burning, ulcerating, gas-forming acid. Pain stops like magic; inflammation is healed, wind dispelled, and healthy digestion soon restored. Doctors everywhere use and prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia for the stomach. Get a bottle to-day. It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. The package bears the trade mark 'Bismag'.

The old, indulgent attitude to young toughs, the "boys will be boys" line, was rejected by the writer of "Dead End." The six juvenile gangsters here

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ DEAD END

Joel McCrea, Sylvia Sidney, (Goldwyn-U.A.)

(Week's Best Release)

YOU can take "Dead End" as one of the rare trips made by Hollywood into the harsh climate of real life; in this case the squalid life of a New York slum. And squalor has hardly ever been put on the screen with such vigor or truth.

Or you can take it as one of the last examples of that dying species of amusement, the gangster film.

If you take it like that you will find that it breaks right away from conventional gangster pattern.

It is out of the way because instead of showing a gangster on the scene of his triumphs, surrounded by gun-dames, cigars, and crooked lawyers, it goes back to the grim surroundings where as a boy he was equipped for an underworld career.

The dead end is the riverside terminus of one of New York's East Side streets. At the same point there abut onto the river the backs of expensive homes.

The contrast between the inmates of one of these smart residences and the denizens of the slum street helps to key up the tension of a pretty tense film.

In a show that is well acted all round, the gang of boys thugs outshines everybody else, partly because we have not seen anyone like them on the screen before.

The old, indulgent attitude to young toughs, the "boys will be boys" line, was rejected by the writer of "Dead End." The six juvenile gangsters here

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

are cruel, brutish, extremely comic, and extremely real.

Of the adults whom they outshine, the most sordid are the most interesting; Humphrey Bogart, a flesh-creeping killer, and Claire Trevor, his out-cast sweetheart, are both excellent. So is Sylvia Sidney, a hard-up factory girl.

Joel MacRae, slum boy who has worked his way through college, is less important. But the whole picture is violently dramatic, and further evidence that Sam Goldwyn, famed as the most illiterate of film magnates, is more of an artist than is generally believed.—Plaza, showing.

★ BEG, BORROW, OR STEAL

Frank Morgan. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

MEMBERS of the British peerage rank in Hollywood's view with dress-salesmen and rural storekeepers among humanity's natural clowns.

E. E. Olive, as one of these farcical



SYLVIA SIDNEY has a moving role in the New York drama "Dead End."

face, are there to demonstrate that love is the sweetest thing.—Capitol, showing.

VARSITY SHOW

Dick Powell. (Warner Bros.)

IF you barrack fanatically for an American college football team, and if your side has just won a big

Shows Still Running

★★ Maytime: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; operetta. Liberty, 24th week.

★★ The Life of Emile Zola: Paul Muni; historical drama. Century, 5th week.

★★ The Awful Truth: Irene Dunne and Cary Grant; sophisticated farce. Regent, 5th week.

★★ Night Must Fall: Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell; superior horror. Lyceum, 7th week.

★★ A Damsel in Distress: Fred Astaire, Burns and Allen; comedy, music, dancing. State, 3rd week.

★★ Victoria the Great: Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook; historical panorama. Embassy, 3rd week.

★★ The Firefly: Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; romantic musical. St. James, 2nd week.

★ Ebb Tide: Oscar Homolka, Frances Farmer; South Sea adventure. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

match, and if you have just drunk a quart of whisky, you are possibly in the mood to enjoy this musical.

But the number of readers of The Australian Women's Weekly who find themselves in this condition must be relatively few.

They will therefore find it hard to appreciate this extravagant display of whoopee on the college campus, where the screams of youth are long, long screams.

The cast is very big and very hubbubous. They are a crowd of students who are putting on a show, with the assistance of Dick Powell, the college's most distinguished graduate.

Waring and his Pennsylvanians are among the earnest scholars of the college. Their swing music is good, but their comedy is not.

Redeeming qualities are drowned in the noise of innumerable nitwits. A lot of misdirected money went into the picture, restricted as its appeal is to that section of the American public which likes collegiate "rah."—Mayfair, showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

RUTH MIX, WESTERN STAR AND DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS TOM MIX, WORKED IN EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES FOR 3 YEARS AS A FEATURED BEAUTY



GARY COOPER

WAS SO BASHFUL WHEN HE FIRST STARTED IN PICTURES, THAT WHEN THE SCRIPT CALLED FOR HIS KISSING A GIRL, HE RAN AWAY AND THE STUDIO HAD TO HUNT FOR HIM BEFORE THEY COULD FINISH THE PICTURE.

EDDIE HOFFMAN, PROPERTY MAN, IS HOLLYWOOD'S ONLY KNOWN ICE HOLE FILLER. HE POURS WATER INTO THE HOLES WHICH SONJA HENRIKS SKATES DIG IN THE ICE, THUS RESTORING ITS ORIGINAL SMOOTHNESS.



Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other stories have also obtained good prices. Read:

"Nocturne," printed by "Smith's" recently, brought me between £5 and £6.

"I have had nine stories published since I started your course."

"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my writing while studying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £4/2/6 for two stories in the 'American Journal'."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story 'Justice'—I received £4/10/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story 'Old George'."

"I received £5 from the 'Hudson Mail' for my best story, 'Twin Ships'."

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BOX OF 12

nobles, has a minor part here, but as comedy he is the film's major item. We see him first warming himself with a hot water bottle in the rain on a grouse moor, and from then on his work is entrancing.

In other respects the show is amusing, though not on the plane of eminence reached by E. E. Olive. Bewildered Frank Morgan is an American who turns a dishonest penny on the Riviera by selling fake objects of art to his countrymen.

When he borrows a chateau for his daughter to be married in, and fills it with local confidence men, some agreeable fooling ensues.

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GHOSTLY MONK OF BOLTON ABBEY

Apparition King George V Believed to be Genuine

WHAT LORD HARTINGTON SAW

A ghostly monk, lurking in the dark passages and on the dim stairways of historic old Bolton Abbey, is the subject of an amazing true ghost story by Lord Halifax.

The late King George V was a visitor at Bolton Abbey at the time the monk was seen, and his name heads the list of witnesses who vouch for the authenticity of the story.

The Ghost of the Strangling Lady is another vivid story of the supernatural from the Halifax series.

By LORD HALIFAX

(Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly)

KING GEORGE V was staying at Bolton Abbey for the shooting, and the Marquis of Hartington, then a young man, told him of the strange figure he had seen on the stairs. The King was convinced of the genuineness of the story.

The Duke of Devonshire, father of Lord Hartington, and Lord Desborough also supported Lord Hartington's story.

Apparently Lord Hartington was sleeping not at the Abbey, but at the nearby rectory when the ghostly visitor appeared to him.

So impressed was the young nobleman with the vividness of the whole affair that he wrote down a statement of the facts which he later sent to Lord Halifax, knowing his keen interest in the supernatural, the weird, and uncanny.

Figure On Stairs

THE statement was as follows:

"On Sunday, August 18, on going up to my room at The Rectory, at 11.15 p.m., I distinctly saw a figure standing at the top of the stairs. It was dressed in monk's clothes, and was more or less clean-shaven."

"I was almost at the top of the staircase, looking down the passage in which mine was the end room. The candle I was carrying went out. I went downstairs again and fetched another light, but on going up again the figure had disappeared."

"The ghost had been the subject of a conversation that evening at which I had not been present, and I was not thinking of it."

(Signed) Hartington.
(Witnessed by) The King (George V).
The Duke of Devonshire.
Lord Desborough.

Lady Halifax's Letter

SOME time later, Lord Hartington's mother, the Duchess of Devonshire, wrote the following letter to Lady Halifax concerning the ghost:

"Will you tell Lord Halifax that Eddy (Lord Hartington) will send him an account of his ghost? He seems to be the same man who was seen two or three times by the vicar, but the vicar's ghost wore a brown dress, and Eddy declares this man's was dark grey or black. Eddy's ghost had a round face—no beard, but what he described as a rough face. When we asked the vicar afterwards if his ghost had a beard he said, 'No,' but that he looked as if he had not shaved for four or five days, and his face was very round."

In later discussion with Lord Halifax, Lord Hartington said:

"Over My Head"

"I SAW the ghost standing on the stairs, looking not at but over my head at 11.15 p.m. on Sunday, August 18th. I was sleeping at The Rectory, and saw him when I turned left-handed from the stairs, which are in three flights, and looked down the passage some eleven yards long, at the end of which is the door of my room."

"While I was going up the last flight, which consists only of six steps, I thought someone was there but attached no importance to this, as the Rector often met me on the stairs."

"I thought at once that it was the ghost, but was not frightened of him until afterwards."

"He was above middle height and seemed to be an old man of 65 or so. His face was unusually round, or, rather, broad in proportion to its length, and was very heavily lined and wrinkled."

Weird, But True

THE ghost stories told on this page are from the Lord Halifax Ghost Book, the most amazing book on the supernatural ever written.

The late Lord Halifax collected these stories during his lifetime, and after his death they were published by his son, the present Lord Halifax.

Each story is complete in itself, and vouched for by eminent personages.

"The eyes were bright, and the face might have been that of an old woman, but for the fact that there was about a week's growth of greyish stubble on the chin."

"There was a hood over the head and he was dressed in long, monkish robes. The hood and shoulders seemed to be grey, but lower down the color was black or brown."

"The light was behind me, and I had a candle in my hand, so that his head and shoulders were fairly brightly lighted, while lower down he was in shadow."

"I looked at him for a second or two and then went down to fetch the Rector from his study."

"He was, however, not there, and taking a lantern with which I had come across from the house, I went upstairs again, but the figure had gone."

"I had heard of the ghost before, but this was the account I gave of him before I heard any description whatever of him."

"I was not thinking of the ghost when I saw him, but he was being discussed in the house at that moment."

"There was no question of his being transparent. He was as solid as any actual man."

"The wall of my room is the old monastery wall, and is seven feet thick."

The Ghost Of The Strangling Woman

Lord Halifax named the "Ghost of the Strangling Woman," told below, as one of his favorite stories of the supernatural.

REGINALD EASTON, famous painter of miniatures, was invited to do the portrait of the Cobb children, of Thurstaston Hall, Cheshire.

The Cobbs, he found, were charming people, and the children pretty. The house was so full of company that only one room was available for the accommodation of the artist.

Shortly after dinner the household retired to bed. It seemed to Mr. Easton that he had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a strange intruder in the shape of an elderly woman, who stood at the foot of his bed in the full light of the moon.

She appeared to be wringing her hands, and her eyes were cast down as though she were searching for something on the floor.

Thinking that she was one of the guests who had come to the wrong room, Mr. Easton sat up in his bed and said: "I beg your pardon, madam, but you have mistaken your room."

His visitor made no reply, but, to his great surprise, disappeared.

"If ever there was a ghost, that is one," said Mr. Easton to himself.



"I SAW THE FIGURE of a monk standing at the top of the stairs. He was dressed in monk's clothes."

"The habit of the monastery was not brown but white, so that he was certainly not a monk of Bolton Abbey."

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Sydney.



"WALLACE BEERY" of Australian FILMS

Versatile Actor to be Interviewed over the Air

Sydney Wheeler, member of the cast of the J. C. Williamson play, "Balalaika," who also plays Captain Quid in the film, "Lovers and Luggers," has been described by Cinesound director Ken Hall as "Australia's Wallace Beery."

Mr. Wheeler is an ideal screen and stage type, hence the title. He will be interviewed at the microphone by Dorothea Vautier during The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB this Thursday at 2.45 p.m.

As he is playing dual roles for screen and stage Mr. Wheeler will be able to give listeners a true impression of the differences between taking part in a film and playing to a flesh-and-blood audience every night.

The selection of a cast is one of the greatest difficulties encountered in the making of movies in Australia.

Australian studios have not the resources of those of America and England, where casting bureaus have on their books every kind of artist.

Because it has been producing pictures more or less steadily over a period of years, and is now producing continuously, Cinesound has been able to nurture and develop a body of talent, whose ranks have provided some good casts.

And sometimes there is the unexpected piece of luck that discloses a "find."

Such a piece of luck was the discovery of Sydney Wheeler.

Likes Australia

SYD WHEELER was, of course, known to be a talented actor, who had appeared in English pictures and played in J.C.W. shows, but "Lovers and Luggers" was his first Australian picture.

Captain Quid is a very important part in "Lovers and Luggers."

He is a hard drinking, hard swearing, hard-bitten old pearly, unscrupulous but good natured, cynical and cunning, but a good friend and an affectionate father—a Wallace Beery role in short.

"But it's a bit tough to call a fellow another Wallace Beery," says Syd. "People will expect something!"

And they won't be disappointed in Australia's Wallace Beery, Mr. Sydney Wheeler.



MR. SYDNEY WHEELER, who will be interviewed over the air by Dorothea Vautier during The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB at 2.45 p.m. this Thursday.

His work provides some of the big moments of "Lovers and Luggers."

Ever since he first went on the stage at the age of fifteen, Sydney Wheeler has specialised in character studies.

However small a role he has, he creates genuine authentic local color, as distinct from mere fancy dress atmosphere.

Mr. Wheeler came here for six weeks on his way to Hollywood, and although that is over eight years ago he is still here!

With his jovial and breezy personality, he is a popular figure on the Australian stage.

The stage has been a great recruiting ground for the screen in England and America, and the same thing applies to Australia.

In addition to Wheeler, there are several other well-known actors who have made good on the screen.

Such names as Leo Franklin, George Wallace, Campbell Copelin, Frank Leighton and Frank Bradley come readily to mind. Which goes to prove that not all actors succeed on the screen, but most good ones do.

Girls Show More Imagination At School

"It is generally accepted in Queensland that girls in the secondary schools do better than boys in English and languages up to the junior standard," says Mr. L. D. Edwards, Queensland Director of Education.

After that, he says, boys out-distance girls, and senior results show the position reversed.

MR. EDWARDS declares that girls have more imagination, or are not afraid to give full play to their imagination in their essays. On the other hand, boys have a natural tendency to restrain themselves.

But while he seems to indicate that generally boys show superior examination ability to girls, he has noticed, when interviewing boys and girls applying for teaching positions, that the girls "put it over" the boys with their poles.

"Ask a girl why the profession appeals to her, and she will probably put forth very good reasons," he says. "The boy often is awkward in demeanor, and says 'it seems a nice easy job.'"



"OPEN IN THE NAME OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE!" Baby Princess, on stork, awaits outside the gates of a palace bearing the arms of the Netherlands. This was a "best-seller" card in Holland when it was announced that Princess Juliana was expecting to become a mother.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS FROM STATION 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, February 23.

11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, February 24.

11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, February 25.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, February 26.—

7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: International Novelty Orchestra and Turner Layton (vocalist.)

SUNDAY, February 27.—

4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Jan Klepura. 6.10 p.m.: Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and Kirsten Flagstad (soprano.)

MONDAY, February 28.—

11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, March 1.—11.45 a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gyn.

"Friends regard
me as a living
Miracle"



10 Years' GASTRITIS ended with 'BiSoDoL'

Just the few doses of 'BiSoDoL' given to her by a friend relieved Miss C— of gastritis after 10 years' suffering. She had not even to buy 'BiSoDoL', but gratitude for her recovery compelled her to write us—"I have been a victim of gastritis for about 10 years, and have tried so many things without lasting relief that I had almost given up hope. Three weeks ago, during a very severe attack, a friend gave me some 'BiSoDoL' to try, and I am pleased to say I got immediate relief. I took a dose after each meal, and although I had only a few doses

those unbearable pains ceased, and I have been free ever since. My friends regard me as a living miracle."

Let BiSoDoL prove its soothing, healing powers in your own case. If you suffer from acid stomach, pains after eating, nausea, and other gastric disorders, take BiSoDoL after your next meal and find relief. BiSoDoL stops pain at once. It contains two wonderful natural remedies in malt diastase and an extract from the papaw, which actually help to digest food for you. 1/9 and 2/6 from your nearest chemist or store. BS.2.12

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THE "QUINS" Go Through THEIR TRICKS



TO TEACH THE QUINTUPLETS proper muscular co-ordination inclined boards with little cleats are set up for them to walk on, and if you don't think it's fun, too, study the expressions of Marie and Annette in the picture at left. At right: Emilie gets a bit of exercise mounting a sawhorse.

Teaching Wonder Children the Art of Living

There's a special art in making quintuplets eat and sleep — teaching them, in fact, the whole art of living.

The routine is explained in this special article, another of the fascinating series dealing with the life of the famous Dionne Quintuplets. The series reveals what science has found out about the wonder children.

No. 6—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

THE problem of training the Dionne quintuplets has been exactly the problem met in any home where there is a group of small children to bring up.

Five little girls are five little girls, even if they are the most famous ones in the world. And when experts in child training from St. George's School for Child Study, in Toronto, were called in to advise on the training of the Dionnes, they simply adapted the principles that have been proved successful with other children.

They met some problems, of course, and made some discoveries.

Among the problems: What do you do when a small quintuplet insists on standing up at the foot of her bed when she ought to be lying down and sleeping?

What happens when five "Quins" suddenly wander into the dining-room, invade in a wild free-for-all due to the fact that all five of them want to sit in the same chair?

Suppose a "Quin" with a mind of her own decides that she would rather eat her spinach than her spinach, when spinach is what she really needs, what then?

Among the discoveries:

That the "Quins" can feed themselves quite capably, but that they do it in a manner that would put Emily Post and her etiquette rules right under the table.

That a quintuplet who doesn't want to go to sleep can devise stratagems cunning beyond her years.

That five youngsters of exactly the same age who grow up together, mingling with no other children, are somewhat handicapped, and that the quintuplets need to mix with older and younger children whose backgrounds, bringing up, and so on, are different than their own.

As soon as the "Quins" outgrew the need for extraordinary precautions made necessary by their premature birth, the need for expert advice as to their training became apparent. This advice was sought and obtained from the University of Toronto's St. George's School for Child Study.

The results are described in a paper by the school's director, Dr. W. E. Blatz, and his co-workers, D. A. Millichamp and A. L. Harris.

Serene Attitude

Called into consultation when the "Quins" were about a year old, Dr. Blatz suggested that their daily routine be based on these principles:

A concept of discipline which is educational rather than punitive.

Development of responsibility by expecting children to look after their own needs as far as possible.

Arrangement of physical surroundings so as to stimulate the "Quins" sense of initiative and adventure.

An attitude of serenity on the part of the adults associated with the

"Quins," accompanied by an adult example of pleasurable industry.

The children's sleeping routine was the first to come up for consideration. They had been getting about 16 hours of sleep daily—an hour and a half in the morning, two hours or more in the afternoon, and approximately 12 hours at night.

At the age of two the morning sleep was eliminated, and the afternoon sleep was gradually reduced from two hours to about an hour and a half.

Their sleeping habits have always been remarkably regular, and it was not until the autumn of 1936 that any problems arose.

Then the "Quins" apparently decided that the first hour after bedtime offered an unusually attractive chance for a little whole-hearted romping, and proceeded to act on that decision.

Finally Toppled

MAYBE they were being put to bed too early? Bedtime was postponed from 6:30 until 7; but this meant nothing to the "Quins."

Put them to bed and they wouldn't even lie down; instead they would stand at the foot of the bed, jabbering and gurgling at a great rate.

One youngster once remained there until she fell asleep standing up and toppled over on the bedding.

There was nothing to do but put the "Quins" in horizontal positions by force; which was all very well, except that as soon as a nurse left one duly stretched-out sister to attend to another, the first one would bob up as blithely as ever.

The only way out of this was to show the "Quins" that the adults had just a little more endurance than they had. It took a lot of trouble, but it finally worked—after weary nights in which one child might have to be put back to bed 20 or 30 times. The "Quins" finally got the idea.

It really took a trick sleeping jacket to make the victory lasting.

This was a species of light quilt with attached armlets, which was fastened down at the four corners in such a

way that the "Quin" was kept warm and was under no restraint—except that she couldn't do anything but lie down. Since it was introduced, the "Quins" have stayed put.

They didn't surrender without trying everything, though. It was Marie who discovered a subtle wrinkle in the matter of keeping sleep out of the nursery.

She would lie down dutifully and shut her eyes—and then would start to breathe with a peculiar, rasping wheeze that caused all of her sisters to stay wide awake.

The nurses thought at first that she had a cold. Not until a physical examination showed that she was all right did they discover that it was just an act. Marie spent a night or two in the isolation room and saw the error of her ways.

Next came the eating routine, which provided even more difficulties.

As soon as the children could sit up, they were fed in high chairs. Two nurses would go into action, each taking care of two "Quins" at a time.

This meant trouble, for one "Quin" always had to wait for the second table, didn't like it, and expressed her dislike unmistakably. So the chairs were arranged in a semi-circle and all the "Quins" were fed at once.

Not Much Supervision

BY 1936 the "Quins" could drink from cups and use spoons fairly well, so small tables were installed, with two "Quins" at one and three at the other and a nurse at each to supervise. Now they all eat at one table, with an adult eating with them.

By contrast with the traditional Little Willie, who hates to wash, the "Quins" took to their washroom routine avidly.

Each "Quin" goes and gets her washcloth, toothbrush, comb, and towel, washes her hands and face, takes a somewhat ineffective swipe at her hair with the comb, and a vigorous but rather inefficient whirl at her teeth with the toothbrush, and then hangs things up in their proper places.

They do this just about as well as the average three-year-old in the nursery school.

The "Quins" are also willing enough about learning to dress them-

Supplies Fleas to Buckingham Palace

By Air Mail from Our London Office

EVERY day a dapper little man carries a bagful of fleas into Buckingham Palace.

Through the gates he goes unchallenged by the sentries, and smilingly returns the nods of officials and secretaries, who calmly let him pass although they know what's in his bag.

He is Mr. C. Schiller, expert on tropical fish, and he's simply arriving with the daily food of the inhabitants of the Royal aquarium.

What if Mr. Schiller's bag came undone before he got to the fish? It's all right; there wouldn't be any rush for insect powder, because the fleas are water fleas, and they're frozen. They come from his special breeding ponds in Surrey.

themselves, although a good many steps in the process are naturally beyond them so far.

They can usually manage their stockings and shoes and their outdoor clothes.

Definite routines have been set up for the "Quins" play periods. Since they had always had so much attention from grown-ups, they showed at first a tendency to rely too much on grown-ups; so in 1936 the regular nursery school routine for children of their age was begun.

The children were taught how to use their outdoor play materials—sand boxes, tricycles, wagons, and so on—and for half an hour each morning they were seated around a low table and initiated into the mysteries of modelling clay, paints, and so on.

Care was taken to avoid giving them too much supervision; for the most part a "Quin" plays with whatever toys or materials she wishes, the only rule being that she must put one away before she gets out another one.

That, then, is a rough outline of the routine under which the quintuplets are being raised.

NEXT: Measuring the mental development of the quintuplets.



Use a toothpaste that merely cleans the teeth and you are guilty of neglect. Your gums also must have regular care. 4 out of 5 people over 40 suffer from Pyorrhea, a dreaded gum disease. Don't you run this risk. Twice daily brush both your teeth and gums with FORHAN'S, which alone brings you the benefits of the famous formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.—a double protection ensuring sparkling white teeth and firm, healthy gums.

Australian Agents: The
Sheldon Drug Company
Pty. Ltd., 131 Clarence
Street, Sydney.

Forhan's
for the gums

DOES BOTH
JOBS
Cleans Teeth
Prevents
Pyorrhea
Price 2/-
Extra large tube 3/-

CHAINED TO BED BY BACKACHE

Now—Thanks to Kruschen—
Not a Trace of Pain

This woman's life was made a misery by the nagging pains of backache. Then her father, who had proved the value of Kruschen himself, advised her to try it. She did, and here is her grateful letter:—
"For years I have been suffering with pains in the back. At times I had to stay in bed for days. I could not walk, or even stand. My father was using Kruschen Salts for the same thing. He, too, used to suffer badly, and Kruschen saved him. He advised me to try it. I did so, and did not get a pain for three years. I then neglected my daily dose for about six months, and two months ago the pain returned. I tried another remedy—it failed, so I again started Kruschen. Now I have not a trace of pain, thanks to Kruschen."—(Mrs.) H.H. Pains in the back are usually due to poisons in the blood—waste products which tired kidneys are failing to filter from the system. The six salts in Kruschen coax your kidneys back to healthy, normal action, so that not a particle of poisonous waste matter remains unexpelled.

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known
Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey
Hair With Simple Home-Made
Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Oriz Compound and 4 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Real Life Stories

WOMEN'S Adventure in Leaking CANOE Hazardous Transport

A South Sea island adventure in a leaking outrigger canoe wins this week's prize of £1/1/- for the best Real Life story.

It tells of an experiment in water transport that was more hazardous than enjoyable.

THIS real life adventure happened to me when I visited the South Sea Islands with a friend.

At the close of a crowded day of sightseeing ashore at Vila (New Hebrides) we were preparing to rejoin the steamer which was anchored a little way out in the harbor.

Launches were being freely used to transport the tourists back to the ship, but we noticed that some of the more adventurous spirits were being paddled out in outrigger canoes by the natives.

My friend, who will try anything once, suggested that we should also take one and I rather hesitatingly agreed.

We arranged with a toothless old native to take us out in his outrigger. When only a little way out from the

shore we noticed, to our horror, that the frail craft was leaking.

We pleaded and implored him to turn back to the beach, but he refused saying in effect in his broken English "That he could reach the ship before his craft filled up."

The rest of the journey out was a nightmare.

The water was gradually rising through the crack in the canoe, and we were frantically trying to bail it out with our cupped hands while the old native indifferently paddled away.

Our skirts and stockings were now soaking, but we were beyond worrying about that.

At last I could stand it no longer. I screamed out to a distant passenger launch, and it quickly speeded over in our direction.

As the launch drew nearer, the officer in charge, upon seeing our plight, yelled out: "It's all right. Your canoe can't sink. It's got a float!"

Nevertheless, we saw that no time was lost in getting aboard the launch.

1/1/- to Miss Audrey Shepherd, 14 Short St., Wayville, Adelaide.

The Wrong Handle

SOME years ago I was travelling in New York, and, wishing to post some letters, I was at a loss to find the orthodox pillar-box until it was pointed out that a queer contraption with a handle attached was the correct place to put one's mail.

Even so, I felt some diffidence about pulling the handle to open the letter box, but I found it was quite all right.

A day or two afterwards I paid a visit to Long Island, and, after addressing the usual picture cards, I went forth to post them.

I was now fully initiated into the secret of posting; so I approached the handle and boldly pulled it. Alas for the result. A clanging bell gave tongue, and people came running from all directions.

In trembling embarrassment, I showed my postcards to the fast-gathering crowd, and was told that I could be fined the equivalent of £100 for a false fire alarm.

The chief officer bore down upon me and demanded what I meant by ringing the bell.

With what dignity I could command, I explained that I had merely meant to post my mail, holding out my letters as proof.

Long Island, however, was not New York, and the officer surveyed me for one awful minute while I grasped the enormity of my offence in pulling the wrong handle.

Then the humor of the situation got the better of him, and, muttering something about the boneheaded English, he allowed me to merge into the crowd which had assembled to witness a fire that had fizzled out.

5/- to Jessie G. Brown, Astoria, Victor St., Holland Park S.E.3, S. Brisbane.

The Pursuit

MY father, who was a clergyman, had only the week before moved to a small country town to take up his ministry there. The parsonage was very close to our neighbor's home. It was a hot morning, and mother had cooked a small roast, and put it in the safe on the verandah to cool for lunch, leaving the door open while getting dishes to be also placed in the safe.

On returning to the verandah, she

was horrified to see a huge tom cat making off with the roast.

She called in a tone of desperate entreaty, "Oh, Dad."

Father, who was sitting reading close by, just looked up in time to see the cat, with mother in hot pursuit. Hastily pulling off his slipper, he gave chase round the corner nearest our neighbors.

All they saw was mother flying round the house, with father in close pursuit, slipper upraised.

I stood helpless with laughter. Just imagine the item of scandal that fitted from home to home in that small town for the next week.

5/- to Mrs. C. H. Hodges, The Rock, N.S.W.

Hidden Gold

SOME years ago a friend of mine had 32 sovereigns, which she always carried around with her in a little grey calico bag. My husband and I spent nearly every week-end with her and her husband at their hut "down the river," fishing and shooting.

She confided to me that her husband didn't know about her bag of gold, and on one occasion asked my advice about a hiding-place, as we were then going for a swim. Eventually she decided to put it in an old camp oven at the rear of the hut.

We were away about an hour, and returned to find the men of the party had arrived back with fish and prawns. We then became busy with the camp chores and forgot all about the gold.

Leaving the camp at 9 p.m., we had travelled about five miles along the road back home when I remembered the sovereigns for the first time, and fervently hoped that my friend had remembered to get them.

When we arrived, I went over to her home, only to find she had quite forgotten them.

We were both worried about it, and went back to the camp very early next morning, and were very relieved to find the little bag of sovereigns still in the oven.

I had been more upset about that gold than I would have been had it belonged to me, and determined I would not share her confidence in the next hiding-place for the gold.

5/- to Mrs. J. Fraser, 16 Fitzroy St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

Prizes for Stories Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

Canine Courage

THIS is the real life story of a wonderful dog. One that was almost human.

This dog was brought up something like the present day babies are in that he was never allowed food only at stated times, and seldom ever more than once a day.

After breakfast each morning he was given his plate of bones and meat.

At the end of a certain week he seemed to be almost starving. We couldn't understand it until we remembered that he had got into the habit of crawling under the big gate each morning, and not returning until after eleven o'clock.

One morning, after giving him his breakfast, we decided to watch; and discovered he went nearly a mile away to an old disused mine.

Father saw him wandering round the top of this old shaft, which was fairly deep, and then he dropped his bone into the mine.

Investigation showed that a small terrier had fallen down, and our old dog had gone over every morning for a week, taking his breakfast to the unfortunate dog, who would otherwise never have been found.

The dog was rescued, and we discovered it belonged to a prominent citizen.

So delighted was he in recovering his pet that he presented our dog with a new collar and lead. The collar bore a silver plate, on which was the inscription, "For an act of bravery to a dumb companion."

5/- to Miss V. Mason, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

Poultry Diet

IT was in the Northern Territory, and the month being January the wet season was at its peak.

It had rained all day, night setting in with one of those calm, clammy hot atmospheres in which sleep was almost impossible.

Outside the net the hum of mosquitoes was like the purring of a cat. Between times of fitful sleep, the ears tuned to every little sound. I heard the restless "talking" of the fowls. Something had disturbed them, and, being worked up to a state of restlessness, I felt that I must go and see what was the matter.

They roosted on a tree just behind the building. It was a dark night, so I lit a candle, and just as I reached the tree something knocked the candle out of my hand and struck me in the face.

I screamed with fright, which brought my husband, who had grabbed the gun and a light. Then I saw about five feet of a python's tail hanging down from a limb of the tree, swinging about with a fowl caught in one of its loops.

My husband shot the python, and the fowl ran away. In the morning I showed the snake to "Nim," the blackboy. It was 12 feet in length.

He opened it and found two hens neatly tucked away inside, with just enough room for the other. This is my most weird experience in the Territory.

5/- to Mrs. H. S. Muir, Westbury, Tas.



RADIANT HEALTH!

thanks to FIGSEN!

NEW health, new happiness, and new enjoyment of life await all who realise what NYAL FIGSEN can do in assisting nature to stimulate normal bowel action and end constipation.

Constipation is serious, yet it can be banished without purging, gripping or forming a habit, by taking this pleasant tasting NYAL FIGSEN. For children or adults, for people who are delicate or those who are strong, there is no more gentle and effective natural laxative than NYAL FIGSEN. Why not be entirely free of headache, sleeplessness, depression, blochy complexion, etc., which are so often the symptoms of constipation? Call in at the next pharmacy you pass and buy a tin of NYAL FIGSEN.

1/3 tin

NYAL

FIGSEN

End irritating ECZEMA



If you suffer from Eczema, you can find instant relief from the itching, fiery torture usually accompanying this condition and in the majority of cases a complete cure, by the application of Rexona Ointment. Its gentle soothing medicaments and mild antiseptic action have the approval of the highest medical authority. The regular use of Rexona Soap containing the same mild medication is also recommended to keep your skin healthy.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

9.8.38.38

"Freckle-face"

When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Kintho is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



IT'S EASIER

for an elephant to forget



AUNT MARY'S FAMOUS COOKERY BOOK

Contains 212 pages
and 400 recipes and
useful hints. Send
one shilling and two-
pence to Tillock & Co.
Pty. Ltd., Sydney, for
your copy.

... than it is for you to make good scones, without Aunt Mary's Baking Powder. Mixed with good plain flour, Aunt Mary's will always give better results. Ready mixed flour deteriorates quickly, loses its pep and is seldom satisfactory. When you use Aunt Mary's Baking Powder with good plain flour your scones will be as light as a feather, the centres delightfully flaky and fluffy, the crackly, tender crusts nutty brown in colour. They're an inspiration . . . a pleasure to offer your guests. Cakes too, when made with Aunt Mary's Baking Powder and plain flour, are lighter - - they stay fresh and moist, too. They are easy on the digestion. When making your next pie-crusts use Aunt Mary's Baking Powder with plain flour - - their fineness and flakiness will prove a revelation. All grocers and storekeepers stock Aunt Mary's.

SAVE 50 CLEAN LIDS FOR AUNT MARY'S SURPRISE PACKET

AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

It sells, sells, sells

The famous Creme Chamosan has not obtained the affection of literally tens and tens of thousands of women everywhere without some outstanding reason.
What is the reason?
Just this—it is no ordinary creme—the name of Chamosan is never given to ordinary things.
Creme Chamosan is a beauty treatment in itself... for it contains everything that is needed to make the skin young looking and pretty, no matter how aged it may be. Therefore... why have an old-looking skin?
Creme Chamosan has an honoured place on the dressing table of stage and film stars, and multitudes of women everywhere.
Give it a place on yours. It is a charm, too, against the sun, dust, and winds.

Creme Chamosan for skin youth

Crepeless. Big jars for your dressing table 2/6. Handbag tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers, and stores, including S.Z.
Chamosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays so with sweet witchery hour after hour... you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like... Chamosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 2/6 for a jar. You can get it in all shades, including sun tan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin, no matter what your age. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers, and stores, including New Zealand.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN President Astrological Research Society

There's a Good Time Ahead for Pisceans

February 19 ushers in the zodiacal sign Pisces, which has rule over all people born between February 19 and March 21.

The general characteristics of these people are therefore dominated by the rays which come from Pisces and from its ruling planets, Jupiter and Neptune. Hence it is that they are very dual-natured people—not easy to understand.

THE rulership of Jupiter endows some wonderful characteristics, including generosity, kindness, a desire to make everybody happy, and a natural aptitude for helping people in trouble.

Neptune, on the other hand, brings a rather dreamy and impracticable element into the nature, so that many Pisceans

earn a bad name for lack of shrewdness and hardness.

However, it is probably a good thing for the rest of the world that these gentle, sympathetic people are with us, for most of them manage to do quite a lot of good by making the world a better place to live in.

They are not clever inventors and

THE DAILY DIARY

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Fair on Feb. 22, 23 and 24.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Work hard on Feb. 25 and 26. Results should be fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 23): Go very slowly on Feb. 22, 23 and 24, for rashness or carelessness will beget opposition, upset, and difficulties then. Cautious behaviour may moderate the trouble.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Good very early a.m. on Feb. 22, so work hard then. Balance of week very fair, excepting for Feb. 25 and 26.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Just fair on Feb. 22 and 23.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): This is no time for over-confidence or rashness. Be careful in all affairs if you wish to avoid estrangements, opposition, loss and worry, especially on Feb. 22, 23 and 24.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Not

spectacular this week. Feb. 27 and 28, and Mar. 1 just fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Your affairs should take a turn for the better now, so work hard, especially on Feb. 25 and 26. Begin to plan ventures, changes or motion for next week. Ask favours. Use forethought.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Follow routine work and strive patiently to overcome obstacles, especially on Feb. 22, 23 and 24.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Constructive work advised on Feb. 25 and 26.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Feb. 27 and 28, and Mar. 1 just fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Opportunities lie just ahead, so plan new ventures and changes for next week. Meanwhile Feb. 25 and 26 may produce opportunities for hard-working Pisceans.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

originators like Aquarians, nor forceful leaders and pioneers like Arians, yet they seem able to help other people immensely.

Especially is this so when they learn to overcome one of their worst faults—a tendency to take life rather easily and let themselves be awayed too readily and too often, by either events,

beliefs, conditions, or the opinions of others.

Pisces is astrologically represented by two fishes, one swimming upstream, the other down. But neither fish gets far ahead in his own particular direction, as they are chained together at the tail.

This zodiacal symbolism is so correct of 95 per cent, of cases, that every Piscean should strive to understand the symbolism thoroughly and take its advice. Such understanding will help to overcome most of their non-helpful traits, and, in addition, will aid in the cultivation of confidence and will-power.

Develop Optimism!

DIFFIDENCE should be regarded as a snake which must be executed the moment it rears its head. Lack of confidence should be whipped until it gives place to optimism, confidence and an easy poise of manner. In decisions must be mastered as speedily as possible, for they are the wasters of time and opportunities.

And that greatest of all curses in the Piscean nature—the difficulty to make up their minds as to what they want to do, or which direction to follow

Capitalise Your Opportunities!

PISCANS will be glad to hear that they have now entered a period lasting for several weeks which will bring a general turn for the better in the affairs of the greater number of them.

They should, therefore, plan carefully ahead, making arrangements for important changes, asking the aid of superiors or others, and beginning those new ventures they have had in mind for some time, but been fearful to attempt. They can be confident and optimistic, for their chances of success during the next few weeks are more than fair.

For the best results they should try to begin such changes or ventures, on days shown as favoring them in the Daily Diary advice given in this article.

when they come to any of the cross-roads of life—must be conquered at all costs.

This is necessary because self-doubt and indecision, coupled with a tendency to waste energy and ambitions needlessly by striving to go in two directions simultaneously are their downfall.

Only when they learn to rely upon their own opinion and judgment, and to be aggressive in the expression of their determination, can Pisceans expect to make life a really successful affair.

Still there is something to be said for the unaggressive types of Piscean. Seldom do they hurt others, or cause friction and trouble. They may not be spectacularly brilliant or assertive, but for that very reason they are very nice and rather easy to live with.

At the same time they have a tendency to worry needlessly about trouble which may never eventuate and to react strongly to the suggestions of others.

These are weaknesses they must strive to overcome.

Trained Nurse Loses FAT Wears Dresses 3 Sizes Smaller Friends and Patients Reduce this Safe Way



MRS. GRACE HUGHES
Trained Nurse

Loses 21 lbs., Gains New Health

"I had taken a number of reducing remedies but they proved unsatisfactory. However, I am a Registered Nurse, and when I learned about BonKora I knew it was different and just what I needed."

I lost 21 pounds in 8 weeks. I could have lost faster, but didn't want to reduce too fast so I only took BonKora twice a day. I will keep on taking BonKora until I lose 20 more pounds. I have already reduced my waist 6 inches, bust 6 inches, hips 4 inches, and now wear dresses 3 sizes smaller.

I feel like new. Can run upstairs now! Before, even walking upstairs took my breath away.

Five personal friends are taking BonKora after seeing what it did for me. And I always recommend it to my patients if they are stout.—Mrs. Grace Hughes, State Registered Nurse (full address on request).

Safe, Pleasant Way. Eat Big Meals Fat Goes Quick — No Thyroid

Lose your fat as this trained nurse did. Trained nurses naturally can recognise the best way to lose fat when they are overweight. That is why they choose BonKora, the safe, harmless, pleasant remedy.

Among other trained nurses who have written grateful letters about BonKora, are Mrs. Francis Rudolph (full address on request), who lost 40 pounds; Miss Lola Sharp (full address on request), who lost 45 pounds; Miss B. A. Zimmerman (full address on request), who lost 20 pounds.

Doctor Loses Weight Quick

Dr. S. P. Blumenberg, of the great San Anselmo Sanatorium, San Anselmo, Marin Co., Calif., writes that he tried BonKora himself. He lost 7 pounds in the first 10 days. Then he began advising it for overweight patients at the sanatorium. He says: "I find BonKora is not only a safe remedy, but it actually increased my energy!"

Loses 70 Lbs. in 14 Weeks

Mrs. F. W. Moran (full address on request), writes that she lost 70 pounds in 14 weeks taking BonKora, or at the rate of 5 pounds a week. She reduced from 210 pounds to only 140 pounds. She says BonKora also gave her new health.

Why You Lose Fat So Quick

BonKora treatment reduces fat new 3-stage way. Triple action, triple speed. It has reduced fat for people who say they had tried other methods in vain.

Just take a little BonKora daily to remove heavy wastes and moisture from fatty tissues and help body function normally. EAT BIG MEALS of delicious foods you like, as explained in BonKora package.

Reduce fat all over if you wish. Or, if you are just fat around waist, bust or hips, this fat goes first. When it is gone you can stop if you don't want to reduce elsewhere.

Lose Fat. Look Years Younger

No dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact, the treatment builds health while reducing fat the quickest way. Many say they look YEARS YOUNGER since they lost fat this healthful way. Get a bottle of BonKora from chemist today. It costs only 6/6 and will quickly bring you the happy relief you need. If your chemist cannot supply BonKora, enclose Postal Note for 6/6 to World Agencies Pty. Ltd., 15 Hamilton Street, Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free in a plain wrapper.

BONKORA and ORANGE JUICE

By taking 2 teaspoonsful of BonKora in a glass of ORANGE JUICE 3 times daily you will not only lose excess weight safely and quickly, but you will regain your ability to SLEEP RESTFULLY. You will be freed from the pains of rheumatism and the penalties of constipation. The essential vitamins of the orange aid and expedite the amazing beneficial effects of BonKora. Mail coupon for FREE SAMPLE.

"YOU SURE ARE HEAVY
MARY. WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE BONKORA AND
LOSE WEIGHT AS JANE DID"



FREE SAMPLE

WORLD AGENCIES PTY. LTD., 15 Hamilton Street, Sydney.
I enclose 2d. in stamps. Please send FREE SAMPLE and give full details of BonKora Treatment.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper. W.W. 26/2/38.

DEAR WIVES... WHO Imagine They Are MARTYRS

Famous Novelist Attacks Women Who Have No Design For Living

The type of woman who professes to be a martyr is known to us all.

She is the type criticised in this striking article by Kathleen Norris, the world-famous novelist, who reveals the failings of women who have no real design for living.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

THE other day I paid a call upon a woman who was to me a perfect stranger. A friend of mine wanted to see "how things were going with dear little Betsey," so I acted as chauffeur, and drove her up through the winding hillside roads that led to Betsey's pretty house and garden, and, once there, went in to meet Betsey and the children. Betsey has three children, aged ten, seven, and two.

On the way my friend told me about Betsey and Betsey's misfortunes.

Betsey was the daughter of a rich man, and when she married in 1922 she began the agreeable practice of sending her daughter a cheque for £100 every month; also she gave Betsey and Sam their Ann-Hathaway home, with its garden and drives and double garage.

But he lost all his money five years ago, and Betsey and Sam have accordingly had to change their way of living very radically. They must manage now on Sam's two hundred, and on whatever cheques the generous parents on Sam's side occasionally contribute to send.

"Poor little thing," my friend said, as we drove along. "She's had some bad breaks, these last years. They stole the baby, of course, but she did manage to arrive at the worst possible moment, two years ago! Betsey does her best, but what with the children, and trying to keep some sort of a servant, and this new baby, and Sam's home—for he's had a bad nervous breakdown for several years, and is positively savage sometimes—she has her hands full!

"They're a good deal in debt, and all the children have inherited Sam's bad digestion, which doesn't make matters much easier!"

Wife's Laments

AFTER this, it was with some considerable apprehension that I followed my friend into Betsey's drawing-room, which was cold, undecorated, and uninviting.

However, Betsey, a pale, pretty girl with disordered hair and charming manners, immediately led us into the dining-room, where there was a fire, a darling baby in a pen, and a little boy playing with blocks.

The little boy's throat was tied up in white flannel, and he coughed incessantly. The daughter of ten was still away in school.

"In these days," Betsey said good-naturedly, "you pay ridiculous prices to keep them in schools, and then are politely notified by the heads that while Junior has a cold he had better remain at home. I don't want him to learn anything," she added, kissing the blond top of the child's soft hair, "but it is such a blessing when you can get them out of the house for a few hours!"

"He won't eat regular meals when he has a cold," she added, cracking a walnut for the child, "but he loves things he oughtn't to have! I am blessed," she said, for my benefit, "with an unfortunate husband who suffers with the most violent indigestion even while he is actually eating—poor Sam, wife and babies and business worries, and that eighteen-mile drive to get home every day, he has enough to give anybody nervous indigestion!"

"And yet," she presently developed, as the conversation went on, "we have to go on living in this big place simply because there's no market for country property, and to get three bedrooms and two baths in the city would mean a big rent."

Still, she talked of hills, servants, and their complete callousness and in-

Kathleen Norris Says:

A CAPABLE, honest woman who has met with financial reverses makes short work of her problems, solves her material and housekeeping difficulties in a few months' time, and is ready to help rather than hinder her husband.

A man and his wife and three small children, with no rent to pay and low taxes, should be able to live very comfortably on £25 a month. Thousands—millions of fine folk are managing to-day on much less.

Why should anyone's children have colds all winter long? Light diet, plenty of water to drink, warm beds and sensible hours cure colds.

Walnuts and candy and food between meals, bundling up the child when close to the fire, and letting him get chilly and uncovered in a cold nursery at night would give the healthiest child in the world a cold.

efficiency, she talked of them. Sick-ness; she had much to say of that. All cheerfully, gaily, even wittily said, but there it was.

The Sam Billings were simply caught in a trap. "And unless somebody dies and leaves us a big pot of money," Betsey summarised it, "we'll both go quite raving mad, one of these days, when the furnace won't work, and Sally doesn't show up in the kitchen, and all three children have the sniffles."

"Sammy's troubles," she confessed, "go round in a vicious circle. The nerves make him a bad business man, and being a bad business man affects his stomach and makes the nerves worse!"

Coming home my friend had a good deal to say of poor, dear little Betsey, her gallantry and her problems. Betsey, she said, had just had a long run of bad luck.

Well, I didn't say anything. But I had some words in my mind to describe Betsey that had nothing to do with dearth, gallantry, and bad luck.

I had the words "inefficient, flighty, extravagant, ignorant, inexperienced," in my mind. I wondered what sort of an education this rich-man's daughter had had, to unfit her so completely for living. Betsey had been "finished" at one of the smartest schools; she had had her summer abroad; there were good books on her bookshelves; her speech was that of a gentlewoman.

But why didn't anyone ever teach her anything about raising babies?

Diet Faults

BETSEY'S attitude, as a mother, is back in the dark ages of the 'eighties, when a sick child was comforted with walnuts and chocolate cake, and a delicate little throat was made more delicate with heating bandages.

"My children have colds all winter long," said Betsey to me appealingly, little knowing that she might as well have said, "My children are locked in the cellar all winter long," or, "My children don't have baths all winter long!"

Why should Betsey's children—or anyone else's—have colds all winter long? Light diet, plenty of water to drink, warm beds and sensible hours cure colds.

A pinch of plain baking soda in drinking water, thin whole wheat toast and milk heated but not boiled, and all the dark, cold hours in his warm little bed will break up any child's cold in three days.

Walnuts and candy, and food between meals, bundling up the child and his throat when close to the fire,



BETSEY, a pale pretty girl with disordered hair and charming manners, immediately led us into the dining-room, where there was a fire, a darling baby in a pen and a little boy playing with blocks, his throat tied up in white flannel.

and letting him get chilly and uncovered in a cold nursery at night would give the healthiest child in the world a cold!

Way to Live

THEN there's the housekeeping budget. Until they get clear of debt, Betsey ought not to have her children in a private school. She ought not to talk of meals, as she did, containing such items as squabs and steaks, asparagus in December and "Eastern oysters."

She ought not to have a servant at all, much less the expensive and extravagant variety she describes. A man and his wife and three small children, with no rent to pay and low taxes, should be able to live very comfortably on £25 a month. Thousands—millions of fine folk are managing to-day on less.

Betsey ought to awaken. She has been asleep all her life. She is dreaming now; dreaming that "someone" will

die, and leave her money enough to float off of this reef as she has floated off all the others of her life.

A capable, honest woman would make work of her problems, solve her material and housekeeping difficulties in a few months' time, and be ready to help rather than hinder Sam; perhaps turn some of her superfluous space into an apartment, to rent, perhaps rent the whole house and find some unfashionable spacious place in a quiet street in the city where they might all vegetate for a few years, until good times are definitely returned.

Certainly she could save her husband the hundreds a year that she wastes running from doctor to doctor with her children; this one is dyspeptic, the other has weak lungs, the third is a chronic appendicitis case.

Dear little heroic Betsey is destroying her husband and beginning the destruction of her children, and wearing meanwhile, with all the complacency in life, the palm of the martyr.

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CROSSWORD No. 36 CROSSWORD ENTRY FEE: First £100, 1/- each. Each additional entry, 6d. extra. If postal notes available, 1d. stamps preferred.

£200 44 Prizes Must Be Won 44 Prizes 1st, £125; 2nd, £20; 3rd, £15; 4th, 40 Cakes. Tickets at 5/6. Also £10 Cash Prize to Competitor submitting most correct.

A CHANCE OF £300. A 1/10th share in a ticket in £2000 Lottery given FREE to every competitor submitting 6 or more entries.

Adelaide, Perth and solutions on PLAIN PAPER accepted. COMPETITION CLOSING 14th MARCH, 1933. Address all entries to Crossword No. 36, I. & W.S. & S. Assn. G.O., BRISBANE. A sealed copy of the Official Solution has been lodged with the Editor of "Sunday Mail," Brisbane. The decision of the Management in all matters pertaining to this competition is accepted as final and legally binding by all competitors.

List of alternatives considered in setting of Official solution available from all agents at 6d. each.

PLEASE ADD 14. STAMP FOR RESULTS.

Closing Date, 14th March, 1933

CLUES FOR No. 36 CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- May develop rapidly.
- Driving this too hard may lead to breakdown.
- Leaking a lantern.
- Reel.
- May make you laugh out loud.
- 2/3 of a high mountain.
- This tree yields sugar.
- May be responsible for that may colic.
- Especially desirable.
- Australian State (abbr.).
- Walk.
- Powdered junk.
- Swift + hummingbird.
- Preparation.
- Shrill cry.
- Commonest correction.
- A story.
- Ornithology.
- Dragon (abbr.).
- Sometimes put into milk.

DOWN

- Sharp ringing sound.
- Poisonous omelette.
- Enraged.
- Judge often shows that he is a priest.
- Some of Queen need carefully looking into.
- Can travel at a considerable speed by this means.
- Look.
- Eat with a spoon.
- Some of Queen need carefully looking into.
- Produce a continuous sound.
- Having wings.
- A foot to be put to be.
- Blissful.
- Adverb.
- Dress up.
- Light stroke.
- A French unit.
- A signal (abbr.).

Results of No. 35 have been posted to all competitors.

6 ENTRIES FOR 4/-

Remember, 1/10th share in a ticket in £2000 Lottery given FREE to every competitor submitting 6 or more entries.

TALE of a Runnin' DOG

Continued from
Page 5

"BUT not I couldn't risk you with a runnin' dog. An' a family man should be kep' out o' gaol. An' if the truth has to be told I couldn't trust me-self either. In my time, an' the track vet not too particular, I could add two lengths to dog's speed in a three-twenty-five yard sprint, an' I could slow a dog as much as a second in a five-fifty track. You take a hair out of a horse's tail, black for choice, an' the two middle nails of the off forepaw—"

"It will be time to water the tomatoes before you reach your widow woman," I interrupted. "Shall we leave her to another day?"

"Hang it, man! wouldn't ye give me time to lay me foundation? What other way can ye tell a story proper? Well, then! One day, about this time of the year, or a bit earlier—I mind the coursin' was over a month or more, an' we busy puttin' a polish on the young dogs for the track season. That was the year we got as far as the last two in the Irish Cup at Clounanna. We struck a grueler of a hare in the semi-final that left the hounds with their tongues hangin', an' the captain, a kind man as far as animals was concerned, took his dog out of the final—"

"All right! All right! As I was sayin', I had two first-season dogs out for exercise along the top of the bank of the Moen River, when along comes a young woman ridin' a young hunter—a tall young woman on a tall young colt not more than half-broke. She did not know me by name at the time, but I knew her by name and repute. A man, seen' her once, was not likely to disremember her. A tall slender branch of a young wan, an' black as a crow's wing in the hair. Not that I ever

cared for the thin kind. Over in Stamboul now, the females carry the weight in the right place, an' their faces, when you get a chance to see them, are as comely as a full moon in harvest-time. I mind—"

"I want no particulars of your disreputable war experiences," I stopped him. "Cut the cackle and get to your widow. This lady was not she?"

"She was so then—young an' all as she was. Mrs. Una Loftus of Vesey, that was her name, and Vesey as sound a bit of ground in the bottom lands of the river as you'd get in all the Golden Vein. She was an imp out of Hades to ride a horse and twist the heart of a man. She did not mean to put a twist in any man's heart, I'll say that for her, only she couldn't help it. But how do I know? For maybe if she could help it, she'd be at the twilghting just as handy. Any man she ever looked at between them long black lashes, an' her cheek, slender and smooth, with a little hollow under the bone, an' her mouth like as if butter wouldn't melt in it—any man, I say, would go round scratchin' his head, an' him-schemin' to get a smile all to himself, an' more if he could."

Thomasheen James paused, a new and wistful look in his eyes, and I waited wonderingly and was silent.

"Boys, oh, boys! But she was a nice woman an' nice in her ways, leggin' it round the country like a tall slip of a boy in her ridin' breeches; and she kept at arms' length all the men—single or married, it didn't matter a hang—eager an' willin' to cherish her and the sound acres of Vesey. But where was I? Yes? I met her on top of the bank of Moen River on a fine May evenin', an' she drew in her dancin' young horse, and looked at me and looked at the greyhounds. 'A fine day,' says she. 'These are Owen's—Captain Terrie's young dogs?'"

"That's what she said, her voice pleasant an' friendly. An' she had not been introduced to me either." Thomasheen James threw out his hand in a strangely bitter and unhappy gesture. "Look at me! I belong to that ig—ignoble caste that any woman, gentle or simple, can speak to without an introduction. Have you noticed that? Any woman that speaks to me speaks to a lower animal, or condescends to be kind. But I didn't notice that with Mrs. Una Loftus. She was just passin' the time o' day to a countryman with his dogs. 'Captain Terrie's young dogs?' says she. 'They are, ma'am,' says I. 'A fine day, glory be to God!'"

"SHE laughed then. 'I have a better greyhound at Vesey than any of yours,' says she. 'He's a topper then,' says I. 'How's he bred, ma'am?' I asks. 'He is full brother to that fawn,' says she, 'and I got him from Captain Terrie when he was a pup—I mean the dog,' says she; an' goes off into her gay laugh. 'He is well-bred sure enough,' says I; but in my own mind I was thinkin' that if Owen Terrie gave her a pup o' that blood the same pup was the throw-out of the litter, or the captain had a reason of his own at the back of his mind, the playboy."

"She stopped laughin'. 'The captain would like him back, I think,' says she. 'He says I am wasting a good greyhound.'"

"At that I cocked up my ears, for sometimes a weed of a pup grows up into a sound dog. 'I'm goin' round be Vesey, ma'am,' says I. 'Could I have a look at him?' 'And welcome,' says she. 'He'll be about the stable yard—a black and white dog—you can't mistake him, he answers to the name of Magpie. An' away she cantered down the bank, her black hair liftin' under the huntin' cap

she wore, the sun shinin' on her, an' the big plain of Desmond and the hills of Barnagh makin' a frame for her."

"So down I circled to Vesey at my ease, an' there was me brave Magpie gallopin' up the yard at us, and it the tiddest yard in four parishes. He had a bark to him like a mastiff, but there was no wickedness to it, and in no time at all himself an' myself an' th' other dogs were acquainted an' respectful. The housekeeper, a stout woman with a tongue to burn leather, put her head out the kitchen door. 'Go way out o' that, me foxy lad,' says she. 'We don't allow no strangers about the yard.'"

"You've seen the markin's of a smooth-haired fox terrier; black saddle an' black spectacles; them was Magpie's markin's. 'Tisn't often you get that colorin' on a running dog, an' if you do 't less often the dog is any good, but if it is good it is tarnation good. An' Magpie looked

wood on a steel rod, with the skin of a hare on it."

"You are speaking with Owen Terrie's voice," she comes back. 'He wants to train Magpie for me. But —' an' she stopped an' shook her head."

"I'll train him meself for you, ma'am," says I.

"Thank you kindly," says she. 'Are you a Kerryman by any chance?'"

"God forgive you, ma'am," says I. 'I come from the County Wicklow.'"

"Wicklow that was bled white in the ninety-eight," says she mockin' kind, 'and is still short of red in the blood of it. But I would trust no Kerryman with a runnin' dog or a fightin' dog—or a dog,' says she."

"Captain Terrie is a Limerick man," I hinta.

"I wouldn't trust Captain Terrie either," says she, and be the way she said it I knew it was more than a dog she wouldn't be trustin' with him."



OVER HER RAKISH HAT of black suede, Ann Sotheen, R.K.O. player, throws yards and yards of black veiling to give it an air of mystery and intrigue. Her plain black wool frock is relieved at the neck with a rhinestone clip.

good to me; me eyes stood out of me head when I saw him. Not big at all, he had the longest, curviest hind leg from hip to hock I ever saw in a hound, an' you know what that means in the first reach up to a hare. Have you ever heard the old rhyme:

The head of a snake, the neck of a drake,
A back like a beam, a side like a beam,
The foot of a cat, the tail of a rat.

"That fits a good greyhound as well to-day as the day it was made be some dead-and-gone dog fancier, and it fitted Magpie like a glove. 'Japusi!' said I, 'the captain was blind of both eyes the day he gave that pup away, or,' says I, 'the sight was scattered on him be someone!' An' 'thet someone, as I was feelin' the sound bone of the dog's legs, clattered into the yard on her tail coil."

"Do you like my Magpie hound?" says she. 'He's a nice pup, ma'am,' says I. 'Did you ever course him?' "I don't like killin' things," says she. 'Not even a bit of a rabbit, an' we ate alive by them?' says I.

"N", says she. 'But Magpie has learned our hens to fly like pigeons, and all our ducks are gone wild on us down the Moen River,' says she, laughin', an' she could laugh heartily as a boy for all the weight of trouble behind her."

"You'll spoil the dog on us, ma'am," says I. 'You'll have him chasin' cats next—or does he?' "No," says she, 'he's no killer.' "You wouldn't think of tryin' him on the track?" I sort of coaxed her then. 'Only a bit of a block of

ment on this an' that about the place, an' wasn't above askin' my opinion about a horse or a cow—or a man either. But she said not a word about Captain Owen Terrie. Faith! she wanted no advice about that lad. She had her guards up to him, an' her nate brown flat ready for a pelt at his long jaw."

"The captain said nothing to me about trainin' Magpie. He wasn't supposed to know, but you couldn't hide much about a dog or a woman from that same fellow, an' he couldn't help noticin' that I was always trottin' it down to Vesey in an' out o' my spare time. All he said was: 'You're puttin' a nice polish on Brian Buie.' That was the fawn dog. 'I would like,' says he, offhand, 'to see the dog that would lead him from the last bend.'"

"You'll see him if you live long enough," says I. 'I don't know any dog that could,' says he, 'an' I breed the best dogs in Munster.' But I went off whistlin' to meself."

"THAT Magpie dog was the only dog, man, or woman that ever pleased me to my heart's content. He was kind, an' he had the heart of a lion. By this time the lady was in a hurry to see her dog race, but I wouldn't let her be in a hurry. I brought him on at my own pace, and when the time came I tried him out against a stop-watch. A friend of mine was secretary of a home-made track over at Ballydowd on the Kerry coast, an' one mornin' dawn I slipped across there with Magpie. He did a three-thirty sprint in nineteen and a half seconds. 'Only fair to middlin',' says my friend. 'He is not as good as he looks. Give him a rub, an' we'll try him the full course.' An' Magpie did the five-twenty-five yards in a fraction under the thirty-one."

Please turn to Page 42

Her Finger Tips Lift out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to wither up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard throbbing burning corns—but they didn't last long," said the chemist. If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Frosol-100 on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger tips. Go get a small bottle of Frosol-100 today from your chemist and get rid of corns. It's guaranteed.

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Baby Drummond, Winner of Open Championship at Sydney Baby Show.

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What Women Are Doing

W.A. Delegate

MISS LEAH BIGER, for the past two years efficient secretary of the National Junior Council of Jewish Women, will be delegate to the conference of Jewish women being held in connection with the 150th Anniversary Celebrations in Sydney next month.

Miss Biger has been transferred through the Taxation Department to New South Wales. The programme for the conference is to be a comprehensive one, including the various phases of the four spheres of the council's activities—religious, educational, philanthropic, and social.

Young Melbourne Pianist To Study Abroad

ADVISED by Professor Bernard Heinze, director of the University Conservatorium of Music, Melbourne, to take up the career of solo pianist, for which he considers her to be brilliantly equipped, Miss Rosemary Kenny, a young Melbourne pianist, will go abroad next year for advanced study in Germany and Austria.



Miss Kenny—Antoine

A. I. Kenny, who is the elder daughter of Dr. A. I. Kenny, is now in her final year for her degree of Bachelor of Music at the University Conservatorium. She has won two Ormond exhibitions and taken honours in each year of her course. She was heard recently over the national stations in a series of pianistic recitals.

Interested in All Branches of Women's Sport

MISS CONSTANCE AUSTIN, of Adelaide, will shortly take up the position of sports mistress at the Methodist Ladies' College, Claremont, West Australia. She trained at the Australian College of Physical Education in Sydney, and three years ago returned to Adelaide to take charge of the sports at Wailford House.

Her strongest game, she says, is basketball, although she has a genuine interest in all branches of women's sports. She played basketball with the Y.W.C.A. Trojan team, hockey with the Anson team, and last winter spent the greater part of her spare time horse-riding.

Facilities Provided for Children in Russia

MISS DORIS McRAE, who has returned to Melbourne, has many interesting things to tell of her trip abroad. After attending the Pan-Pacific Conference at Vancouver she crossed from Canada to Glasgow, spending a month in Scotland.



Miss Doris McRae—Street

In London, she visited various secondary schools, and was particularly interested in the new courses in physical education. Russia was another country visited, and here she was astonished at the educational and recreational facilities provided for children.

The Children's Theatre not only provides entertainment for children of various ages, but has ante-rooms attached, where they play with toys, dolls, and books between the acts. They also have their own book-shops with low counters and well-arranged displays of books of every type for children of all ages.

The Moscow Book Museum, Miss McRae discovered, has copies of all these books, which the children examine before asking for them at libraries or stores, while puppet theatres, tiny film theatres, and revolving book screens give scenes from books to tempt the appetite of young readers.

Aims at International Peace

MRS. W. M. ANGLE, of Rochester, New York, who, with her husband, has arrived in Australia, which she last visited eleven years ago, is greatly interested in the Young Women's Christian Association, particularly its international work. She is a member of the national board of the association in America. Much of the work of the Y.W.C.A. in the United States, Mrs. Angle said, had as its object the fostering of international peace relations. That is also the aim of the National Council of Federated Church Women, of which Mrs. Angle is a member.

International Conference of Red Cross Societies

MELBOURNE friends will shortly be bidding farewell to Miss Philadelphia Robertson, who is a national figure in Red Cross circles in Victoria. Miss Robertson plans to leave in April for a holiday tour to England, via South Africa.

Her work with the Red Cross began when it was first formed in Melbourne 24 years ago, and she is in the unique position of being the first and only national and State secretary of the movement.

In South Africa Miss Robertson will attend the Red Cross Convention at Johannesburg, and in London will represent Australia at the International Conference of Red Cross Societies, which opens on June 26.

Next month the Victorian Red Cross Society, whose splendid record of work is being added to each year, is making its first public appeal for funds since Lady Stanley made her appeal many years ago.

Enthusiastic and Successful Croquet Player

MRS. KENYON, of Brisbane, is a very enthusiastic croquet player. She joined the Graceville Club in 1922, and while a member was also treasurer for two years.

Four years later she went to reside in Brisbane, and until 1933 was a member of the Bundaberg Club, of which she was honorary secretary for five years, and champion of the club in 1931-32-33.

For the last two and a half years Mrs. Kenyon has been a member of the Ipswich Club, and at present holds the club championship. In 1931 she won the handicap doubles at the interstate tournament, repeating the same success in 1933, as well as the championship doubles.

Last year she was runner-up in the Queensland Championship, so is a successful as well as an enthusiastic player.

Her Work is Beauty Culture

MISS LEAH SARTAIN, charming American at present visiting Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney, and possibly other capitals, has been associated with one of the best-known international beauty culture houses for 20 years.

During that time, in the course of her work, she has visited most of the countries in Europe, has lived for a time in London, and carried on her beautifying tactics in New York and many other cities in the United States.

Miss Sartain meant to be an opera singer, but after taking up beauty culture in the most thorough manner by studying dermatology from the ground up, and learning a lot about psychology as well as about massage, hair treatment, manicure, pedicure, and so on, she decided that to take a drab individual and turn her into a beautiful woman will cheer her heart as no song will ever do.

Miss Sartain met and treated many movie stars while she was in Hollywood, and says they are all alike in one way. They diet savagely while making a picture, but immediately it is finished they eat and eat, put on weight, then rush to the beauty specialist just in time to get it off before they begin work again.

Has Brilliant Record in Many Sports

AFTER acting as sports mistress at the Church of England Girls' School in Perth for the last three years, Miss Elizabeth Preeth has been appointed sports mistress at the Presbyterian Girls' College, Glen Osmond, South Australia, and will arrive in Adelaide at the end of February to take up her new position.

Miss Preeth is a graduate of the Swords Club, Sydney, and has a brilliant sports record. She is a former holder of the running championship for the county schools in West Australia, and was champion athlete at Perth College, where she was educated.

She also holds her bronze medal for life-saving, a certificate as a teacher of swimming, and is an efficient tennis, hockey, and basketball player. Miss Preeth is a daughter of the headmaster of Guildford Grammar School, Perth.

Artist to Hold Exhibition of Masks

ALTHOUGH masks are only a hobby with her, and landscape painting is occupying her more serious thoughts, Miss Dora Chapman, a clever young Adelaide artist, is contemplating an exhibition at the Decorations Gallery, Wyatt St., Adelaide, in the near future. At this, the clay masks with which she has been experimenting will be on view, as well as her smaller landscape work.

Miss Chapman explained that although the making of masks is an older art than that of painting pictures, there is little written about the art, and she has had to experiment with color, firing, and many other technicalities, as she has gone on, and she has had some wonderful results. Some of her masks are theatrical in effect, with stuck-on eyelashes, others are of the faun type, others Tahitian, and a variety of effects is gained by the application of color, and the surface finish of the interesting masks.

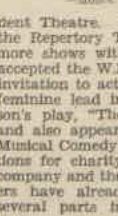
Miss Chapman studied painting at the School of Arts in Adelaide, and exhibits with the Royal Society of Arts, of which she is a member in South Australia.

Young Actress Is Achieving Popularity

BETH BAKER, a young Adelaide amateur actress, is looking forward to her second year of theatrical work with enthusiasm. During last year—her first on the stage—she was asked to play in no fewer than 12 performances, and in many of them she took the leading role.

Her first part was the lead in Ibsen's "Lady From the Sea," which she played for the Independent Theatre. She then acted for the Repertory Theatre, did several more shows with the Independent, accepted the W.E.A. Little Theatre's invitation to act for them, took the feminine lead in Miss Agnes Dobson's play, "The Immortal Road," and also appeared in the Adelaide Municipal Comedy Company's productions for charity. The last-named company have already booked her for several parts in the forthcoming year.

Apart from an aptitude for the work, Miss Baker has had no special training for acting, unless one included her dancing, of which she learns several types from Miss Dorothy Slane.



Miss Beth Baker—Moses

Life on Tropical Farm Is Full of Interest

ON her father's fruit farm at Cleveland, not far from Brisbane, in addition to her household duties, Miss Eileen Morgan finds time to provide morning or afternoon "tropical fruit teas" to the tourists who come down from Brisbane from the overseas ships.



Miss Morgan—Moorland

In her work she is assisted by her mother, Mrs. Edward Morgan, and they both find it a very pleasant occupation, as so many varied and interesting types of the travelling public are met and catered for.

Gone Abroad on Interesting Mission

A PERTH woman, Mrs. A. H. C. Higgins, left for England last week-end on an unusually interesting mission to patent a handicraft process.

Mrs. Higgins has evolved a treatment with a novel system of weaving, embracing a combination of hand-made flowers and hand-woven laces suitable for commercial exploitation. Original in character, the process has been evolved at home in the last 18 months and the inventor invited members of the public to an exhibition the day before sailing for England.

To Represent S.A. at Federal Housewives' Conference

ELECTED as delegates by the executive of the S.A. Housewives' Association, Mrs. E. M. Nicholls, Mrs. T. C. Stott, and Mrs. S. Allen will leave Adelaide at the end of March to attend the fourth Federal Conference of Housewives' Associations in Sydney on April 4.

Mrs. Nicholls, who is just completing her third year as president of the S.A. Housewives' Association, has attended each of the previous Federal conferences, and expects that, as delegates are being sent from each of the States, this year's conference will be even more successful than former ones.

Mrs. Allen is treasurer of the South Australian Association, and Mrs. Stott has held office as vice-president for the past three years.

One of Melbourne's Enthusiastic Workers

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, Melbourne, has a treasure in the person of Miss Marie de Havay, who has been associated with the auxiliaries since their inception ten years ago.

In 1933 she was elected president of the central executive, and at the present time is one of the vice-presidents.

She is full of ideas for raising money. The Sunbeam Shop that realised over £200 in the great 1933 appeal was one of her schemes, and her lovely home at Kew has been the setting for numerous bridge parties.

Social Worker on World Holiday Tour

MISS JANET MCGRINDLE, now on a world holiday tour including Australia and New Zealand, is an honorary M.A. of Liverpool University, and also holds an important position in the social service field in the north of England.

In Liverpool she has been for many years a member of the committee administering a large Government grant for educational purposes in the depressed areas. On her way to Australia she visited the United States, and studied the art and educational movements designed to help the poor and unemployed in the great cities.

She will inquire into the social aspects of each country she visits on her tour.

Water-colors and Inlaid Wood Pictures at Exhibition

MISS MINNIE BAYNES, a well-known Adelaide artist, held a country exhibition of her work at Naracoorte early this month. Although English by birth, Miss Baynes has lived in South Australia for a number of years, and has held three exhibitions in Adelaide at the Society of Arts Gallery.

She went back to England for a "busman's holiday," returning about two years ago with a number of English water-colors, some of which she is showing at Naracoorte.

During this trip Miss Baynes learned a new type of art in inlaid wood pictures, and two specimens of this are in her present showing.



Miss Baynes

EXCESS ACID CAUSES THAT PAIN

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So we must not be surprised that the stomach rebels at this harsh treatment. It does its best to extract nourishment from the food. But too often this results in an outpouring of excess acid. At first, flatulence and palpitation are the only symptoms, but later come inflammation of the stomach or duodenal ulcers—all caused by excess acid in the stomach.

De Witt's Antacid Powder, owing to its extreme fineness, neutralises the excess acid as soon as it reaches the stomach. There is immediate relief from the pain and the inconvenience of flatulence. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does more than this.

FIRSTLY, it protects the stomach walls from further burning by the acid. SECONDLY, helps to digest your food, and THIRDLY, tones up the whole digestive system so that excess acid is no longer given off, and you can eat what you like without any ill after-effects.

You start your happiness the day you start using

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6

"CRIPES!"

says me friend, an' he listening to his watch to see if it was stopped. "There isn't a three-year-old in Kerry to best that—much," says he. "He's a distance dog, slow from the trap, but like lightning at the last bend." "Keep your thumb on that," I warn him, "an' you'll not lose by it." "Ah! home I went, happy in me mind, an' me plans takin' shape like a mushroom of an autumn morning."

"Is he good, Tommy?" the young widow wanted to know when we got back.

"Good enough, ma'am," says I, "if I have the choosin' of his races."

"Why not you, Tommy?" says she. "She always called me Tommy. But," says she, "threatenin' me with her head, I'll have no tricks."

"Not a trick in the world, ma'am," says I, "only wait till I say the word, before you lay your money on him."

"An' I went out puttin' a final polish on Magpie. An' then was day, so!"

"By accident, the captain met us an' we out with the dogs. He took no last notice of me, but to the lady he says: 'Learnin' to train a hound, Un' Loftus is sittin' on the first lesson with a dog is to learn him to keep his place.'"

"Faith! you have that lesson nice and handy," says he. "Would you," says he with meaning, "would you mind taking a second dog to train?"

"That dog has been too long a rogue," says she back. And so they went at it, sparrin' with words clever as you like, an' I with me tongue in me cheek. He often met us after that, and it was always the same: friendly enough, but fiercer kind, an' runnin' the knife of their tongues into each other be way of fun, an' she master of the game. In no time at all I saw that the bould fellow's goose was cooked, that his name was mud, and that he was drowned as in a well, tied an' tangled like a fly in a spider's web—an' he that used to be a great yalla wasp amashin' webs for divilment. Look now! he was prepared to go to the altar rails with that alp of a widow, an' when a man like that is ready to go as far as that with a woman, you an' me an' all may cry salt tears for the downfall of the last man to stand up for the independence of the breed. Am I right?"

"Manalive! that was a great summer we had, and on into the fall of the year, once the track racin' started. I raced that Magpie hound with a judgment that men talk of to this day. I did so. An' the lady left me to me own devices. I put him in for the three-thirty-yards puppy stakes at Traloe, an' he was beaten a length after makin' up four from the turn; I put him in for the three-

TALE of a Runnin' DOG

Continued from Page 40

twenty-five sprint at Ballydowd, and his own brother, Brian Buile, beat by two lengths easy; and then I entered him with two-year-olds for the five-hundred oblong at Limerick. We had our bit of money on him that time at four to one, an' he came out of the rack at the last bend and everyone thought the other dogs had stopped dead. After that we won the long course at Cork, and then I took him right up to Sheilbourne Park in Dublin and he won the Jubilee Junior Cup in four heats. An English buyer offered me a hundred for him, an' then two hundred an' jumped to two-fifty, but Mrs. Loftus wasn't sellin'. We took him home to Vesey an' Brian Buile any chance of winnin' a spring at Ballytwiningan. 'Twas after that that the trouble started. I'll tell you.

"It was one evenin' late in August, an' I was sweatin' myself in the kennel yard at Dromo rubbin' down the dogs after a scamper. Una Loftus was sittin' on the palin, the reins of the colt in her elbow, and Owen Terrie was leanin' at her side as near as he could get without touchin' her. He daren't touch her, an' he knew it. They were at the tail end of a talk that had begun somewhere else, an' the iron was twashin' in the captain. They took no notice of me; I was no more to him or her than the dog I was rubbin'. Men like me are supposed to have no souls an' no hearin'."

"You don't hold out much hope for me," says he, sullenlike.

"Not a hope, Owen. I was unlucky with one man, and I am afraid day and night."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of another man that might not be unlike the first—if all tales are true," says she.

"You might give me a chance to—"

"No," says she, sharp an' hard, "givin' you a chance would spoil all mine."

"No chance at all?"

"She reached her riding crop out to where I was rubbin' down Brian Buile. 'No more chance than that dog has of beatin' my Magpie.'"

"He has beaten your Magpie twice already," comes back the captain.

"Try them the full course and see," says she. "You never have. Were you afraid?"

"Ja that a dare?" says the captain. An' then suddenly: "Will you marry me, Una, if my Brian Buile beats your Magpie?"

"Don't be silly!" says she. "There's the woman all out!" he taunts her. "Afraid to take a dare after tossin' one in my face!"

"A dare, says she, a spark in her eye. 'A dare did you say?'"

"I did. You are afraid, not I. 'And if you lose?'"

"Then," says he, his voice stern, "I'll stop troublein' you, except in my dreams—and yours," says he.

"It's a match!" she cried, snapping her riding crop, and she went from the palin to her colt easy as a bird; and as she clattered out of the yard she called back something about the gods maddenin' people before puttin' the kibosh on them.

"The captain stayed where he was leanin' over the palin, and I cocked an eye at him over Brian Buile's shoulder."

"You heard what Mrs. Loftus said?"

"I heard her," says I, puffin' away at my work. "I suppose you want your dog to win."

"Be funny with me, Thomasheen James," says he, "if you want a crack in your neck." He could use his tongue to me all right, but I didn't mind; it relieved his feelin'.

"Brian Buile any chance of winnin'?" says he. "You'll know."

"No more than a snowball in a fire," says I.

"You've tried them out?"

"Three lengths and the gap widenin' all the while."

"Does the lady know?"

YOUTH AND AGE

I often wonder why a child
Can sing so merrily,
When men must sit, and watch,
And brood,
And wait for day to be.

Are we so wise who dream so
long,
And while yet dreaming
die?

When dancing eyes of youth
repeat
The heart-beats of the sky.
—Helene.

"I wouldn't put it past her," says I. "She was holding the watch on them."

"I thought she was too quick in giving that challenge," says he. "Women are the devil."

"You'll know that as well as the next," says I. "But still an' all, your dog might win."

"Win?" says he. "It could be managed," says I, me head down and me hands busy.

"What's that you say?"

"All's fair in love and war," says I, tryin' him out. "There's no dog can't be shortened a few lengths at a pinch—as well you know," says I.

"He was silent so long that I took a peep at him sideways, an' 'twas as well that I did. For as I turned me head he hopped the palin' without puttin' a hand on it, and I fell over Brian Buile gettin' out from under. He lifted me off the ground as if I was a terrier dog, and there was his fist under me nose, an' his teeth grindin'."

"Would you play devil to me, an' temptin' so easy?" says he. "I done many a foolish trick in my time with dogs," says he, "but I'm in this for my sordid sake, an' I'll win fair or I'll lose dacent. Whichever," says he, "and mind my words. If you do anything—"

"—any least thing—to slow Magpie, Ireland, all of it, will be too small to hold you, and England not big enough, and Wales," says he, "and Scotland itself will not have a mountain tall enough to come between you and me. For," says he, "shakin' me, I'll punch your heart out of your carcass and use it for a pumice stone; I'll boil your liver four hours for a dog's mess; I'll take the hide off you and use it for a saddle-cloth. Are you listenin'?" says he, his eyes blazin'. "I'll—"

"Aisy, captain, any!" says I. "In another minute you'll be threatenin' me. An' anyway," says I, "the dog isn't your dog. An' without another word I twalshed his shoulder out of his grip an' leapt the palin."

"Yes, an'! An' I never stopped to draw breath till I was in the yard at Vesey and knockin' at the back door. 'Take your freckled gob out of here,' says the housekeeper, an' outrageous woman with her tongue. 'Pity you wouldn't be as hard on the devil,' says I. 'Is the woman-of-the-house within?'"

"Is that Tommy?" says a voice

within the hall, an' out comes the young widow herself. We went across the yard together.

"Anything wrong, Tommy?" says she. "You look pale."

"Could I ask a plain question of you, ma'am?" says I.

"Why not, Tommy?" says she. "Two if you like."

"Want to do, ma'am," says I. "Do you want Magpie to beat Brian Buile in that match?"

"Why not, Tommy?" says she. "He can't lose."

"Maybe not, ma'am," says I, "but you haven't answered my question."

"She stopped then and looked at me, an' kept on lookin', and a trouble grew in her eyes, and, for the first time, she couldn't or didn't try to keep her secret hid in her heart."

"I don't know, Tommy. I don't know at all," she says at last, her voice in a whisper an' wan hand twashin' in the other.

"In that case, ma'am," says I, "I know jolly well."

"Life hurt me too much, Tommy," says she. "I have no luck. I am afraid."

"Right enough she had no luck with her first man. He was a bad man an' a cruel man by all accounts an' the things he did to his young wife no one will ever know. Jealous he was, an' for no reason at all; and in the end he got out of Ireland two jumps ahead of a warrant for manslaughter. He came to a bad end out in the Argentine, some say by a man-killing horse, and some say by one of them gow-joes slipping a knife in his ribs for a good reason. Anyway he was dead for sure, and his widow thought she had learnt her lesson for good an' all. She was learnin' another now an' fear to blot it."

"I must win, Tommy," says she. "Mustn't I?"

"Don't say another word now, ma'am," says I. "Leave it to me."

"I have always left it to you, Tommy," says she, her eyes watchin' me. "I can trust to your judgment."

"AND that was all she said then or later about the match, an', indeed, I didn't set eyes on her again till the very day. But back I went to Dromo, slow enough of foot now, an' square thoughted in my mind; an' in the end I knew there was only one thing to be done. But listen! If I met Capt. Owen Terrie then, I'd have tried a fall with him if he was Jack the Ripper himself. I won't say more than that."

"To make a long story short we entered the two dogs for the five-hundred-yard Crownner Plate at Castleinch, a small place for size, but packed with enough rogues to fill a tick. I trained the dogs faithful, the captain watchin' me, an' by the day of the match I had the both of them as fine as a silk thread. The four other dogs in the race might as well have stayed at home for all the chance they had. You could get any price you liked on any way of them. Magpie was six to four on an' ten minutes before the race I took the kennelman to wan side and gave him all me little pile—every last farthin' I could beg, borrow or steal. 'Take that,' says I, 'an' spread it on Brian Buile as far as it will go. I had the same fellow in me vestpocket for a reason or two, and I had to trust him anyway. 'Brian Buile?' says he. 'Are you gone in the head?' 'Do what you're told, you Kerry bog-trotter,' says I, 'an' if you have a shirt you'll know what to do with it.'"

"An' off he went, scratchin' his head. He brought the bettin' down from two to evens on Brian Buile, an' there was a hullabaloo in the crowd. Somehow, the word had gone round that this was a needie match."

"As soon as the dogs went out to the parade I slipped round to the far side of the track, for I didn't want to be contagious to the captain, or the widow either. I had no fear at all for the result, but me heart was in me mouth all the same till the dogs went into the startin' box, an' the tin hare came bobbin' round hell for leather. An' then bang! up went the traps an' out leapt the dogs like the shot of a gun, an', would you believe it, there was Magpie two lengths behind, an' his tail barely clear of the box. He was more than that behind at the first turn, an' Brian Buile out in front already, an' takin' the corner nate as tuppence. 'Japsus!' I says,

"I overdone it, an' the crowd'll want to skin someone." An', then, sorrowful day! the same old thing happened. Magpie began to close the gap up the back stretch, an' at the last bend he came with his own whirlwind rush, an' no wind out of hell ever came faster. The sky lifted with the hurroos of the crowd, an' me two eyes were standin' out of me head with astonishment and dismay. Up to the last yard I thought Magpie couldn't make it with Brian Buile stretchin' out at the best, an' indeed there was only a nose in it at the finish, but that nose was Magpie's. It was against nature. I couldn't understand it now. But there it was! I had lost me little savin', Owen Terrie had lost a wife, an' what Una Loftus had lost I don't know. It was a disastrous day."

Thomasheen James stopped and shook his head sadly.

"What came undone?" I asked with live curiosity.

"I'll tell you. I may as well. I couldn't risk slowin' down the dog with a snare on his toe nails for the captain knew that trick an' had his eyes peeled. But when the kennelman went out to lay the money, I fed Magpie two pounds of wet rice I had hid in a corner, and on top of that, and a minute before the parade, I poured down his neck a bottle of soda water, an' a second bottle on top of the first for good measure. The weight an' the wind will slow any dog as much as a second or even two. 'Tis a trick I invented myself."

"Yet he won with that handicap, you miscreant!"

"He did not. I tried to make too sure, too darn sure altogether. With all there was at stake I overdid the sartin'ly, like many a wan before me. 'Twas that second bottle of soda water that cooked my goose. Magpie got powerful sick the minute he was put into the box, got rid of his weight an' his wind, and, sick an' all as he was, brought off his final de-devastatin' rush from the last bend. That's it for you now."

There was a pause and I said musingly:

"And so the young widow remained a widow?"

"Did she," said Thomasheen James derisively. "Didn't I say at the beginnin' that you couldn't never tell what a woman would be doing next? Listen! She was so powerful sorry for the captain that she up an' married him the following week I came away!" said Thomasheen James.

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AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 6

"I COULD see you were a little discomposed, and did not wonder at it. His manners are a great deal too familiar."

Miss Devenish opened and shut her fan once or twice, and replied: "I was discomposed, I own. The surprise of seeing him here—and his smiling me out, as you describe, put me out of countenance."

"The attentions of men of his type are apt to be very disagreeable," said Judith. "Happily, the violent fancies they take do not last long. I believe Lord George to be a shocking flirt. You, however, have too much common sense to take him seriously."

"Oh yes. That is, I know what people say of him. Forgive me, but there are circumstances which make it painful for me to discuss—but it is not in my power to explain."

"Why, Lucy, what is this?" Judith exclaimed. "I had not thought your acquaintance to be more than a chance meeting at a ball!"

"It was a little more than that. I became acquainted with him when I was staying in Brighton with my cousins last year. There was a degree of friendship which—which I could not avoid."

Her voice failed. Judith suspected that the attentions of a dashing young officer had not been wholly unbecoming. She had no doubt that Lord George had speedily overstepped the bounds of propriety, and understood, with ready sympathy, Lucy's feelings upon being confronted with him again. She said steadily: "I perfectly understand, and beg you won't think yourself bound to confide in me. There is not the least necessity!"

She was obliged to turn away directly after, to shake hands with a departing guest. Lucy rejoined her aunt, who was making signs to her that it was time to go, and no further talk was held on the subject. Lord George, who was engaged with a dashing brunette, did not observe her departure. Judith, who knew that at least two other ladies had been the objects of his gallantry that evening, was encouraged to hope that his persecution of Lucy had been nothing more than a piece of Alastair devilry, designed merely to make the poor child uncomfortable.

He soon came up to take his leave. He was escorting his sister, whose head just topped his broad shoulder. In spite of the difference in coloring there was a remarkable likeness between them. Spiritually, too, they seemed to be akin; they delighted in the same mischief, used the same careless, engaging manners, shocked the world like children anxious to attract attention to themselves. Judith, confronting them, admitted their charm, and looked indigently on such a handsome couple.

"I have spent a capital evening, Lady Worth," said George. "When you give your next party I hope you may send me a card. I shall certainly come."

"Of course," she replied. "I am glad you took your courage in your hands and came to-night. It would have been a sad thing not to have seen your sister after riding all that way for the purpose."

"Did he tell you he had come expressly to see me?" said Barbara. "George, what a liar you are! De-

pend upon it, Lady Worth, he had quite another quarry in mind. Shall I see you at the Review to-morrow?"

"At Nivelles? Oh, no! It is too far—and only a Review of Belgian troops. I shall wait to see our own troops reviewed, I believe."

"Then we shall not meet. But you will be at the Duke's party, I daresay, on Friday. Oh, where is Charles? He must procure an invitation for George!"

She drew her hand from her brother's arm as she spoke, and darted off to find the Colonel. She soon came back with him; he promised that a card should be sent to George, and accompanied them both to the door of the carriage. George shook hands at parting, and said warmly: "You're a good fellow: I wish you happy—though I don't above half like to find Bab engaged to a darning Staff Officer, I can tell you!"

"We all have our crosses!" reported the Colonel. "Mine is to be saddled with a Hyde Park soldier for a brother-in-law."

"Oh, the devil! You know, you're so puffed-up, you Penninsular men, that there's no bearing with you! Good night! I shall see you on Friday, I suppose."

He got into the carriage beside his sister, and settled himself in one corner. "Well, that makes the tenth since Childie died," he remarked.

"No! I was only once engaged before!"

"Twice."

"Oh, you are thinking of Ralph Dashwood! That was never announced, and can't signify. I am serious now."

He gave a hoot of laughter. "Until the next man drifts by! Has he any money?"

"I suppose him to have a younger son's portion. He is not rich."

"Well, what the devil made you choose him?" demanded George. "I see no sense in it!"

"I don't care for money," she replied pettishly.

"More fool you, then. I never knew you when you weren't dipped. Besides, this fellow Audley: I like him, he's a good man—but he ain't your sort, Bab."

"True, but I loved him from the first. I don't know how it came about. Isn't it odd that one should keep one's heart intact so many years, only to have it crack for a man no more handsome or wealthy than a hundred others? I can find no reason for it, unless it be the trick his eyes have of smiling while his mouth is grave—and that's nonsensical!"

He said rather gloomily: "I know what you mean. Take it from me, it's the devil."

"It is the devil. I wish to be good, to behave as I should—and yet I don't! If I had never been married to Childie it would be so different! Damnable to have done that to me! I believe it's ruined me."

He yawned. "Where's the use in worrying? You were willing, weren't you?"

"At eighteen, and the boyden that I was! What could I know of the matter? Papa made the match; I married to oblige my family, and

wretched work I made of it! Jasper—oh, don't let us talk of him: how I grew to loathe him! I was never more glad of anything than his death, and I swore then that no one—no one—should ever possess me again! Even though I love Charles, even when I desire most earnestly to please him, there is something in me that revolts—yes revolts, George! It drives me to commit such acts of folly! I use him damnable, I suppose, and shall end by making us both wretched."

"Shouldn't be surprised," said George, with brotherly unconcern. "I know I wouldn't be in his shoes for a thousand pounds."

She underwent one of her lightning changes of mood, breaking into a gurgle of laughter. "You, without a feather to fly with! You'd sell your soul for half the sum!"

The review of the Dutch-Belgian Army at Nivelles, by King William and the Duke of Wellington, passed off creditably. The Duke found the

and Colonel Shawe have sent, there are only three who have any experience at all," wrote his lordship acidly. "Of those there are two, Colonel Elley and Lord Greenock, who are most fit for their situations, and I am most happy they are selected. As for the others, if they had been proposed to me I should have rejected them all."

THE very same day he was sending off another despatch to Torrens, begging him to let him see more troops before sending any more general officers. "I have on objection: on the contrary I wish for Cole and Picton to command divisions," wrote his lordship, with every intention of seeming gracious. "I shall be very happy to have Kemp and Pack, and will do the best I can for them. . . . Quite an affable despatch, this one, much more conciliatory than the one that was on its way to Lord Bathurst. His lordship was not getting the artillery he had demanded; instead of 150 pieces he was to have only 84, including German artillery. He considered his demand to have been excessively small, and he told Bathurst so. "You will see by reference to Prince Hardenberg's return of the Prussian army that they take into the field nearly 80 batteries, manned by 10,000 artillery. Their batteries are of eight guns each, so that they will have about 600 pieces. They do

not take this number for show or amusement," continued his lordship sardonically, "and although it is impossible to grant my demand I hope it will be admitted to be small."

But in spite of the querulous tone of his despatches to London he was not so ill-pleased after all. He might complain that in England they were doing nothing, and were unable to send him anything, but before April was out he was writing quite cheerfully to Hardinge, English Commissioner to the Prussians, that he was getting on in strength, and had now 60,000 men in their shoes, of which at least 10,000 were cavalry.

He was glad when Prince Blucher arrived at the Prussian Headquarters. He liked old Marshal "Ferdinand," but he wished he would not write to him in German.

But Blucher, with his dozen words of English, and his execrable French, was a better man to deal with than his Chief-of-Staff, a jealous fellow, Gneisenau, always making difficulties, and suspecting him of duplicity.

However, that was a minor annoyance; on the whole, his lordship was satisfied with his Prussian allies; though the circumstance of their being continually at loggerheads with King William gave him a good deal of trouble. Poor old Blucher was quite lacking in polish; nor could he be made to realise the value of tact in dealing with a fellow like King William.

Please turn to Page 44

Learning Party Manners at School

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

A LONDON Council School believes in cultivating party manners in its pupils, and gives them leave from school to practise them.

A complete house in miniature has been built by the senior boys of the school, and here boys and girls, from three and a half years up, entertain their friends on their birthdays.

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Nassau troops excellent; the Dutch Militia good, but young; and the Cavalry, though bad riders, remarkably well mounted. Prince Frederick impressed him as being a fine lad, and he wrote as much to Earl Bathurst, in a private letter.

THE pity was that his lordship was not similarly pleased with Prince Frederick's father. He was the most difficult person to deal with his lordship had ever met. "With professions in his mouth of a desire to do everything I can suggest, he objects to everything I propose; then comes to be a matter of negotiation for a week, and at last settles by his desiring him to arrange it as he pleases, and telling him that I will have nothing to say to him."

Bathurst, who was well acquainted with the Duke's temper, might smile a little over this letter, but there was no doubt that his lordship was being harassed on all sides. He was hampered by possessing no command over the King's Army; and he was receiving complaints of the conduct of his engineers at Ypres, who were accused of cutting his Majesty's timber for palisades. He believed the complaints to be groundless, and was not quite pleased with the way in which they were made.

But the jealousies of the Dutch and the Belgians were small matters compared with the behaviour of the Horse Guards in London. He was accustomed to meet with annoying hindrances in foreign countries, and could deal with them. The powers at the Horse Guards were irritating him far more, with their mania for sending him out bevises of illegible young gentlemen to fill Staff posts. No sooner had he turned off eight officers from the Adjutant-General's Staff than he received an official letter from Sir Henry Torrens appointing eight others. He had written pretty sharply to Sir Henry on the subject. They talked glibly at the Horse Guards of all such appointments resting at his nomination, but in actual fact this was far from being true. His lordship complained of being wholly without power to name any of the officers recommended by his generals, because every place was filled from London. "Of the list you

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AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 43

HE was for ever omitting to make just those courteous gestures which would have cost him so little, and soothed the King's dignity so much. Rather a difficult yoke-fellow, Buscher, apt to get the bit between his teeth, and, unfortunately, imbued with such a dislike of the French that he could not be brought to tolerate even the Royalists among them. But he was not afraid of meeting Bonaparte in the field, and he was a likeable old man, with his fierce, rosy face, and fine white whiskers, his spluttering enthusiasm, and his brainy smile.

His lordship was much more comfortable at Headquarters now, for he had got his Military Secretary back, and Sir Colin Campbell, too. His lordship was fond of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had lately married his niece, and so become his nephew by marriage. Lord Fitzroy exactly suited him; for he did

what he was told, never committing the appalling offence of setting up ideas of his own, and acting on them. His lordship detested independently-minded subordinates. It was not the business of his officers to think for themselves. "Have my orders for whatever you do!" he said. It was an inflexible rule; nothing made him angrier than to have it broken.

Lord Fitzroy never broke it. He could be trusted to obey every order punctiliously. He got through an amazing amount of work, too, often in the most unsuitable surroundings, and always with a quiet competence that seemed to make little of the mass of correspondence on his hands. He was not one of those troublesome officers, either, who were forever wanting to go home on leave to attend to urgent private

affairs—which his lordship was convinced could be quite as well settled by correspondence. Nor had he ever discovered (just when he was most needed) that the climate in Spain disagreed with his constitution. You could always be sure of Fitzroy.

His lordship was sure of Colin Campbell, too, who had been with him so many years, and managed his household so admirably, in spite of his inability to speak intelligibly any foreign language.

In fact, his lordship was perfectly happy in his Personal Staff. As for his General Staff, though he complained peevishly of having strangers foisted on to him, and of being unable to entrust the details of the departments to any of the young gentlemen on the Staff,

he was not (if the truth were told) so very badly off there either. He might write to Torrens that he had no means of naming any of the officers he would prefer to all others, but somehow they began to appear on the General Staff; seasoned men like Elley, and Waters, Felton Hervey, Greenock, Woodford, Gomm, Shaw, and any number of others. He had Barnes for his Adjutant-General; and was getting De Lancey sent out as Quartermaster-General in place of Sir Hudson Lowe. He wanted Murray, of course; De Lancey was only a Deputy; but Murray was still in America, and he could not really blame Torrens for being unable to spirit him back to Europe.

To read his lordship's despatches you might think he had no power at all over the appointments in the Army. In one of his irritable moods, he wrote another barbed letter to Bathurst: "I might have expected that the Generals and Staff formed by me in the last war would have been allowed to come to me again," he complained, and continued in a sweeping style which made Lord Bathurst grin appreciatively: "But instead of that, I am overloaded with people I have never seen before; and it appears to be purposely intended to keep those out of my way whom I wished to have." His lordship felt much better after that explosion of wrath, and added: "However, I'll do the best I can with the instruments which have been sent to assist me."

BUT gentlemen applying for Staff appointments in the Duke's army were told at the Horse Guards that the selection of officers to fill these was left to the Duke; and occasionally his lordship seemed to forget that he had no power to employ gentlemen of his own choosing. He might complain of having his hands tied, but when it came to the point his lordship seemed to do very much what he liked. When he wanted Lieutenant-Colonel Grant to come out to him to be at the head of the Intelligence Department, and Lieutenant-Colonel Soovell to take charge of the Department of Military Communications, he told Lord Fitzroy to write offering the posts to both these gentlemen, and only afterwards informed Torrens of having done so. He hoped, coolly, that it would be approved of, and in point of fact had not the least doubt that it would be approved of.

But you could not be surprised at his lordship's being a little testy. He was not a pessimistic man, but he rather liked to have a grievance, and was very apt to grumble that he was obliged to do everyone's work in addition to his own. He had, moreover, an overwhelming amount of work of his own to do, and endless annoyances to deal with. The wonder was not that he was peevish in his office, but that he was so cheerful out of it. Quite apart from the all-important task of putting the country and the Army in a state of readiness for war he was obliged to tackle such problems as the amounts of the subsidies to be granted to the various countries engaged in the campaign. First it was Hanover (a complicated business, that); then Austria; then Russia (shocking people to deal with, the Russians); and next it would be the Duke of Brunswick, already on the march with his troops to join the Army.

Subsidies one moment, wagons for the Hanoverians the next; then some quite trivial matter, such as old Arendtschildt's request for permission for certain of his officers to receive a Russian decoration; there was no end to the business requiring his lordship's attention; yet in the midst of it all he could find time to review troops, pay flying visits to garrisons, attend parties, and even to give a large party himself, and appear as light-hearted at it as though he had not a care in the world.

His lordship had a natural taste for festivities, and during his late spell of office as Ambassador to King Louis, had acquired the habit of planning his own parties on a lavish scale. His first in Brussels was a brilliant affair, comprising a dinner at the Hotel de Belle Vue to his more important guests, including the King and Queen of the Netherlands, followed by a concert, ball, and supper at the Salle du Grand Concert, in the Rue Ducale.

It quite eclipsed the Court party, held some days previously. Everything went off without the smallest hitch; the Catalani was in her best voice; the Duke was the most affable of hosts; his Staff seconded him ably; and the Salle was so crowded with distinguished persons that it became at times quite difficult to move about.

The invitation list was indeed enormous, and had cost the Staff many a headache, for besides the English in Brussels, all the Belgian and Dutch notables had received elegant, cream-laid, gilt-edged cards, requesting the honor of their presence. Nearly all of them had accepted, too: the Duc d'Ursel, with his big nose and tiny chin; cheerful little Baron Hoogvorst, and Madame; competent M. van der Capellen, the Secretary of State; the Duc and Duchesse de Beaufort, and Mademoiselle; bevy of Counts and Countesses and Dowager Countesses, all with their blushing daughters, and hopeful sons; and, of course, the Royals; King William, and his lethargic spouse, with their splendid young son, Frederick; and an extensive suite. The Prince of Orange was present as well, but could hardly be included in the Royal party, since he arrived separately, was dressed in the uniform of the Prince of Wales' Own, talking nothing but English, and consorted almost exclusively with his English friends and fellow-Generals. He had quite forgotten his huff at being superseded in the command of the Army. He was going to be given the 1st Corps, Lord Hill having the 2nd; and his dread mentor was treating him with so much confidence that he had nothing left to wish for. "For ever your most truly devoted and affectionate William, Prince of Orange," was how the Prince subscribed himself exuberantly in his letters to the Duke. All he ever received in return was: "Believe me, etc., etc., Wellington." His lordship was never fulsome. "Je supplie Votre Altesse d'agréer en toute les sentiments respectueux avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, de Votre Altesse le très humble et très obéissant serviteur," would write some Prussian General painstakingly. "Write him that I am very much obliged to him," scrawled the Duke at the foot of such despatches.

BUT the Prince of Orange was too well acquainted with his lordship to be cast down by his chilly letters.

In fact, the Prince was in high fettle. His personal staff was composed of just the men he liked best: all English, and including his dear friend the Earl of March. He was very happy, sparkling with gaiety, looking absurdly young, and just a little conscious of the dizzy military heights to which he had risen. Sometimes he felt intoxicatingly important, and was a trifle imperious with the Generals under his command; but when he found himself in Lord Hill's presence, and looked into that kindly face, with its twinkling eyes and fatherly smile, his importance fell away from him, and he was all eager deference, just as he was with the Duke, or with the veteran Count Alten of the German Legion, whose bright, stern gaze could always disconcert him. Sir Charles Count von Alten was under the Prince, in command of the 3rd Division, which was formed of one British brigade under Sir Colin Halkett; one brigade of the German Legion, under Baron Ompteda; and one Hanoverian brigade, under Count Kleinschlegel.

Please turn to Page 45



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DOAN'S OINTMENT

AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 44

COUNT ALLEN was fifty-one years of age, seasoned in war, and rather grim-faced. He was an extremely competent General—so competent that even the men of the Light Division had approved of him when he had commanded them—and a somewhat alarming person for a young gentleman only twenty-four years old to have under him. He was very polite to the Prince, and they got on really very well together, but his Royal Highness was glad that the rest of the 1st Corps, with the exception of the Guards, was composed of Dutch-Belgian troops under two Generals who, though experienced soldiers, naturally had a respect for their Hereditary Prince which the English and the Germans could not be expected to share. His bete-noire, and late second-in-command, Sir Henry Clinton, was commanding a division in Hill's Corps; and that much more alarming person even than Count Allen, Sir Thomas Pieten, was destined for the Reserve.

Sir Thomas was not expected to arrive in the Netherlands for quite some time, but it was certain that he was coming sooner or later, for the Duke, though he did not much care for him in a personal way, had made a point of asking for him.

The latest important arrival was Lord Uxbridge. A General Order instructing Brigade Commanders of Cavalry to report in future to him had been issued from the Adjutant-General's printing-office on the day of the Duke's ball. He was to have command of all the British and German cavalry, and was reputed to be a very dashing leader.

He had arrived in the Netherlands in time to attend the Duke's party, and was present at the preceding dinner. When he appeared in the Salle de Concert, he attracted a great deal of attention, for the men were anxious to see what sort of a fellow he was, and the ladies could hardly drag their eyes from his splendid person.

THE Peninsula Army had been accustomed to Napoleon Cotton, now Lord Combermere, but the Earl of Uxbridge was the better cavalry General. He had served with distinction under Sir John Moore, but two circumstances had prevented his being employed under Wellington. He had been senior to the Duke, and had further complicated the situation by abiding with the wife of Wellington's brother Henry. This unfortunate affair put the Pagets and the Wellesleys on the worst of bad terms. Henry had been obliged to divorce Lady Charlotte, and any scheme of sending Lord Uxbridge out to Spain had naturally been felt to have been out of the question. Five years later, in 1815, it was an understood thing that Combermere would again command the cavalry: the army wanted him, and it was certain that the Duke had applied for him. But to everyone's surprise the Horse Guards sent Uxbridge instead. It was said they had done so at the instigation of that meddling person, the Prince Regent, and it was generally felt that the appointment would not only cause some scandal in England, but must also offend the Duke. But the Duke, like the Regent, was not remarkable for holding the marriage-tie in any peculiar degree of sanctity, and upon a friend's saying to him that

Lord Uxbridge's appointment would give rise to much scandal, replied, with one of his high-nosed stares: "Why?"

A little disconcerted, his well-meaning friend stammered: "Well, but—but your grace cannot have forgotten the affair of Lady Charlotte!"

"No! I haven't forgotten that." "Oh! Well—well, that's not all," you know. They say Uxbridge runs away with everyone he can."

"I'll take dashed good care he don't run away with me!" replied the Duke caustically. "I don't care about anyone else."

The army, like the Duke, did not care a button for Lord Uxbridge's amatory adventures: it merely wanted a good cavalry leader. Lord Uxbridge was said to be a veritable Murat; it remained to be seen whether this was true. He was also said to be very haughty. He did not seem so, at first glance; his manners were most polished, his smile ready, and his handshake freely given. His mouth had, indeed, a slightly disdainful curve, and his brilliant dark eyes were rather heavy lidded, which made them look a little contemptuous, but he showed no signs of snubbing junior officers (which rumor accused him of doing frequently), and seemed, without being over-conciliating, or in any way affected, to be bent on getting on good terms with his people.

Like the Prince of Orange, he wore full-dress Hussar uniform, but with what a difference! No amount of silver lace, swinging tassels, rich fur, or shining buttons could invest the Prince's measure form with dignity. In this most splendid of uniforms he looked over-dressed, and rather ridiculous.

But Lord Uxbridge, tall, and most beautifully proportioned, carried it off to perfection. He was forty-seven years old, but looked younger, and was obviously something of a dandy. His white net pantaloons showed not a single crease; over a jacket fitting tightly to the body and almost obscured by the frogs that adorned it, he wore a furled and braided pelisse, caught round his neck with tasselled cords, and flung back to hang negligently over his left shoulder. Under the stiff, silver-encrusted collar of his jacket, a black cravat was knotted, with the points of his shirt collar just protruding above it. Several glittering orders, very neat side-whiskers, and fashionably arranged hair completed his appearance. He had not brought his lady out from England, but whether he had left her behind out of tact, or from the circumstance of her being in the expectation of a "happy event," was a matter for conjecture. Two of his aides-de-camp were with him: Major Thornhill, of his own regiment, the 7th Hussars; and Captain Seymour, supposed to be the strongest man in the British Army. He was certainly the largest; he topped even the Life Guardsmen, and had such a gigantic frame that he was a butt to his friends and an object of considerable respect to everyone else.

As usual, the military predominated at the ball. Lord Hill was present, with all three of his brothers: Generals Maitland and Byng; old Sir John Vandeleur, very bluff and

affable; General Adam; Sir Henry Clinton, with Lady Susan on his arm; General Colville, who had come all the way from Oudenarde to attend the function; Sir Hussey Vivian, with his shattered hand in a sling, but still perfectly capable of leading his Hussar brigade in any charge; Sir William Ponsonby, newly arrived from England with the Union Brigade of Heavy Dragoons; handsome Colonel Sir Frederick Ponsonby, of another branch of the family, with his sister, Lady Caroline Lamb; both

hosts to the throng of guests. A good deal of surprise had been felt in Paris at the youthful aspect of his staff, but his lordship knew what he was about when he chose these young scions of noble houses to live with him. He did not want middle-aged men with distinguished records with him; they could be better employed elsewhere, and would, moreover, have bored him. He wanted polished young men of good families, who were of his own world, who knew how to make themselves pleasant in exalted circles, and could amuse his leisure moments with



REFLECTIONS—Maybe this young woman was looking at the world through rose-colored spectacles. Or perhaps she was just wearing sun-glasses. At any rate, a photographer hove into view and she "caught" him—and vice versa.

the gallant Halketts, Sir Colin and his brother Hew; the Adjutant-General, sharp-faced and fiery-spirited; Colonel Arendtschilt, talking to everyone in his incoherently bad English; General Perponcher; and genial Baron Chasse, whom the French, under whom he had served, called Captain Bayonnette; Baron Constant de Rebecque, a favorite with the Peninsula officers; Count Bylandt, from Nijmegen; and a cluster of Dutch and Belgian cavalry leaders; Baron Ghigny, a little auvergne; Baron van Merlen, a little melan-choly; General Trip, a heavy man, like his own Caribiniers.

BESIDES these distinguished personages there were any number of young officers, all very smart and gallant, and acquitting themselves nobly on the floor of the ballroom under the Duke's indulgent eye. Provided there was no question of neglected duty involved, his lordship liked to see his boys dancing the night through, and always made a point of inviting young officers of the best families, of course, to his balls. They made a good impression on foreigners; such a nice-looking, well-set-up lot as they were! But besides that, his lordship liked the younger men. He kept his eye on the promising ones among them, and would very often single them out above their elders. Colborne had been one of his favored young men; Harry Smith, that mad boy with the Spanish child-wife, and poor Somers Cocks, who had ended a brilliant career at Burgos. "The young ones will always beat the old ones," said his lordship, and those he chose for his patronage certainly seemed to prove the truth of his dictum.

As for his personal staff, he was really fond of those youngsters. The oldest of them was Audley at thirty-five, and the rest were mere lads in their twenties, even Lord Pittwater, at present engaged in shepherding two Belgian ladies to a couple of seats in the front row.

The Duke's eagle eye swept the concert hall, noting with satisfaction that his family were all present, and all performing their duties as

their adventures, and their fun, and their bubbling energy. On an occasion such as this they were invaluable; nothing awkward about any of them; all well-bred boys who had come to him from Oxford or Cambridge (and not from any new-fangled Military College), accustomed all their lives to moving in the first circles, and consequently assured in their manners, graceful in the ballroom, conversable in the salon.

When he came in with his Royal guards, the rest of the party was already assembled. Everyone stood up, the soldiers to attention, civilian gentlemen deeply bowing, and all the ladies swaying into curtseys like lilies in a high wind.

Please turn to Page 46



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FIVE NIGHTS A WEEK

(Mon. to Fri.)

at 6 p.m.

THE King and Queen acknowledged their reception, the Duke gave a quick look round, saw that everything was just as it should be, nodded his satisfaction to Colonel Audley, who happened to be standing near him, and escorted the Royals to their places.

The concert began with a Haydn Symphony, but although his lordship, who had a great appreciation of good music, enjoyed it, the piece de resistance for most of his guests was the appearance of La Catalani. His lordship described her as being as sharp as a Jew, and Colonel Fremantle had certainly found her so. Nothing could induce her to sing more than two songs, and she had haggled over them. However, when she mounted the platform, she looked as lovely as any angel, and when she opened her mouth and let the golden notes soar heavenwards, even Fremantle felt that he must have misjudged her. She favored the company first with an aria from *Porto Cello*, and then with an allegro, which showed off the flexibility of her voice to admiration. She was cheered, and encored, but there was no getting another song out of her. She curtailed again and again, blew kisses to the audience, and finally withdrew, apparently exhausted.

The dancing began soon afterwards. The Duke, finding himself standing beside Barbara Childe, said: "Lovely voice that Catalani woman has, don't you agree?"

"Yes, she sings like an angel, or a nightingale, or whatever the creature is that sings better than all others. She has put me quite out of temper. I can tell you, for I had a song for you, Duke, and flattered myself I should have made a hit!"

"What? Are you going to sing to me?" he asked delighted. "Capital! I shall enjoy that, I assure you! What is your voice? Why have I not heard it before?"

"Oh," she said saucily. "It is not my voice which I depended on to make the hit with you, but the song!"

"Ah, now I believe you are quizzing me, Lady Bab! What song is this?"

She looked demurely, under her lashes, and replied: "I am sure you

would have been pleased! I should have sung for you 'Abe Marmont, onde val, Marmont!'"

He gave his neigh of sudden laughter. "Oh, that's very good! That's famous! But, hush! Can't have that song nowadays, you know. Who told you about it? That rascal Audley, was it? They used to sing it a lot in Spain. Pretty tune!"

"Charming! Where was he going, poor Marmont?"

"Back to France, of course," said his lordship. "Chased out of Spain; romped; that's what the song's about."

"Oh, I see! He was in Brussels last month, I believe. Did you reckon him a great General, Duke?"

"O H, no, no!" he said, shaking his head. "Massena was the best man they ever sent against me. I always found him where I least wanted him to be. Marmont used to manoeuvre about in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object."

He caught sight of his niece, and beckoned to her, and patted her hand when she came up to him.

"Not tired, Emily? That's right! Lady Bab, you must let me present my niece, Lady Fitzroy Somerset. But you must not be standing about, my dear!" he added, in a solicitous undertone. Lady Fitzroy flushed faintly, but replied in her gentle way that she was not at all tired, had no wish to sit down, and was, in point of fact, looking for her mother and sister. The Duke reminded her bluffly that she must take care of herself, and went off to exchange a few words with Sir Charles Stuart. Lady Frances Webster, who had been watching him, was very glad to see him go. She profoundly mistrusted Barbara Childe, and had suffered an agonising pang at the sight of his lordship whooping with laughter at what Barbara had said to him.

Barbara, however, had no desire to steal his lordship's affection. She had begun to wait with Colonel Ponsonby; passed from his arms to those of Major Thornhill; and found herself at the end of the dance standing close to Lord Uxbridge, who immediately stepped up to her, exclaiming: "Why, Bab, my lovely one! How do you do? They tell me you're engaged to be married! How has that come about? I thought you were a hardened case!"

She gave him her hand. "Oh, so did I, but you know how it is! Besides, Gusie tells me I shall soon be quite passed. Have you seen her? She is here somewhere."

"I caught a glimpse, but to tell you the truth I have been the whole evening shaking hands with strangers. Who is the lucky man? I hope he is one of my fellows?"

"In a way I suppose you may say that he is. He's on the Duke's Staff, however—Charles Audley. But tell me, Harry: are you glad to be here?"

"Yes," he replied instantly. "Oh, I know what you are thinking, but that's old history now!"

She laughed. "It is an enchanting situation! Do you find it awkward?"

"Not a bit!" he said with cheerful unconcern. "I go on very well with Wellington, and shall do the same with the fellows under me, when they get to know me—and I them. What's forming? A quadrille! Now Bab, you must and you shall dance with me—for old times' sake!"

"H"OW melancholy that sounds! You must settle it with Colonel Audley, who is coming to claim it. I dare say he won't give it up, for I told him that you were my first love, you know. Charles, I must make you known to Lord Uxbridge."

"How do you do? Bab tells me you should by rights be one of my people. By the by, you must let me congratulate you: you are a fortunate fellow! I have been Bab's servant any time these ten years—knew her when she had her hair all down her back, and wouldn't see her sampler. You are to be envied."

"I envy you, sir. I would give much to have known her then."

"She was a bad child. Now, if you please, you are to fancy yourself back in your regiment, and under my command. I have to request you, Colonel Audley (but I own it to be a das-

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 45

tardly trick!) to relinquish this dance to me."

The Colonel smiled. "You put me in an awkward position, sir. My duty, and all the Service Regulations, oblige me to obey you with alacrity; but how am I to do so without offending Bab?"

"I will make your peace with her. I promise you," replied Uxbridge. "Very well, sir: I obey under strong protest."

"Quite irregular! But I don't blame you! Come, you witch, or it will be too late."

He led Barbara into the set that was forming. A hand clasped Colonel Audley on the shoulder. "Hallo, Charles! Slighted, my boy?"

The Colonel turned to confront Lord Robert Manners. "You, is it? How are you, Bob?"

"Oh, toll-loll!" said Manners, giving his peevish hitch. "I have just been telling Worth all the latest London scandal. You know, you're a paltry fellow to be enjoying yourself on the Staff in stirring times like these, upon my word you are! I wish you were back with us."

"Enjoying myself! You'd better try being one of the Beau's A.D.C.'s my boy! You don't know when you're well-off, all snug and comfortable with the Regiment!"

"O H! A precious lot of comfort we shall have when we go into action. When you trot off in your smart cocked-hat, with a message in your pocket, think of us, charging to death or glory!"

"I will," promised the Colonel. "And when you're enjoying your nice, packed charge, spare a thought for the lonely, and damnably distinctive figure galloping hell for leather with his message, wishing to heaven every French sharpshooter didn't know by his cocked-hat he was a Staff officer, and wondering whether his horse is going to hold up under him, or come down within easy reach of the French lines: he will very likely be me!"

"Oh, well!" said Lord Robert, abandoning the argument. "Come and have a drink, anyway. I have a good story to tell you about Brummel!"

The story was told, others followed it; but presently Lord Robert turned to more serious matters, and said, over a glass of champagne: "But that's enough of London! Between friends, Charles, what's happening here?"

"It's pretty difficult to say. We get intelligence from Paris, of course, and what we don't hear Clarke does; but one's never too sure of one's

sources. By what we can discover, the French aren't by any means unanimous over Boney's return. All this enthusiasm you hear of belongs to the Army. It wouldn't surprise me if Boney finds himself with internal troubles brewing. Angouleme (faded of course; but we've heard rumors of something afoot in La Vendee. One thing seems certain: Boney's in an easy yet to march on us. We hear of him leaving Paris, and of his troops marching to this frontier—they are marching, but he's not with them."

"What about ourselves? How do we go on?"

"WELL, we can put 70,000 men into the field now, which is something."

"Too many 2nd Battalions," said Lord Robert. "Under strength, army they?"

"Some of them. You know how it is. We're hoping to get some of the troops back from America. But heaven knows whether they'll arrive in time! We miss Murray badly—but we hear we're to have De Lancey in his place, which will answer pretty well. By the by, he's married now, isn't he?"

"Yes; charming girl, I believe. What are the Dutch and Belgian troops like? We don't hear very comfortable reports of them. Disaffected, are they?"

"They're thought to be. It wouldn't be surprising; half of them have fought under the Eagles. I suppose the Duke will try to mix them with our own people as much as possible, as he did with the Portuguese. Then there will be the Brunswick Oels Jagers: they ought to do well, though they aren't what they were when we first had them with us."

"Well, no more is the Legion," said Lord Robert.

"No; they began to recruit too many foreigners. But they're good troops, for all that, and they're good Generals. I don't know what the other Hanoverians are like; there's a large contingent of them, but mostly Landwehr battalions."

"It sounds to me," said Lord Robert, draining his glass, "like a devilish mixed-bag. What are the Prussians like?"

"We don't see much of them. Hardinge's with them; says they're a queer set, according to our notions. When Blucher has a plan of campaign, he holds conferences with all his Generals, and they discuss it, and argue over it, under his very nose. I should like to see old Hooker inviting Hill, and Alten, and Picton, and the rest, to discuss his plans with him!"

To Be Continued

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOMIE MAKER

February 26, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

If You've Had A LAZY SUMMER

By JANET

Then check up on your face, hair, and figure if you want to look your best in your new autumn clothes...

SUMMER, the most delightful time of the year, puts us in good condition physically, but often takes toll of our good looks. And the more lazy your summer the greater the devastating effects on your face, figure and hair.

1. HAS Your Chin Gone Double?

Somehow, in these lazy days of summer, fat has a furtive way of creeping in and settling down before you know it. Has your facial contour filled out so you hate to catch unexpected profile glimpses of yourself in mirrors?

Reducing a double chin takes work. There is no magic preparation to melt it away. You have to pat and knead and mould and stroke, day after day, to break down those fat deposits by localised physical exercise, and to arouse vigorous circulation to carry away the residue of those broken-down cells.

The preparation you use as a medium for this massage will depend on your individual needs.

If your skin is very dry, use a cream. If your skin is relaxed and flabby, or coarse and oily, use an astringent or tonic lotion.

Pat upwards against your chin with the back of your hand, or with one of the patting gadgets that many beauty salons offer for home treatments. And pat smartly till the skin is definitely pink.

Double Chin

MAKE a loose fist of each hand and dig deep into the double chin with your knuckles, working from the centre outward under the jawbone to the ear.

Use both hands to smooth and stroke your throat quickly and thoroughly, downward on the neck, upward from the point under the chin where you can feel the pull on your facial muscles. (You must never pull them down, you see.)

Make cool tonic pads of cotton wet with astringent or skin lotion. Fit these closely against your chin and jaw and tie them on with a chin strap or strip of cotton bandage.

Leave them on for ten minutes while you rest. This tie-up will help restore the firmness and elasticity of skin that was stretched by the accumulation of fat under your chin.

It is important to tighten this skin up as you break down the fatty deposits, for otherwise you will leave loose skin folds, which are as old-looking as an actual double chin.

2. Is Your Complexion Sallow? Sun-tan is lovely while it is a copper tan but the instant it loses that sunny warmth of tone and becomes a faded drab it is unbecoming, especially with the more subdued colors that you wear in city clothes.

How to get rid of suntan?

Milk preparations are grand for bleaching and toning and clearing the skin.

Most masks bleach, even when they do not pretend to contain actual bleaching ingredients. For the stimulus they give carries away poisons that dull the complexion from within.

And a mask also hastens the shedding of the old brown skin scales and their replacement by new pink skin from beneath.

Use lots of creams before and after a mask preparation, for any bleach may have a slight drying effect on the skin.

Be content to bleach the skin slowly for this same reason. Quick, strong bleaches may make the skin



HAIR invariably shows effects of too much sun, salt water, and wind at the end of the summer by becoming dry and stringy. You can re-condition it with oil shampoos and plenty of brushing and combing, as Rita Casina, the 20th Century Fox player with long dark tresses, is doing here.

LEFT: For a bulging waistline try some simple daily exercise such as touching the ground with your finger-tips, first to one side and then to the other, with knees kept straight.



CHECK UP on your complexion by careful scrutiny in your mirror. Lull Dente, Columbia player, watches her skin for defects this way.

flake. In using any bleaching preparation for the first time apply cold cream or tissue cream first, to moderate its action till you know the sensitivity of your skin.

3. Is Your Waistline Bulging? Curves are the fashion, so you may not want to diet down the weight you've gained this summer. But how will your autumn clothes look around your middle—a little pudgy? Is there a roll of fat pushing up above your girdle?

You'll have to exercise that down. No exercise is better for that "spare tyre" waistline than the movement of swinging your arms up over your head, then forward and down till you touch the floor with your finger-tips and without bending your knees.

Or the one in which you lie on your back on the floor, arms at sides, and raise your legs till your toes point to the zenith and the pull on your

abdomen nearly makes you scream; at which time you then lower your legs slowly to the floor again.

4. Is Your Hair Dry and Stringy? Then you must get busy with re-conditioning treatments.

Try oil shampoos—that is soaking the scalp in olive oil the night before you wash your hair. After-lubrication is good, too.

Just before your hair is thoroughly dry after shampooing, apply an oily hair tonic or scalp ointment or pomade. Part your hair in several places, and use a bit of cotton on your finger-tips to get the preparation to the scalp itself.

Work it in well, then brush your hair for several minutes to distribute the oil down the length of your hair. This will make your hair more supple and tractable, and will bring back the lustrous highlights which are lacking when hair is dry and harsh.

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Well GROOMED All DAY

Make A Point Of Being...

It Is More Important than Beauty,
Especially for the Business Woman

By JANET

IN the business world, efficiency is the main essential. Almost as important is good grooming. In fact, the two usually go together. The girl who is careless about her appearance is often careless in her work, while the well-groomed woman not only looks smart but proves her efficiency.



"Tommy's been a cry-baby again", says Margaret. "I know why! I know why! He wouldn't eat his breakfast for his Mummy."



"You know, Mrs. Rogers," says Tommy's teacher to his Mother, "we never force the children to do anything here at the Kindergarten. The idea is to let Tommy think that there's something interesting about eating his breakfast. Now, have you heard about 'Snap! Crackle! and Pop!'?"



Tommy's Mother took his teacher's advice. She gave Tommy a plateful of Rice Bubbles for breakfast next day. No more trouble with Tommy at breakfast time, now!... He loves to eat up these delicious, nourishing Rice Bubbles that crackle with a thrilling "Snap, crackle and Pop!"

Always fresh, crisp and ready to serve. Sold at all grocers.



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BREATH-TAKING beauties are very delightful in their place—in the films or at a social gathering or somewhere equally far from everyday business life.

But in the busy commercial world—in office, store, or other place of business—managers prefer the smart-looking girl to the dazzling young lovely.

Which is just why good grooming is so much more important than mere prettiness when it comes to proving yourself a capable business woman.

A nice fresh skin, smooth, well-kept hair, and the intelligent use of cosmetics and toiletries are the first requirements for the commercial woman, and are essential, too, to poise and smartness.

How is it some girls always manage to look so smart all through the day—even the busiest of them? Not by luck and not by accident, that is certain. You want the right equipment for the task of looking—as well as being—the perfect secretary, let us say.

Start the Day

YOU will start the day, of course, with your bath or shower, followed by a generous dusting of your favorite talcum, the use of a deodorant and fresh undies.

Your make-up will be carefully applied so that it will last for several hours, and your hair arranged neatly so that it will not become untidy as soon as business duties claim your attention.



NEATNESS IN DRESSING is also essential for the business girl. Olivia de Havilland, Warner Bros. star, shows you here how to look smart and neat at the same time.



GOOD GROOMING for the business girl includes a careful facial make-up—one that is natural-looking and shows no blobs of powder on the face, eyelashes or brows. Lipstick, too, as June Lang, 20th Century-Fox player, shows here, should be delicately and carefully applied, and not spread over the edges of the mouth.

But in addition to a good start you must be prepared to ensure your smart appearance all through the day by keeping handy the necessary toilet items for a quick "do-up" when required.

It is a good idea to reserve a corner of one of your desk drawers for your personal needs. Items such as pocket comb, powder and puff, lipstick and rouge you'll probably keep in your purse. But you are sure to need some pet beautifiers for your office "dressing-table" as well as make-up requirements for occasions when you are staying in town for dinner and a show. If you can keep these things in a box in your drawer—better still. Then, should it be opened by anyone else, they will not be confronted by an array of powders and rouges.

You'll certainly need a bottle of hand lotion in your drawer as well as cleansing cream and tissues. If you haven't got the tissue habit yet, start now and acquire it. For office use as well as in the home tissues really do prove themselves indispensable. They save time and trouble in so many countless ways that you wonder how you ever did without them.

No Waste

BUY your tissues boxed. They are pulled out in pairs, which means you never waste any. You'll find them useful for removing cold cream, smoothing in rouge and lipstick (no more gory-looking towels when you use tissues!), for wrapping round your powder puff—or as an emergency puff—for handkerchiefs when you have a cold.

Wipe the mouthpiece of dictaphones and telephones with tissues, too. That's much more hygienic than using cloths. Use tissues also for cleaning your typewriter and desk, as pen-wipers or emergency blotters, or to wipe away paste.

Make a point of keeping your hands immaculate. Nothing looks more displeasing in a business woman than uncared-for hands, rough and carelessly manicured.

Keep some pure olive oil soap and a towel in your desk drawer for washing your hands. After washing rub on a little hand lotion to keep them soft and smooth. If your nails are dry, keep some cuticle cream also in the office and use it every time you wash your hands to keep cuticles soft and prevent them from cracking. Use an orange stick for keeping the nails clean.

There is no reason why you shouldn't include a tooth-brush, too, so that you can brush your teeth after every meal. This is especially useful if you are staying in town for the evening. If a tooth-brush is difficult, carry some dental floss with you and use it to free your teeth of food deposits after your lunch.

Remember, too, that a small—but complete—sewing kit will solve for the time being the problem of a laddered stocking, a torn seam or missing button, and so help you to look perfectly neat under all circumstances.

Good grooming will give you poise and poise—that envied combination of personality plus smart serenity—is a priceless asset, at home or anywhere. It's well worth any trouble you may take to acquire it!



Make your eyes
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HERE IS A Very Charming HOME

... Carefully planned and furnished with skill and artistry it is invitingly liveable upstairs and down.

By Our Home Decorator



ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL Australian home, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tinkler, Crow's Nest Road, Waverton, N.S.W. The plan and the several rooms illustrated on this page are worthy of your close study.



WHAT EVERY MAN would like to possess—a den all to himself. The room pictured above is simple, practical and very comfortable.

SET among stalwart gum trees and standing well back from the street level, this cream and red house, which you glimpse above, looks most impressive.

The moment you cross the threshold you are charmed. It is a happily planned home. It is spacious, colorful, and friendly—invitingly liveable both upstairs and down.

The entrance hall opens on the left to a spacious lounge and, at right, the dining-room. With the wide doors open the hall and rooms become one large room running the full width of the house itself. Here is a brief description of the color and furnishing scheme.

The flooring throughout is New Zealand and metal wood, sanded and polished. Large rug-colored rugs cover the floors of lounge, entrance hall and dining-room. The walls are off-white. There are no picture-rails.

The lounge, with its deep-seated chairs and settees covered with patterned linen in green and rich rust tones with matching curtains, its plain rug and soft green cushions, is delightful.

Decorative touches are given with

artistic pieces of pottery, objets d'art, beautiful pictures, books, and flowers.

On either side of the attractive fireplace are built-in bookshelves constructed by Mr. Tinkler at a fraction of the price quoted by a carpenter. Incidentally, the shelves and cupboards shown in the den above and on either side of the lovely bed were also "home-made" at little cost.

Quaint and lovely is the Dutch dresser which is a feature of the dining-room.

The study, or den as it is called, opens off the lounge. This is a real man's room. See picture above.

Red and white was the chosen color scheme for the kitchen. This is a gay little room with its attractive breakfast alcove.

The main upstairs bedroom is one of the most adorable bedrooms I have ever entered. And yet it is simply furnished. The wide, low bed is covered with a sprigged chintz spread; primroses which decorate the wallpaper are in palest pastels. The all-over carpet is pale biscuit in color.

Pilmy net curtains decorate windows of the dressing-table alcove and the doors leading on to the tiny red and cream balcony.



A COLORFUL, spacious and restfully inviting room. Pastel primroses in mass form decorate the wallpaper. The floor is covered with a beige rug. Sprigged chintz covers the bed. Bed-head, shelves, and cupboards on either side are home-made. Note miniature radio set.



ABOVE YOU GLIMPSE the breakfast alcove in the attractive red-and-white workshop of the home—the kitchen and, at left, the charming dining-room furnished and decorated with Dutch pieces. Even the china used in this room is Dutch in character. A door from this room leads on to a cheery, comfortable sun-porch.

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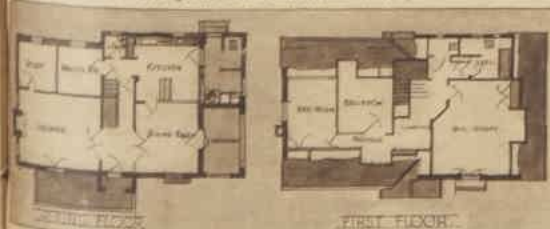
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GROUND AND FIRST FLOOR plans of the attractive house pictured above. It will interest all homelovers.

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Needlework Notions

These symbolical bluebird motifs, also butterfly and conventional daisy designs, decorate sweetest of guest towels.



SMALL HAND-TOWELS are necessary in every home. Any one of the towels carrying the lovely designs illustrated at right may be yours.

YOU may obtain these linen or huckaback towels, traced ready for colorful stitchery, from our Needlework Department.

Small hand-towels are a very necessary item in the linen cupboard, and a very important one in the bride's linen list.

Here are three of the loveliest designs we have seen for many a day. They have been specially created for our readers, and are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Quickly-made, and not exacting in their demands on one's skill, they are bound to find immediate favor in the eyes of all homemakers and needle-lovers.

The towels we offer you here measure 15 inches by 24 inches—a very useful size.

The ends of the Conventional Daisy and Butterfly design are scalloped and are ready for your quick crochet needle for they are spoke-stitched. The Bluebird towels have a straight edge, which is also spoke-stitched.



The three lovely designs may be had in cream linen; also in a lovely yellow, blue, or pink huckaback. Price 2/6 each. Postage is free.

HERE YOU SEE a close-up of the three towel designs specially created for housewives and brides-to-be. These towels, traced ready to work, in cream linen or colorful huckaback, cost 2/6 each from our Needlework Department.

The embroidery: The bluebirds should be worked in lovely shades of blue with brown lines, and green stems. The butterflies could be worked in various shades of greens or pinks.

The "Daisy" design would be best in pastel shades to harmonise with the selected color in huckaback.

For the Sweetest Mite in all the World!

Adorable frock and petticoat fashioned of rich, ivory-white crepe-de-chine.

Paper patterns of these dainty garments also available.



SKETCHES show how the frock and petticoat will look when completed. These dainty, ready-cut-for-making garments, fashioned of crepe-de-chine and traced with floral motifs, are obtainable from our Needlework Department. Paper patterns also available.

IF you're seeking something rather lovely for a babe's trousseau do not lightly pass by this offering.

Note this carefully: You can obtain the adorable garments illustrated above, comprising frock and petticoat ready cut for making up. The material which fashions these dainty garments is a lovely ivory-white crepe-de-chine. Soft and lustrous it will stand long wear, and will tub beautifully.

In addition, these ready-cut garments are traced with fascinating little floral motifs all in readiness for quick, easy-to-work hand-embroidery. These little garments may be quickly

run-up on the sewing machine, after the embroidery is finished; or they may be made by hand.

The frock costs 5/11, and the petticoat 4/6. Sizes to fit the 6 to 12-months-old babe.

If, on the other hand, you prefer to buy your own material, cut out and make the garments yourself, you may obtain paper patterns. These cost 10s each, post free.

You can also have the embroidery transfer. This costs 1/-.



A RICH FULL-FLAVOURED Ketchup - THE Perfect TOMATO SAUCE

● **MAKE** a habit of using the finest Tomato Sauce that ever delighted a critical palate—Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Rich. Full-bodied. Different. Made from luscious Heinz Australian-grown tomatoes—plucked red-ripe from the vine—picked, cooked and bottled all in one day.

If you have never tried Heinz Tomato Ketchup, a new taste-thrill awaits you. Treat yourself to it. Insist that "Heinz" appears on your next grocery order.

Other Heinz Delicacies: Mayonnaise, Pickles, Olives, Sandwich Spreads.

HEINZ

TOMATO KETCHUP

PICKED, COOKED AND BOTTLED ALL IN ONE DAY

Make This Simple Comparison

- **FLAVOUR**
Perfect! Piquant! Appetizing!
- **COLOUR**
Rich and natural. No artificial colouring.
- **CONSISTENCY**
Smooth and creamy. Rich with the concentrated goodness of perfect tomatoes.

H. J. HEINZ Co. Pty. Ltd.
MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

57
PICKLES

FOR YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

The Treatment of Intestinal Catarrh

By MARY TRUBY KING

Thread worms, which attack a large number of children of all ages, are not a disease, but a symptom of a diseased condition of the bowel, known as chronic intestinal catarrh.

INTESTINAL catarrh is due to an over-secretion of mucus throughout the length of the alimentary canal. In the bowels, the mucus wraps itself round the intestinal contents to such an extent that they cannot be perfectly digested.

A child with this trouble is liable to become thin through lack of proper food-absorption, though quite sufficient food is being taken.

The contents of the large intestine may also become mucus-coated. The bowel-wall will then have little purchase over the contents, giving rise to constipation. Thread worms thrive in this mucus, in which they lay their eggs.

One of the chief causes of chronic intestinal catarrh is the consumption of too much sugar. Cane sugar is the worst offender, so when worms are present it should be cut out of the diet altogether.

The treatment for worms is firstly correct diet, secondly purgatives, and thirdly enemas.

Five-day Treatment

SOME cases prove very troublesome to clear up. The most effective remedy is a five-day treatment, as follows:

FIRST DAY: Give a light, simple diet of stale bread or toast, a little butter or dripping, fish (steamed), milk, green vegetables, fruit or milk pudding (but not cornflour, arrow-root or sago).

In the afternoon, give full dose of

Change of Address

OWING to the death of Sir Truby King, Miss Truby King has left for New Zealand in order to attend to personal matters connected with the estate. During her absence, the Mothercraft Bureau will be conducted by the Sydney branch of the Truby King organisation. Therefore, until further notice, all correspondence should be forwarded to Miss Truby King, c/o Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4296YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4296YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age
Birth Weight
Present Weight
(without clothing)
Have you written before? (Yes or no)

castor oil. When this has acted, the bowel should be evacuated by a large injection of warm water and soap (about a pint). This should be injected slowly and retained as long as can be managed.

SECOND DAY: No food should be allowed on the second day of the treatment. Give as much boiled water as the child can comfortably take.

About the usual breakfast time, a powder containing a grain of nantonin should be given, followed by a similar powder three hours later. About the middle of the afternoon give a grain of calomel.

THIRD DAY: The child may have a very light diet on the third day, and return by the sixth day to a normal wholesome diet, containing as much as possible of fresh vegetables and fruit, and a minimum amount of sugar.

On the third, fourth and fifth days, a warm bath should be given and an enema of warm, soapy water, followed, after the bowels have acted, by an injection of about six ounces of warm salt and water. (A level tablespoonful of salt to a pint of water; or, preferably, an infusion of quassia.) The

fluid should be injected into the bowel slowly, and allowed to stay in as long as possible.

Attention to the rules of general health must be given.

In addition to careful dieting, including avoidance of food between meals, and particularly avoidance of sweets and jam, the child should be kept in the open air as much as possible.

A change of air is often a great help, such as sending a city child to the seaside for a few weeks. Many cases of chronic catarrh are due to insufficient active outdoor exercise, and lack of fresh air in the home.

An infected child should not be allowed to play with other children, or even go near them or touch them, until the trouble is overcome. It is most important to prevent the child re-infecting himself, as otherwise the five-day treatment may have to be carried out all over again.

The region round the opening of the bowel should be carefully washed after each motion, and smeared with mercurial ointment. Do not allow the child to touch any part of his face with his hands. Cut the child's nails very short.

A child who is suffering with worms should have separate sanitary arrangements.

Children usually become affected when run down after an illness, but occasionally a perfectly normal child gets worms through his hands having somehow come in contact with the eggs of the worm. The child raises his fingers to his mouth and the damage is done.

If your child is restless at night, seems easily irritated, and has mucus



A HEALTHY CHILD sleeps soundly and peacefully at night.

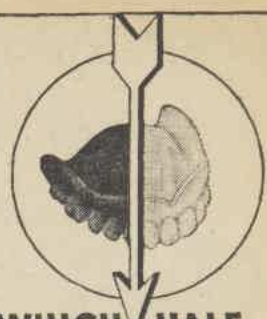
In the motions, watch for worms, which are usually visible. They look like little pieces of white cotton-thread — hence their name, "thread worms."

If your child has worms, consult a doctor, who will prescribe the necessary powders.

The five-day treatment may be repeated in a week's time, if the first treatment fails to clear the trouble up entirely.

The treatment will be quite useless if any food is given on the second day. Do not even give milk on this day, as milk is a food.

The child will naturally be hungry, but any food given will only serve to feed the worms which you are striving to kill.



WHICH HALF IS YOUR DENTAL PLATE?

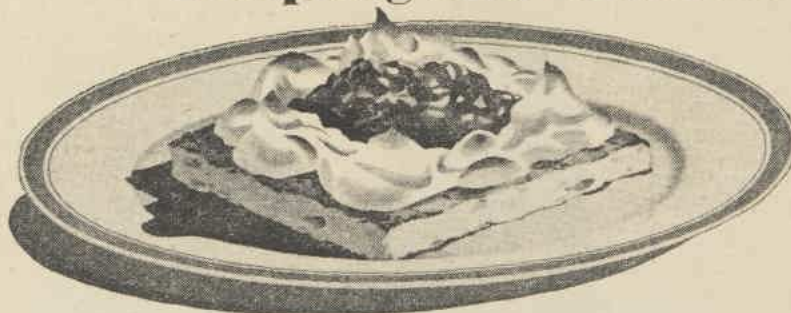
No matter how badly stained your dental plate is, 'Steradent' is guaranteed to clean it and restore its natural flesh-pink colour. Thereafter, 'Steradent' prevents your denture from ever becoming discoloured again. Here is a typical letter from a delighted user, Mr. H. R., of Bristol.

"I can certainly endorse all you say about 'Steradent.' It was amazing the way stains on my dental plate disappeared. The delightful clean feeling when I put my plate in my mouth was something which I had never had before, however much I scrubbed my denture. Simply just rinse plate in warm water and add a little 'Steradent.' Every stain vanishes. Dirty, yellow teeth become 'live, lustrous, natural-looking.' A powerful sterilising agent gives you a purified denture—free of film, particles of food and all foreign matter. Your plate is beautifully pink—just like new. It has a cool, refreshing taste. Over 10,000 Dentists have endorsed 'Steradent' as the finest cleaner and stain-remover ever produced for artificial teeth and dental plates. No brushing. No acids. No nasty taste. Harmless to all dental materials. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded."

TRIAL OFFER: Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2013BB, G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

Steradent
[CLEANS • STERILISES • POLISHES • REPAIRS]

Easy to Prepare—Tempting and Different



Golden Egg-and-Herring Toast

Try this appetising breakfast dish—made from eggs, toast and a tin of health-giving fresh Herrings:

Place the Herrings in a basin with the egg yolks only. Mix thoroughly. Whip the egg whites separately until stiff, add a pinch of

salt and place a portion on each piece of buttered toast. Drop a spoonful of Herring and yolk into the centre. Insert in oven and bake until golden-brown. Remember—one fish and one egg per person—and it's just as nice with Kipper Herrings, too!

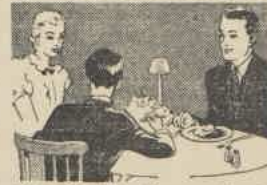
★ OTHER WAYS OF SERVING HERRINGS



FOR BREAKFAST. Immerse a tin of Kipper Herrings in boiling water for 15 minutes. Serve contents with butter or on buttered toast. Absolutely delicious!



FOR LUNCHEON. Set contents of tin of Fresh Herrings, together with tomato and cucumber slices and asparagus tips in Aspic Jelly. Serve ice-cold on lettuce leaves.



FOR DINNER. Brown a Spanish onion and use portion to line heat-proof dish; add contents of tin of Herrings in tomato sauce, top with rest of onion. Add mashed potato crust and bake.

• ENGLISH AND SCOTCH HERRINGS

Caught and Canned in a Day!

• This is not a Brand Name but a descriptive term for Herrings caught off the coasts of England and Scotland

YOUR GROCER SELLS FRESH HERRINGS, HERRINGS IN TOMATO SAUCE, KIPPED HERRINGS AND BLOATERS IN VACUUM-SEALED TINS

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is there an increase in the number of cases of nervous breakdown?

ling of the patient having a so-called "nervous-breakdown."

Such nervous disorders as neurasthenia, hysteria and other forms of neurosis have been prevented. This is the result chiefly of early attention to the milder types of nervous disorder. There can be no doubt that neglect of the "simple" nervous disorders too often lead to chronic nervous afflictions. The latter are often difficult to cure.

A nervous breakdown commonly occurs after severe and long continued physical or mental strain. It may be the result of lack of needed medical attention at the right time. Unfortunately, this condition is too often overlooked in children, as well as in adults.

At one time, "nervousness" was believed to be a complaint of the well-to-do. Too little attention was given to the poor man who suffered just as much. But I am glad to say that this discrimination is no longer made. Another mistaken belief was that city folks are more likely to have nervous breakdowns than country people. The fact is, the condition is found wherever there has been neglect of the general health and lack of attention to proper hygienic measures.

Faulty diet, too few hours of sleep, as well as lack of rest, relaxation and play are other factors of importance.

Anybody, big or little, who shows any signs of nervousness, irritability or restlessness, should be given immediate medical attention.

TRIAL FOR GIRLS
JUST WHAT YOU NEED

Dampette
KEEPS HAIR SET 2'
STOPS DANDRUFF 3 MONTHS
ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS, STORES
Have got a few drops enough to cover a sixpence.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern



FINE PLEATING

WW2037.—Pleated front skirt and tucked bodice add charm to this afternoon frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4½ yards, 36in. wide.

PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

CHIC

WW2038.—This sophisticated model has bolero swinging free and a quaint contrast vest. Belt is tied in ends in front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 5 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

SWEET FLORAL

WW2039.—This style would be most attractive in floral chiffon. Note gored skirt and unusual frilled top. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4½-5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

EVENING MODE

WW2041.—Here is an unusual evening gown with full back swinging from straight shoulder panels. Note rucked front. Lovely in satin. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

AUTUMN STYLE

WW2042.—New season's autumn style including debonaire jacket top and flared skirt. Sleeves are very full. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

Patterns Cost 3d.

Attractive Collars and Autumn Hat

OUR three-in-one pattern this week provides for three charming collars and chic hat, illustrated at right.

These collars will add a refreshing, new touch to your last season's autumn model.

Pattern is cut to fit 21, 21½ and 22-inch head. To obtain, fill in coupon at left, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our Pattern Department. Pattern in each one size costs 3d.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

- No. 1 collar, 2 yard.
- No. 2 collar, 1 yard.
- No. 3 hat, 1½ yards.
- No. 4 collar, 1 yard.

DRESSY AND SMART

WW2043.—Charming, dignified model with circular bodice treatment, beltless at front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

QUAINT NOTE

WW2044.—Peter Pan collar and Spanish braiding are smart touches on this daytime frock. Cut to size 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 1/L.

CHILD'S FROCK

WW2040.—A dainty, becoming mode for little girls. Sizes 1-6 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN 10d.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Patterns for all styles illustrated on this page may be obtained now immediately on application to our Pattern Department.

Styles featured in previous issues still available.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.

BREIDBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.

NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.

PERTH.—Box 4216, G.P.O.

SYDNEY.—Box 4280VT, G.P.O.

If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.

TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern please see address of our office, which will be found on page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
Size

Pattern Coupon, 25/3/38

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



"let me explain how you can stop your dog scratching."

By Martin

If your dog is constantly scratching it is a sure sign that his blood is loaded with impurities. These impurities set up a violent irritation under his skin and he scratches to get a little relief. The only way to stop him scratching is to purify his blood. To do that you must give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders which contain all the natural correctives every dog needs.



"a daily Bob Martin's will keep your dog fit"

BETTER HEALTH, BETTER COAT, BETTER SPIRITS. I promise you that if you give him one of these powders every day you will soon see a wonderful difference. Not only will he give up scratching but he'll be free and safe from itches, rashes, loose coat, loss of appetite, swellings between the toes, eczema and all the other blood disorders. What is more, the whole standard of his general health will improve. He'll be livelier and healthier—a fine companion. You can get Bob Martin's in boxes of 9 and 21 powders—instructions enclosed.

FREE SAMPLE and free copy of "Bob Martin on Dogs" Write to: **RALPH & SPRAGGON (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Dept. W.W.11 Box 1552 E. G.P.O., Sydney.** State breed, age and weight.

Bob Martin's

TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

banish all blood disorders in dogs



Every FAIR GIRL Should try Everything Once!

Not All Fairheads are Pretty—but They All Have Glamour!

If you are fair or blonde and wish to stay fair, you must try, at least once, every fair hair shampoo (or soap substitute) that promises you beautiful hair. Then you must use Shalimar. You will see for yourself why millions of blonde and fair-heads have for so long been preferring Shalimar—the world's first and original blonde and fair-hair shampoo.

Shalimar not only makes fair hair gleamy, soft and silky (all shampoos do that), but it does what no other shampoo can even claim to do. It brings back the true golden beauty of blonde or darkened fair hair, and prevents light hair from darkening—safely, without chemical bleaching or dyeing.

Try Shalimar yourself, or insist that your hairdresser use it today. You will be amazed at the wonderful results.

Have you tried Shalimar Wave-Set yet? It doesn't leave the hair sticky; dries quickly, and actually lightens fair hair.

Shalimar contains no Dyes, no injurious Bleaches.

FREE! Try Shalimar To-day at our Expense. STA-BLOND LABORATORIES, Dept. 127, G.P.O. Box 3679 S.B., Sydney. Please send me one free trial bottle of Shalimar Shampoo for fair hair.

Name _____ I enclose 2d. in stamps for postage.

FREE To Housewives Send us your name and address and we will send you, postpaid, a trial bottle of the world famous Liquid Veneer.

LIQUID VENEER For Dusting Polishing and Preserving the Planes Furniture Woodwork Automobiles

Patent and Licensee Ltd., Dept. 16, 30-32 Chalmers Street, Sydney. Please send me, post free, sample of Liquid Veneer.

Name _____ Address _____ State _____

Would You Like to GROW MUSHROOMS?

An interesting hobby—and now is the time to prepare for next season's crop.

—Says the Old Gardener

Many of our our readers, inspired by the Old Gardener's articles, have taken up the culture of mushrooms as a hobby. According to letters received, some have made a financial success of the venture.

Now read how to grow them!

MUSHROOMS grow in a specially-prepared compost. To be successful, care must be the first essential factor. Straw and manure are the contents of the compost. Any animal manure will do.

The heap is made by placing one layer of straw, then one of manure, and repeating this until the heap is about three feet in height. The straw and manure are thrown together lightly, and on no account pressed firm. Heating and fermentation will take place quicker and much better if the material is thrown together loosely.

Having made the heap, it should be left for about three days. Then completely turn the whole heap over, and during this process sprinkle lightly with water at each turn.

The straw is the principal material for the compost; the manure is used to generate heat, and so kill off all injurious matter.

The turning of the compost is done every three days. It should be lightly sprinkled with water every time it is turned.

Making the Beds

AFTER from three to five weeks the compost should be ready for bed-making.

To give intending growers an idea of the quantities of straw and manure to use, the following is based on the advice of the present growers: If horse manure is used allow 4 tons to one ton of straw; this will make 650 square feet—the thickness of the beds to be seven inches.

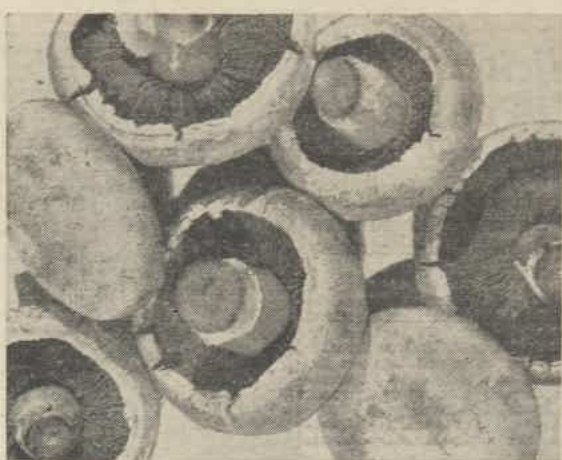
If you use cow manure, allow five tons to one ton of straw. This will make 600 square feet.

If fowl manure is used, allow two tons to one ton of straw. This mixture will make 370 square feet.

All beds to be made seven inches deep from the above material and on the flat system.

It is advisable to have the compost prepared indoors. An old shed will serve. It can then be protected from adverse weather conditions, particularly heavy rains.

When the compost is ready for bed-making it should be a dark brown color, the straw broken up, and it



SUCCULENT MUSHROOMS like these may be grown in boxes on the floor, or on benches. They need a dark, cool, damp place and will grow without any great difficulty.

should have an odor similar to the mushroom itself.

The compost should be just damp enough, so that, when squeezed in the hand, no water will run between the fingers, and the handful, when pressed together, should leave the imprint of the hand.

With indoor culture, the beds can be made on an earthen, cement, or wooden floor.

Iron floors are not advisable.

The beds should be made narrow, so that they can be attended to without having to walk on them.

Even Boxes Will Do

IN limited space, in sheds or cellars, tiers or shelves can be made boarded around to allow for beds seven to eight inches thick. But mushrooms can be grown in boxes or even in larger flower pots.

Last season I grew them successfully in banana boxes, and picked from five to seven pounds from each box. These boxes were placed around the wall of a motor garage.

Planting the spawn is a very simple matter.

After the beds have been made they should be allowed to remain for a couple of days. This is to be certain that they do not heat up again. It is advisable when growing on a large scale for commercial purposes to use a thermometer in order to test the tem-

perature. The temperature should be from 75 down to 65 deg. Fah., before the spawn is planted.

Be sure the spawn is fresh, and also be sure it comes from a reputable and well-known firm.

Planting Spawn

WHEN planting the spawn have pieces about the size of a walnut, and plant them about an inch deep and from seven to eight inches apart in the bed. Press down firmly when planting.

When the bed has been planted, see that the surface is perfectly level. This can be done by using a piece of flat board—pressing the whole of the surface down with it.

Two weeks after planting, the beds are encased with soil. This is done by covering the whole of the surface of the bed with two inches of good fibrous, loamy soil.

About four weeks after planting the spawn, the bed can be lightly watered—little and often being the rule.

The casing soil must be kept moist, but not too wet.

Mushrooms should appear in from four to eight weeks. In some cases they are longer in making appearance than others. But if the directions are strictly carried out, you need not despair, as they will certainly make their appearance if the spawn used is a reliable one.

No better food for Babies exists in the wide world than NEAVE'S FOOD. It is rich in all the natural ingredients that make body, bone, brain and muscle. NEAVE'S FOOD not only builds a fine baby but ensures that the baby develops into a healthy adult. Many foods merely puff out baby, Neave's makes firm flesh and builds strong constitutions.



Neave's Food

On sale everywhere.

"MAS" Mushroom Growing

Before buying the spawn, send 1/- for the booklet of instructions, by R. Mas, founder of the industry. When the beds are ready get your spawn fresh. This booklet will not be published until the 27th, the most up-to-date in the world, explains—

How to prepare the bed.
How to and when to plant.
Picking and Packing.
How and where to Market your Mushrooms.

THE PROFITS YOU CAN MAKE AND THE MONEY YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND.

WE WILL BUY ALL YOU GROW.

WE HAVE SOLD OVER THIRTY TONS OF MUSHROOMS AND PAID TO THE GROWERS OVER SIX THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING.

Don't buy the spawn now—just send for the booklet 1/- posted.

Money refunded if not satisfied

Write to:
"MAS" AUSTRALIAN MUSHROOM INDUSTRIES,
190 George Street, Sydney.

MUSHROOMS

Use "PERFECTION" 100% Pure Culture Mushroom Spawn

It is made in Australia, and is developed under skilled supervision. WE GUARANTEE IT TO BE FREE FROM PESTS AND DISEASE.

Order your spawn at such time as to have it on hand fresh as soon as the beds are made.

Grow this profitable Vegetable.

We Guarantee to buy all you grow.

"Perfection" Spawn is Recommended by all Leading Authorities. Send for booklet, with instructions for growing.

J. TAYNTON
SPAWN SPECIALIST,
2nd Floor, 87 Pitt Street, Sydney.



Women who do their own housework prefer this "polishing cleanser"

There's one thing certain, women who do their own housework demand a lot from their cleanser. It must work quickly. It must last a long time. It must be easy on their hands. That's why thousands of women use only Bon Ami for all their household cleaning!

Bon Ami

the better cleanser for Baths and Sinks



"hasn't scratched yet!"

BEST RECIPES for THIS WEEK

Delicious sweet wins first prize in our cooking competition.

WOULD'N'T you like to win a prize in our Best Recipe Competition? It's easy! All you have to do is to write out clearly and accurately your very nicest recipe and send it to us.

FIRST prize each week is £1. Consolation prizes of 2/6 each are also awarded.

Incidentally, if you know of some really delicious ways of using apples, let us have your recipes immediately.

Here are this week's prize-winners.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Savory biscuits, 11 gills orange juice, 1 pint cream, 1oz. gelatine, 3 dessertspoonfuls sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 pint packet tangerine jelly, some crystallised orange slices.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, making it up to half a pint in all. Then leave it to get cold.

To prepare the charlotte mould: Take a charlotte mould and pour a little jelly into the base and leave until the jelly is well set. Split the Savory biscuits into halves. Do this very carefully, as the biscuits are very brittle. Straighten the sides, and when the jelly is set arrange the biscuits round the mould, standing them on the jelly. If there is a space remaining which is too small for a whole biscuit cut a wedge-shaped piece and fit it in. Small spaces between the biscuits can be filled in with a few biscuit crumbs mixed to a paste with some of the jelly. It is important that the biscuits should be all the same height when arranged round the mould.

To make the filling, squeeze sufficient oranges to give one and a half gills of juice, strained and free from pips. Put the gelatine into a saucepan with half a gill of juice, and when it has softened dissolve it slowly over a low burner. Whisk the cream until it is thick. Stir in the orange juice, and sugar gradually, and then strain in the gelatine. Leave the mixture until it begins to thicken. Whisk the egg-white to a stiff froth, and fold it lightly into the mixture. Turn the mixture into the prepared mould, when it is on the point of setting, and leave till it is quite set.

If the filling does not reach to the top of the biscuits, cut them down level with the filling. To turn out the Charlotte Russe dip the base of the tin into warm water and turn out the sweet on to a glass dish. Decorate with chopped jelly, whipped cream, and crystallised orange slices.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. M. Blackmore, Station House, Maryvale, via Warwick, Qld.

BLACKBERRY PUFFS

Half a cup butter, 2½ cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, whites of 4 eggs.

Sift flour and baking powder together. Cream butter and add sugar, then stir in carefully-sifted flour and baking powder. Add the milk, a little at a time, and lastly add the egg-whites, beaten stiff. Pour this batter into well-greased custard cups, about half full, and place in a rack that fits into a roasting dish. Pour into the dish enough boiling water to reach one-third of the way up the sides of the cups, and steam for 35 minutes on top of the stove. Turn out of the cups and serve with blackberry sauce, made by whipping one cup of cream with 2 tablespoonfuls sugar and half teaspoon vanilla essence. Fold in 1 cup of sweetened blackberries, slightly crushed. Strawberries or other berry fruits may be used instead of blackberries.

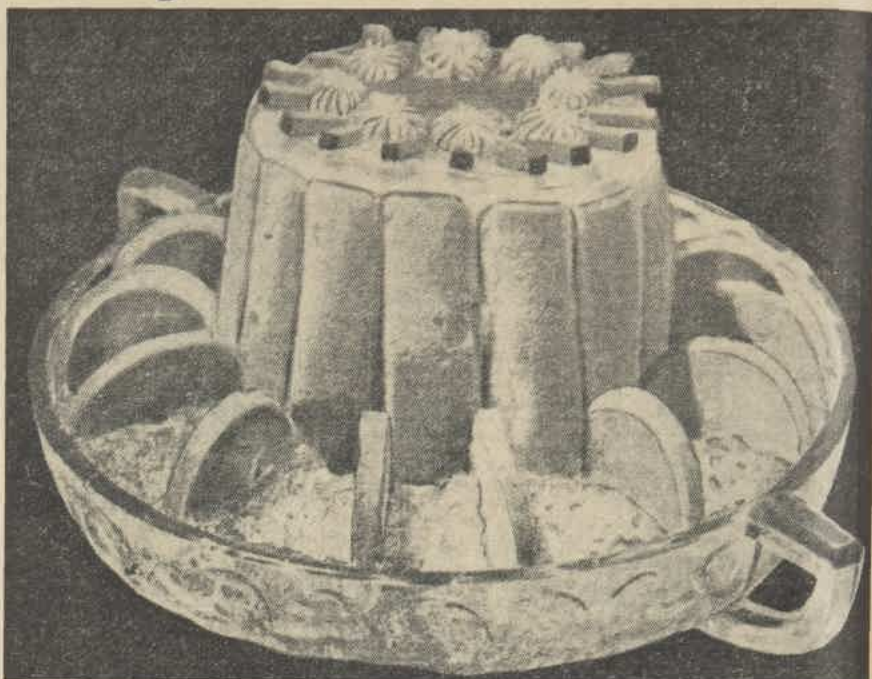
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. E. Litchfield, 17 Seaview Terrace, Brighton, S.A.

MARZIPAN CAKE

Beat ½ lb. butter and ½ lb. sugar to a cream. Add 3 eggs, one at a time, also 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon palest pink coloring, 1oz. cherries, 1oz. chopped almonds. Then add 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cook in an oblong cake tin for 1 hour in a moderate oven. When cold ice with a rather deeper pink than the cake, and sprinkle with finely-chopped cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Nell Browne, No. 2 Flat, 17 Hayes St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.



ABOVE: You see Orange Charlotte Russe, a most delicious yet easily made dessert, which wins first prize of £1 in this week's Best Recipe Competition.

SCOTS WHEATMEAL BANNOCK

Place ½ lb. wheatmeal in a basin and add ½ lb. plain sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon sugar. Mix well and rub in a heaped tablespoon butter with the finger-tips until as fine as breadcrumbs. Make a well in centre, and add gradually 1 pint of milk until a soft dough is formed. Turn on to greased tin, slightly floured, and form into a neat round. Mark a cross in four with the back of the knife. Bake in a quick oven until nicely browned, and firm to the touch.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. F. Evans, 10 Gloucester Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

"LONG-KEEPING" CAKE

Half pound margarine, ½ lb. sugar, 10oz. plain flour, 4 eggs, ½ lb. mixed fruit, 1oz. nuts, 1 small teaspoonful baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup of whisky or brandy.

Cream margarine and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, then fruit and

milk, 2 egg-yolks, cocoa, potato, spices, and flour sifted with baking powder. Mix well and stir in rest of milk, vanilla, and stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Stir in nuts. Place in a greased dish and bake for one hour in a moderate oven. When the loaf is cold, spread thickly with this frosting.

Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 2 tablespoons cocoa, ½ cups icing sugar. Mix well and if too stiff add a little milk. Decorate top with blanched almonds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. M. Glass, 53 Bathurst St., Singleton, N.S.W.

COCKTAIL CHICKEN, WITH OYSTER STUFFING

One small chicken, one bottle oysters, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, pepper and salt.

Cut onion very finely, mix with breadcrumbs, add pepper and salt to taste. Drain the liquid from the oysters. Stuff the chicken with this mixture and steam till tender, about 1½ hours. Serve with white sauce made from milk and the liquid from the oysters.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mary Schalk, 163 Fernberg Rd., Fiddington W2, Brisbane.

MOCK WHITEBAIT (Enough for 5 persons)

Five large potatoes, 3 eggs, salt and pepper.

Beat eggs in large basin for about 5 minutes. Peel potatoes and grate them finely into the eggs. Add salt and pepper to taste. Drop the mixture, using a tablespoon, into boiling fat in frying-pan. Fry till golden brown on both sides. Serve hot with vegetables or garnish with slices of lemon.

Ideal for quick, tasty lunch.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Weeks, 19 Morrison Rd., Gladsville, N.S.W.

SUPPER SAUSAGE WHEELS

Half pound flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ lb. good beef dripping, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ lb. sausages, 1 teaspoon parsley, 2 cup gravy or stock.

Mix sausages, parsley, flour and stock, stir over heat for 5 minutes, season and leave till cool. Sift flour and rub in dripping, add lemon juice and enough water to make a stiff dough and roll out very thinly. Spread with sausage mixture, roll up like swiss roll and cut roll into 1-inch thick slices. Brush sliced surfaces with milk and bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

CANDLE SALAD

Take for each salad 1 crisp lettuce leaf, 1 slice of pineapple (canned or fresh), 1 banana, 1

dessertspoon cream dressing, half a brazil nut and a strip of green pepper or angelica.

Place the lettuce leaf on an individual plate and lay the pineapple on top.

Trim banana and cut the end so that it will stand upright in the centre of the pineapple. Cut a narrow strip of angelica and insert the two ends in the side of the banana to simulate the handle of a candlestick; shape the piece of brazil nut and fit it in the top of the banana for a wick. See that the brazil nut is quite dry before serving. Light the brazil nut; it contains oil, and will burn for a few minutes. Ideal dish for a birthday party.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. V. Browner, 32 Brookman St., Kangaroo Point, W.A.

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HERE'S THE COPHA WAY—TO FRY BACON AND EGGS

Into a frying pan put the bacon rashers and about 1 oz. of Copha. Place over low flame and fry in the usual way. When bacon is half cooked, draw to one side and break the required number of eggs into the pan. Fry slowly until the white is set. If a harder yolk is preferred, the eggs may be turned and cooked on the other side. Serve hot.

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flour, and baking powder, lastly spiritus.

Have the oven hot at first, then turn down, and cook for about two hours.

This is rather an uncommon cake, and keeps for quite a long while.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. M. Kirton, Kilm Scots, W.A.

APPLE BEER

This is a splendid summer drink. 18 tart apples, large, 4 gallons water, 5 cups of sugar, 1 cup of raisins, 2 cups of hop yeast, 1 finely-shredded lemon or teaspoon of essence of lemon.

Boil water and sugar, raisins, finely cut apples, and lemon.

Do not peel or core apple. Remove from the fire at once and stir occasionally till cool; then add yeast. Let stand 12 hours, then strain and bottle. Tie down corks and put in a cool place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Murfet, Merseylea, Tasmania.

KARTOFFEL TART

Half a cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cocoa, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon each of grated nutmeg, cloves, and cinnamon, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add a little

GRAPES . . . Packed with Health-giving Goodness

...are used in these attractive recipes for desserts, jam, jellies, pickles and preserves.

[By MARY FORBES]
Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly.

GRAPES, rich in vitamins, are one of our most delectable fruits. White and purple, they're hanging juicy-ripe from the vines, decorating fruiterers' shops and city street barrows . . . Plentiful and cheap to-day—make the most of them!

JAM or jelly made from grapes is generally recognised as being among the aristocrats in this field. So here is your chance to stock cupboard shelves with the most deliciously-flavored jam and jelly, for the recipes given below are simple, but decidedly good.

A recipe is also given for preserved grapes. Why this fruit has not been utilised more extensively is a matter for wonder.

Try out for yourself the recipe given on this page. I have tested it with pleasing results.

GRAPE COCKTAIL

One cup grape juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, sugar to taste, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix all the fruit juices, add sugar, stir till dissolved. Chill. Just before serving add 1 cup chilled ginger ale. Serve in glasses topped with glace cherries and straws.

GRAPE SALAD

Place a small, thin slice of pineapple on flat individual plates. Remove seeds carefully from dark grapes, and place in a ring the slice of pineapple. Fill the centre up with whipped cream (flavored and sweetened to taste). Garnish the cream with whole glace cherry, and sprinkle with finely-chopped walnuts. Serve very cold.

GRAPES IN JELLY

One packet lemon jelly crystals, grapes, chopped nuts, cream. Prepare jelly a little stiffer than usual, and when quite cold cover the bottom of a wetted charlotte-russe mould with a little jelly. Sprinkle with



GRAPES set in jelly, topped with ice-cream or whipped cream and nuts, is a delicious treat.

nuts and a layer of seeded grapes. Cover with jelly. Allow to set. Repeat until mould is full, allowing each layer to set well before adding the next. Turn out in the usual way. Garnish with roses of pink whipped cream and chopped nuts.



GRAPE JELLY

Wash the grapes well, remove from the stalks, put into an enamel saucepan and almost cover with cold water. Allow to boil until the grapes are well mashed. Strain through muslin. Measure juice and allow 1 cup sugar to each cup of juice. Mix juice and sugar well, stir till dissolved, then boil quickly till a small quantity jells when tested on cold saucer. Pour into jelly jars and seal down. Store in cool, dry place.

GRAPE JAM

Wash grapes well, rub gently till soft. Place in preserving pan. Bring to boiling point; add sugar (allowing 1 lb. of sugar to each lb. of fruit), stir in well. Remove seeds as they rise to the top. Boil quickly until it will set when tried on a cold saucer. Bottle at once. Tie down, and store in cool, dry place.

GRAPE FLAN

Grapes, sugar, pastry case, arrowroot, water.

Wash grapes well, remove from stems. Peel and seed them carefully. Make a syrup of sugar and very little water. When boiling well, add the grapes carefully and allow to cook slowly till soft, but not broken. Drain. When cold, lay the grapes in the pastry case. To each cup of juice add 1 heaped teaspoon of blended arrowroot. Cook well. When cool, pour over the fruit and allow to become quite cold before serving. The glaze can be colored if liked.

GRAPE PIE

Grapes, sugar, pastry. Wash grapes well, remove from stalks, and take out the seeds. Put into saucepan with sugar to taste, and bring to the boil. Cook about 3 minutes. Pour into pie-dish. When cold, cover with pastry in the usual way. Bake in hot oven till pastry is browned. Serve hot or cold.

GRAPE GATEAU

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, grapes.

For Sauce: 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 egg.

Cream butter and sugar well, add the beaten egg, then the flour, well sifted. Pour in recess tin. Bake in moderate oven. Turn out. When cold, arrange the cake on a flat serving dish. Fill the centre with peeled, seeded, drained and sweetened grapes, piling high to the centre.

Make the sauce by beating the egg well, add sherry and sugar, and whisk over boiling water till frothy. When cold, pour over grapes and serve.

GRAPE FRAPPE

Remove skins and seeds from white grapes, sprinkle with sugar. Allow to stand till sugar is dissolved. Chill. Half-fill sherbet glasses with chilled grapes. Fill with ice-cream. Garnish with chopped nuts and glace cherries.

GRAPE JUICE

Wash 5 lb. grapes, drain well, remove from stems and put into an enamel saucepan with 1 cup water. Cook till

the grapes mash and the pulp and seeds separate. Strain through muslin or fine strainer. Return to saucepan



IF GRAPES cost four or five shillings per lb., as they do in some countries, more value would be placed upon them from a health-giving standpoint. Now that they are plentiful, why not eat more of them; also use them in pies, tarts, and the many other ways suggested?

with 3 cups sugar and stir till dissolved. Boil 2 minutes. Then, while boiling, pour into hot jars, filling to top. Seal securely, making each bottle airtight. Then sterilise the time given for syrup. Keep in dry, cool place.

PRESERVED GRAPES

This fruit should be more extensively bottled, as the results are very pleasing. Grapes may be placed in the

jars in small clusters still attached to the stalks, or may be picked off separately and bottled like cherries. Pack as much fruit as possible into each bottle, fill to top with syrup, clamp on lids, then sterilise.

Preserved grapes may be used as a sweet in just the same way as other bottled fruit, and those who have tried them have been exceedingly pleased with the results.



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TEMPTATION SALAD

12 small new potatoes, 1 bunch spring onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ham, lettuce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded Kraft Old English Cheese, Kraft Mayonnaise.

Boil and peel the potatoes. Chill and cut into thin slices. Mince ham and chop onions, and mix together with potatoes and shredded cheese. Dress with mayonnaise, and serve on lettuce leaves. Enough for six servings.

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Lettuce, asparagus, peas or green beans (cooked), fresh tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, Kraft Pimento Cheese, Kraft Mayonnaise.

Arrange lettuce on individual plates or in a salad bowl. Wipe off or peel tomatoes, slice and lay on lettuce. Arrange other vegetables and hard-boiled eggs. Cut cheese into convenient strips, and serve with Kraft Mayonnaise. A meal full of zest and health!



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YOUNG APRIL

By

DOROTHY
CHADWICK

*Complete Book-
length Novel*

①

FREE
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY.
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

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YOUNG APRIL

By DOROTHY CHADWICK



PHOEBE OVERTON knew she ought to be taking her bath and getting dressed for the party. The water boiler by the kitchen stove had been hot right down to the bottom an hour ago; the new bath crystals were waiting—the first she had ever owned, heliotrope, her birthday present from mother. The new dress with its long rusty skirt of white taffeta, the new pale chiffon stockings were waiting, spread out carefully upon her bed. But on an eighteenth birthday a person needed to get away from the stir and bustle of making ready for a party. Phoebe needed to be alone with herself to think her own private thoughts. And besides, the stray cat had to be fed.

When the spring rain which had been drenching Long Island all day let up at half-past five Phoebe slipped out of the house with a pan of food—two left-over meat balls and a bone for the cat who had established herself and her kittens in the empty Prentice carriage house next door—and started across the lawn.

Under the tall hedge which divided the Overton and Prentice lawns Phoebe paused to look up into the wet, grey sky. There was a fresh peacefulness out of doors; the ground smelled sweet, drops fell in little pattering showers from the trees, and through the air came the smothered beat of waves breaking on the distant reef. Phoebe began to feel the real excitement of the day welling beneath the surface excitement she had felt as she helped her mother and Aunt Bea get ready for the party. And when the sun pierced suddenly through the clouds she stood in the flood of bright warmth feeling solemn and happy. She felt the beauty of life, the secret significance of it, stream through her like the sun. Everywhere bright drops were trembling on twigs and branches, trembling and shining; above, the wide sky was slowly being poured full of blue. Washed clean by rain the brown earth was ready for spring. It was waiting, and Phoebe herself was part of it all. At eighteen she was breathlessly waiting too.

Phoebe went on, following the line of the tall hedge. Sometimes she had a panicky feeling that she would have to wait forever, that life would pass her by. She had felt this especially since last August, when her father had told her she couldn't go to college after all. He had been so sorry, so apologetic because there wasn't enough money. She had hidden the bitter disappointment as best she could. But it hadn't been easy to put aside the dreams of college and settle down to just staying home, to helping around the house and practising on the piano two hours each day. Sometimes, of course, it seemed sweet and peaceful—staying home. But at other times she thought she could hear Life running by on bright feet beyond the doors.

The hedge spattered her with drops as Phoebe pushed around the end of it and emerged on the Prentice lawn. The red brick Prentice mansion stared at her, aloof and gloomy. And Phoebe stared back, wondering how it would seem to have the place occupied again.

Everybody was talking about the return of Edwin Prentice, who, for the last eleven years had been down in Florida piling up a fortune in real estate, and who now was returning to Long Island with his family. They were saying in the village that Prentice's return would mean a good deal to the town; he was a rich man, he would be a power in the community. Daily in the post office someone was sure to ask, "Well, heard anything from Ed yet? Ought to be here any time now, it's getting on toward April."

Phoebe thought about it a good deal herself, wondering how it would seem to have people next door on the scallop of shore which was occupied only by the Overton and Prentice houses. And she wondered what Benjamin Prentice, the little boy she had played with years ago, would be like now. But most of all, she wondered with acute concern what would happen to the family of cats which had taken up its abode in the empty carriage house.

She walked across the wet lawn to the carriage house and knelt down by a hole in the foundation to call coaxingly, setting the pan of foods on the ground. Presently a thin grey and white cat poured herself out of the opening and then came the kittens, crowding each other, tumbling out at Phoebe's feet. Phoebe picked up the little black one, her favorite, and cuddled him against her cheek. He purred tremendously and braced his paws against her chin, and then Phoebe put him down and he sprang upon his three brothers and sisters, who were lined up close together, round-eyed at the spectacle of their mother gnawing a bone.

Phoebe laughed, loving them. When the pan was empty she leaned down to pick it up, and her hair fell forward and brushed across the black kitten and he, thinking that some monster was attacking him, made a fierce dive at it. Amused, Phoebe did it again and then again, laughing as the kitten reared up on unsteady little legs, pounced, lost courage and backed away spitting explosively, his mouth a wide open pink triangle in his tiny black face. Phoebe caught him in her hands to soothe away his fright and stood up. And saw for the first time that a young man stood watching her a few feet away.

She was too startled to gather more than an impression of tallness and grey tweed and sandy hair in her first glance. She hadn't imagined there was a soul around—how on earth could he have got there? And she was embarrassed, too. Whoever he was he had been watching her, and how silly she must have looked bobbing up and down like that to amuse the kitten! And she could feel a damp smear on her cheek from a

muddy paw. Unable to think of anything to say she regarded him in silence.

He looked back with an interested, puzzled expression. At last he said, "Where have you seen you before?" and Phoebe was more astonished than ever. A southerner! Somehow the fact that he was a southerner made her feel quite shy. "I—I don't believe you have," she murmured.

The young man shook his head. "It's strange—the minute I saw you I thought—" he paused, still with that expression of trying to remember something. Then he added, "Excuse me for not introducing myself. I'm Benjamin Prentice. We came," he explained, "rather suddenly. We hadn't planned to get here until April, but mother was restless and said she wanted to start right away, so we did. But aren't you going to tell me who you are?"

Phoebe glanced into his earnest blue eyes. "I'm Phoebe Overton," she said.

"You mean you're the little girl who used to live next door?"

"Yes," she nodded, "and I still do."

THEN that explains why you looked familiar. But— he shook his head and his eyes measured tall young Phoebe from the tips of her goldfishes to the top of her brown head. "well, gosh!"

There was a little silence while they stared at each other in excited concentration. Phoebe searched Benjamin Prentice's face for traces of the boy she had played with years ago and little by little she found them. But he was so tall and so darkly tanned and his shoulders were so broad . . .

"You—you've grown up so," Phoebe said. "Well, so have you! You've grown awfully tall—and pretty."

Pretty! Phoebe glanced quickly away, not knowing what to do with the direct compliment. But Benjamin Prentice continued to study her. He looked as pleased as if he himself had created Phoebe's sweet flushed face and her dark-lashed hazel eyes and her brown hair.

"And I like your hair," he said.

"My—my hair?" Nothing could have surprised Phoebe more. She loathed and despised her hair.

"Yes, it's sort of—straight. I hate curls," said Benjamin. Then he added, "You've got a smudge down near your chin."

Phoebe blushed. Digging her handkerchief out of her jacket pocket she scrubbed her cheek and peered down at the ground, feeling a very strange mixture of emotions. It was too fantastic. A few minutes ago she had looked up to see what appeared to be a perfect stranger and now he had turned into Benjamin Prentice. And he was telling her things just the way he used to. "Your knees are all dirty . . ." "You better not make a face like that, it might freeze . . ." Only, of course, this was so different!

The bright eyes of the kittens peeped out from the hole under the carriage house, offering a more impersonal subject of conversation which Phoebe promptly seized. "Those kittens," she said in a breathless voice, "I wanted to ask you, do you think you'll keep them? You see, the cat just came around and I fed her. And then she came over here and had her kittens and— and I just kept on feeding her. And I'd like to take them myself but we already have two cats at home and Mother was annoyed because I bothered with a stray cat at all. So I don't know what will become of them."

The young man frowned. "I should think," he said, "that if you didn't want them and nobody else wanted them it would have been better to do away with them in the first place."

"Do away with them!"

"Well, it would probably be the kindest thing."

"It wouldn't, either!" Phoebe's cheeks grew pink. "Those kittens enjoy life just as much as anybody."

Benjamin shook his head. "That's just false sentimentality."

"False sentimentality!" Phoebe became fiercely resentful. She didn't like the way he was talking at all. She suddenly remembered that Ben Prentice had been a bossy little boy. "The trouble is," she said hotly, "you just don't like cats!"

"Yes, I do. I do like cats. But I was just looking at it as a case, and you see if you look at it as a case you—"

"But for goodness sake!" Phoebe's eyes sparkled with irritation. "Why talk like a lawyer? What has a case got to do with those kittens?"

Benjamin Prentice stared at her in bewilderment. "Say, don't be angry," he begged. "I didn't mean—I mean I'll keep the kittens—I'd like to, honestly. But please don't be angry. I'm sorry if I talked like a lawyer—I suppose it's because I am one. Haven't practised yet, but I'm all set to."

There was another instant's silence, while Phoebe looked at Benjamin Prentice with awe.

"You—you'll honestly keep the kittens?" she asked in a breathless voice.

"Of course I will. I promise." To seal the bargain Benjamin held out his hand.

PHOEBE freed her fingers suddenly from Ben's and leaned back against the carriage house.

"Gosh, Phoebe," he said in a breathless voice, "Isn't it funny—our being here together after all these years?"

She nodded. After a moment she said, "Is— is your house still the same?"

"Just the same."

"Well, I guess everything is," Phoebe said, "except—"

"Except us!"

"Y—yes—only I was going to say except the hedge. Did you notice how terribly tall it's grown?"

"I sure did!"

They both looked at the hedge. In the twilight it looked bigger than ever, though at any time it was remarkably tall, the tallest hedge anywhere around that part of the country, twelve feet of bristling privet that waved its white flowers in the wind in summer on a level with Phoebe's bedroom window. It was a monster of a hedge that began at the top of the bank above the bay and rambled like a giant woolly green caterpillar straight between the two houses to the road.

"But I wish," Benjamin said, "it weren't there."

"You do? Why?"

"Because if it weren't—it'd be easier to come over and see you."

Phoebe looked down. "Y—I couldn't imagine it's not being there." She paused. "My father used to say it was a spite fence, Ben. But he wouldn't tell me why. Do you know?"

"A spite fence?" Ben frowned. "No, I don't. But," he added slowly, "I hope there aren't going to be any spite fences between you and me. Gosh, Phoebe—I think it's wonderful that you still live next door!"

Phoebe looked up. The cool dusk flowed around them filled with sweetness, filling her eyes with a clear light. "Well, I think," she said, with an odd quaver in her voice, "that it's nice you've come back, too."

IN her big old-fashioned kitchen Caroline Overton was laddling salted almonds into small baskets of ruffled pink crepe paper. Her hair was freshly waved in honor of her daughter's party, her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and she was a little flustered by the presence of a very large Finnish cook and a very small Japanese waiter who were bustling about under the commanding eye of Aunt Bea. Caroline watched Anna, the cook, struggling with the temperamental egg-beater which had to be held just so in order to function at all, and looked with distressed eyes at her sister who was measuring ingredients for French dressing across the table.

"Anna's getting cross, Bea," she whispered.

Beatrice Palmer laughed. "Anna's always cross," she whispered back. "Don't you worry, she's having the time of her life. It tickles her to have a chance to get out of the restaurant kitchen."

Anna and Matru were Aunt Bea's inspiration. Miss Palmer owned and managed most successfully a small restaurant in New York, and in a burst of enthusiasm she had decided to kidnap her cook and one waiter for the occasion of Phoebe's birthday party. In fact, the whole party had blossomed through Aunt Bea's inspiration from a small family dinner to an affair of some brilliance. Aunt Bea had insisted that an eighteenth birthday called for something special in the way of celebration, and since Caroline and John weren't able to afford a big party she had begged the privilege for herself. After some argument Caroline had tucked her pride in her pocket and given her sister a free hand, and the result was a dinner for twelve with all the trimmings.

"By the way," Aunt Bea shook the paprika box cautiously twice, "where's Phoebe? Isn't it time she was getting dressed?"

Caroline laughed. "She went out to feed that cat over in the Prentice carriage house. Can you imagine the child thinking to do that in the midst of all this excitement? You know really, Bea," she added, with sudden seriousness, "sometimes I'm worried about Phoebe. She's too tender-hearted."

"Now don't you worry," Miss Palmer interrupted her sister with a laugh. "Phoebe's all right." Then, changing the subject, she asked: "Carrie, when do you think the Prentices will arrive?"

"Mercy, I don't know. In April, I suppose."

"Are you glad they're coming?"

"Glad!" Caroline put down the nut ladle with a little bang. "Not I! I don't relish being patronised. Oh, Bea, you know Ed and Amy. And they're coming back richer than ever. And look at us!"

"Pooh! Where's your pride?"

"Right on top—that's the trouble! Don't misunderstand me, Bea. I'm not complaining and I'm not criticising John. Why, I'd

give more for John's little finger than for a dozen Prentice fortunes. But—oh, well, can't you see Amy Prentice in my parlor, sitting with her eyes on my mended curtains and asking so sweetly how dear Phoebe happens to be home this year instead of in school?"

"I should think you'd have one very good reason for being glad that they're coming back," Miss Palmer went on. "The right of way."

"The right of way!" Caroline raised her hands. "Bea, don't mention that to me!"

"Carrie, don't be silly. You know perfectly well that when Ed actually sees with his own eyes the fix John is in with that old road he'll be reasonable about the right of way."

Her sister shook her head. "You're wrong about that, Bea," she said sombrely. "I don't think Ed's being here will make a bit of difference. John's been writing to him for over two years now about the right of way, and Ed hasn't given in an inch. Not an inch! And I'm afraid that if he's next door it'll just mean a long wrangle and a lot of unpleasantness. No—I'm still hoping that they'll change their minds and stay south!"

At that moment Phoebe burst in the door, her cheeks burning, her eyes like stars.

"Moms!" she cried. "The Prentices are here and I've invited them all to the party!"

ON the dark path which led to her husband's boat-building shop below the house, Caroline paused, feeling a little ashamed of herself for the violence of her reaction to Phoebe's announcement. She had felt her pleasure in the party drain away, leaving a feeling of nervousness. She had looked at the gaily-decorated dining-room with Amy Prentice's eyes, and seen it shabby and crude. She had been able to see nothing but evidences of poverty in her home.

Her feeling about the Prentices had begun long ago in the days of her girlhood. She could remember sitting on her father's porch watching the fluffy little Amy Prentice (then Amy Swift) drive past in an enormous brass-trimmed motor car, curls and ribbons flying, the glamorous summer girl. She remembered the summer when she, Caroline, had had to help out at home by taking a job in the village tea-room. There she had served cream puffs and macaroons to Amy and her numerous young admirers—among whom had been John Overton.

Later Amy had married Edwin Prentice to everybody's surprise. And Caroline loved John Overton so much that his courtship of her swept everything else aside. She and John had married and settled down in the old Overton home which was next door to the big brick house inherited by young Prentice from his father.

And Caroline remembered the disagreeable incident that had resulted in the planting of the hedge between the two estates. And there was that gossip that had been circulated in the early days of her marriage—gossip to the effect that John Overton, refused in marriage by Amy Swift, had fallen into Caroline's arms on the rebound! She had never mentioned this to John, though it had poisoned her mind, threatening the bloom of her happiness, for months.

Feeling suddenly frightened, needing some special reassurance, Caroline ran the last few steps to the shop and burst in the door.

"John," she said breathlessly, "the Prentices are here!"

Her husband's pleasantly lined face showed no surprise. "I know," he said, "I saw their car come in some time ago."

"But, John, Phoebe's invited them to the party!"

John smiled. "Hope they come. I can tackle Ed about that right-of-way to-night."

"John! Please promise me you won't bring up all that unpleasantness to-night. It's bad enough as it is, and . . . and besides, it wouldn't be polite . . . with Ed a guest in our house."

He shook his head. "Caroline, Caroline! I believe you'd be polite to a rattlesnake if it was a guest in your house, wouldn't you? Not," he added with a broad smile, "that I'm calling Ed a rattlesnake. Wouldn't do him that honor. No, a weasel's more like Ed—or a fox. A very smart fox. Why, Carrie," he broke off, seeing her lips tremble, "you are upset, aren't you?"

"It's not that at all," Caroline was hunting for a handkerchief in her apron pockets. "John, I want to ask you a question."

"A question?"

"Yes. I know it's silly. I mean I know it is, but still . . ."

"Carrie, what's on your mind?" He looked with sudden anxiety into her face.

"Well, it's this! John, were you in love with Amy? Did you want to marry her?"

He stopped smiling, touched by her seriousness. "Well," he began, "since you ask me, yes, I was in love with Amy! Or thought I was. And I played a good deal with the idea of asking her to marry me. But my dear, before I got around to that you came along and taught me what it felt like to really love a woman, and I thanked my stars that I hadn't got tangled up with her."

Caroline's expression as she met his eyes reminded him very much of the Caroline of twenty years ago, and his arm tightened about her. She pulled it even tighter, feeling foolish, happy, wondering how she could have thought . . .

A few minutes later Aunt Bea paused in her inspection of the roaring duck to listen to Caroline's voice floating out from the hall telephone.

"Oh, Ed?" Caroline was saying. "Hello! Well, welcome home to you and Amy! . . . Yes. Phoebe said she'd invited you all to the party and I just wanted to tell you that John and I hope you'll surely come . . . What? Amy is what? I can't hear you. Oh! Oh, Ed, I'm so sorry! The poor darling. I'll run in and see her the very first thing to-morrow morning if you think she . . . But we can expect you and Benjamin? Well, that's lovely! . . . Yes, about eight . . ."

DRESSED for the party, Phoebe stood before the mirror in her room upstairs. She put both hands on the marble edge of the bureau top and leaned between slim bare arms to study her reflection.

"I'm pretty. I am pretty!" she whispered, marvelling. Her hair shone from its vigorous brushing and fell in soft shining masses behind her ears. And her face looked as if she had brushed it with a powder-puff dipped in star dust a little of which had blown into her eyes.

Leaving the mirror she walked about in her satin sandals, the long white taffeta skirt of the frock Aunt Bea had given her rustling against the ends of its broad pink velvet bow. The room whose three windows made white crossbars on the night was a little chilly, but Phoebe was warm, as warm as a flower shedding its perfume beneath the sun. She was excited. She was possessed by a strange deep impatience. She felt that this day and all her life had been only a prelude for something about to happen.

She stood still in the middle of the room, both hands covering her blazing cheeks. Ben . . . Benjamin Prentiss . . . Would he come to the party?—and bring your mother and father," she had added

to cover the embarrassment of asking him at all, and had run away without actually hearing his reply. Her heart lurched at the sound of the doorbell trilling loudly through the house. Suddenly it seemed quite impossible to go downstairs, and she clung to her room until Aunt Bea came and dragged her out.

The pretty hand-painted soup plates had been cleared away, and Matsui, in his starched white shirt front and black bow tie was hurrying back and forth from kitchen to dining-room with plates of roast duck which he set with a flourish before each guest. Aunt Bea smiled at Caroline across pink roses and asparagus fern; she cast a loving look towards Phoebe, who glowed in her place of honor at the head of the long table. The child was lovely to-night, positively dazzling in her square-necked white frock—and a little dazzled, too, bless her heart! Oh, to be young, to be eighteen again, thought Aunt Bea with a tiny pang of regret that melted quickly away in her enjoyment of the moment.

She loved giving successful parties, and this one was a success, she thought, looking from animated faces to faces about the table. At Phoebe's right sat Peter Rosicki, a dark flame of a boy blown this way and that by gusts of talk and laughter, but with no real eyes for anyone but Phoebe. Miss Palmer watched Peter's long slim musician's fingers and wished she had money enough to buy him towards a real career—it was an outrage that the boy should have to spend his young days working in his father's cornfields when he ought to be closeted in some quiet room with his violin. Well, there was a chance she might interest Guy Austin in Peter—and perhaps that wouldn't be hard, because if she read the signs correctly, the millionaire's niece, Henrietta, was already more than a little interested in the young violinist. A remarkable family, the Rosickis, thought Miss Palmer, glancing towards Ruth who, sixteen, sensitive mouthed and quiet, sat on the other side of Phoebe drinking it all in with big eyes, saying little but "Yes, please," and "No, thank you," in her clear voice. And Mr. Rosicki down by Caroline was a lamb if there ever was one. Grey-haired and genial, he was telling funny stories which somehow never turned out to be really funny at all, but at which everybody laughed because he was so nice.

Loving them all Aunt Bea cried, "Ruth, dear, let Matsui fill up your nut basket!" And then, "Caroline, I don't know when I've enjoyed a dinner so much."

Her sister laughed. "You're not very modest, Bea—it's all your own doing."

"Nonsense!" Miss Palmer waved her hand which held a ripe olive. "It's the people that make a party, and it's certainly not my fault that your guests are the most delightful people in the world!"

Joining in the general laugh Mr. Overton thought to himself that his sister-in-law's tendency towards overstatement was an endearing trait, growing as it did out of her intense loyalty to those she loved. Sometimes, since he himself was a reasonable man and a lover of logic and moderation, it annoyed him to be told that he was the most remarkable boat-builder in existence, that Phoebe outrivalled any screen star for beauty, and that Caroline was a paragon of all wifely virtues.

But he had to admit that it was warming. Bea's genius lay in her ability to give special pleasure to those about her, and she had added greatly to his own pleasure to-night by having produced Guy Austin for the party. He looked up and caught the glance of the financier,

"Before the evening's over," Mr. Austin told him, "I'd like to go out to the shop with you and take a look at that sloop you're building."

John nodded, looking forward to the moment when they might slip away to the shop and talk boats. He was building the sloop to Austin's order. It was to be the yachtman's surprise for his niece, Henrietta, on her next birthday, and no expense had been spared in making the craft extravagantly beautiful. All winter it had grown slowly under John's hands; it was by far the finest thing he had ever created and his pride in it was intense. He was pleased, too, by Austin's faith in his ability.

PHOEBE'S father sighed contentedly, glancing down the table at the glowing face of his daughter. He was getting a big price for the boat; enough at least to start Phoebe in college next year.

"Well, Ben Prentiss, what do you think of us all?" Miss Palmer asked the young man who, diagonally across the table from her, glanced from face to unfamiliar face with eyes which fascinated Aunt Bea with her peculiarly burning intense blues.

"Never mind the rest. What do you think of me?" murmured Henrietta Austin, her pert blonde head swaying nearer Ben's. All through dinner her scarlet lips had been issuing remarks calculated to keep the young man's attention centred on herself, though she turned occasionally with just the right amount of deference towards lawyer Speer on her other side, causing that rather dour-faced individual to beam with pleasure. And at the same time all this was going on, Henrietta showed marked anxiety to catch the eye of Peter Rosicki and to hear everything he said.

And now the birthday dinner was approaching its highest point. The crisp salad enlivened by the tang of Roquefort dressing had come and gone, and after a competent glance about the table Miss Palmer signalled to Matsui. At once the room was plunged in darkness, and a moment later the little waiter emerged from the kitchen bearing aloft a pink-and-white birthday cake ablaze with candles. As he set it before Phoebe Aunt Bea rose and waving her arm like a baton led them all in the old song:

Happy birthday to you!
Happy birthday to you!
Happy birthday, dear Phoebe—
Happy birthday to you!

It was the magic moment. Phoebe, her throat aching a little, gazed down the length of the table into her mother's and father's eyes and met their loving look, feeling as she always did at this moment particularly close to them. John Overton, smiling at his daughter, felt with a pang that Phoebe had grown up; and Caroline felt it, too, and her eyes blurred because she suddenly found herself remembering a big-eyed baby fascinated by a single candle on a tiny white cake.

"Come on, blow!" somebody commanded.

And Phoebe looked down into the light, leaning a little forward, her face grave as she blew a hard puff. The eighteen candles bent, smoked, flickered—and all but one went out.

"A year to go!" cried Henrietta. "Another year before you'll marry, Phoebe!"

Phoebe stammered absurdly. "Oh—Oh goodness, I forgot to make a wish!" and everybody laughed except Benjamin Pre-

lice, who leaned forward and said that he had made a wish for Phoebe and he hoped it was the right one.

"Well, this is delightful," remarked Mr. Prentice in his smooth soft voice as the lights came up and Phoebe began cutting the cake. "Yes, indeed, very quaint. I don't know when I've attended an old-fashioned birthday dinner like this. In fact, it takes me back to the days when I was a barefoot boy in overalls." There was something indefinable in Mr. Prentice's voice that implied he had travelled a long way from those days he mentioned, and that the party rather amused him.

RUTH ROSICKI

slipped into her place on the piano bench and her father and Peter stood near, tuning their clarinet and violin. People invited for the dancing drifted in calling, "Happy birthday! Congratulations, John! Phoebe, how does it feel to be eighteen?" The gaily decorated rooms were alive with music and laughter.

Phoebe was here, there and everywhere. The long ends of her pink velvet sash swinging as she danced with her father, with Mr. Austin, with Lawyer Speer. With everyone, Ben Prentice noticed, except himself. It seemed to him that the minute he reached Phoebe's side she was off to see someone else.

At last he saw her start alone across the room and strode after her. But by the time he reached her Phoebe had taken Ruth's place at the piano and was smiling at the younger girl. "You must dance, too, Ruth—oh, here's Benjamin Prentice waiting for you!" And she began to play, and Ruth went into Ben's clasp with a shy smile.

When the dance was over Benjamin went to the piano and stood there, his eyes on Phoebe's bent head and what was visible of her cheek. Peter had stopped playing, Henrietta Austin having pulled him almost forcibly away, and Mr. Rosicki had put down his clarinet and was singing the words of the sentimental song in his nice baritone.

"Why do you run away from me, Phoebe?" Ben asked.

"I—I don't."

"Then when can I dance with you?"

Phoebe's accompaniment blurred, she looked up and down again quickly. "No one's dancing with Aunt Bea."

"But I don't want to dance with Aunt Bea," Ben said firmly. "I want you." And he remained where he was.

Phoebe kept on playing, wishing she wouldn't have to stop. But at last she did, and jumping up from the bench she ran to Peter. "Peter, play alone for us, won't you?" she asked breathlessly.

The boy at once looked unhappy. "Oh, Phoebe, I don't want to, you know how I hate—"

"Please, Peter! Just for me? It's my birthday."

He looked down at her hand, which lay on his arm. "All right, Phoebe," he said, smiling suddenly. "I'll play for you."

The guests settled themselves around the room to listen, Phoebe slipping into an empty chair beside Mr. Prentice. Just as she did so Benjamin's father rose and crossed the room to Mr. Austin, and Ben stood by the vacant place. "May I sit here, Phoebe?" She nodded, her eyes on her clasped hands, and Ben sat down, hooking an arm over the chair-back toward her.

The deep opening tones of the "Sonata Pathétique" soared into sweetness and sang through the room, a wistful melody in search of something forever lost, and its true beauty reached Phoebe through her confusion and

stilled it. She saw Ben's hand lying quiet on his knee, the line of the cuff white against brown and wondered why she had avoided him; now that he was there beside her she felt that she had been silly to run away.

Peter drew his bow slowly across the strings and lowered the violin and applause filled the room. Aunt Bea poked her head between Ben and Phoebe from her chair behind them and whispered, "Isn't that boy wonderful?" Her eyes were wet with tears. "Peter," she called, "won't you play Schubert's 'Serenade' for us, dear?"

Peter hesitated, his glance seeking Phoebe's. The "Serenade" was a favorite of theirs—they called it "their" piece. When he saw her nod in answer to his unspoken question Peter raised his violin and began to play, his eyes resting on Phoebe's face.

And those who listened were startled by the poignant tenderness of the music the boy poured about them. No one knew that Peter's heart was singing on the violin strings, but they heard his song. Unconsciously Caroline moved closer to her husband, slipping her hand into his; Mr. Rosicki's arm went about Ruth's slight shoulders, his kind face expressing suddenly an immense loneliness; even Mr. Prentice looked troubled, as if someone were speaking to him in a language he could not understand.

Phoebe and Benjamin sat side by side, their shoulders touching, their breath coming quickly, and suddenly Ben's hand moved from his knee and found her hand.

"I love you," he said. Phoebe heard the words through the swelling music, like words floating in a dream. She raised her eyes, and Ben looked down into their clear depth and said the words again. And Phoebe whispered, "I love you, too."

M. PRENTICE

and his son were the last to leave the party. They stood in the yellow oblong of the doorway a little before midnight, the older man in last minute conversation with Caroline, Benjamin trying to catch Phoebe's eye. She had given him no chance for a word alone with her since the music, and now stood avoiding his glance, her arm linked through her mother's, and an expression of happy excitement on her face.

"Ed, I haven't really talked with you," Caroline was saying, "about Amy. Just how ill is she?"

He shook his head. "None too well, Caroline. None too well. Fact is, the doctor told me I'd either have to come north or get me a new wife."

"For mercy sake!" Caroline frowned.

"Well, tell her I'll be over in the morning."

"I will. Good-night, and thank you for a most delightful evening. Good-night to you both."

"Good-night, Phoebe," Benjamin said, and Phoebe looked suddenly straight into his eyes with an expression that was at the same time so shy and so eager that his heart beat wildly.

The night was black and a rising wind sighed through the trees. Benjamin followed his father, stumbling in the dark, wondering how soon he could see Phoebe again, and wishing he hadn't made his appointment with Jenks of the Bar Association for 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. "That means I'll have to take the early train, and the chances are I won't get back here until evening." The two men rounded the end of the hedge, and as they approached the black bulk of the carriage house, a loud "me-o-ow" followed by a series of shrill squeaks, sounded at their feet.

"What's this," Mr. Prentice exclaimed in

an annoyed tone as he kicked out in the darkness. "Cats?"

"Yes, a whole family of them," Benjamin explained to his father how they happened to be in the carriage house, adding, "I promised Phoebe I'd take care of them." Say, Dad, Ben was smiling as he stood beside his father on the porch while the older man hunted for his key, "did you notice Phoebe?"

"Notice her?" Mr. Prentice turned the key in the lock and flung the door open. "Why, not especially."

"But didn't you notice how lovely she is?" Without answering, Mr. Prentice crossed the hall and went into the large living-room. One light was burning beneath a shallow dome of metal-bound glass, whose green color was repeated in the old-fashioned Brussels carpet and the border of stained glass around the windows. Ben threw off his top-coat and hunched his shoulders.

"This house has a chill all through it," he said. "I hope mother's comfortable upstairs."

"The house is in fine shape. Pease is an excellent caretaker—there's not a crack in the walls. Good man, Pease. Appreciates his employer."

"Well, it's a gloomy old place, anyway." Ben pulled a pipe out of his jacket pocket, held a match to it, and then tossed the match in among the paper and kindlings on the hearth. Then he smiled affectionately at his father. "Dad, come on and sit down for awhile. I'm all wound up. Isn't Phoebe wonderful. When we went away she was just a kid, freckles and pigtails and long black stockings. Why, gook—I never gave her a second thought!"

"And, may I ask," his father asked carefully, "why you feel it necessary to give her a—second thought now?"

Benjamin looked up, his blue eyes proud beneath the blond brush of his hair. "That's what I've been wanting to tell you, dad. You see, I'm going to marry Phoebe—if she'll have me."

"You're going to what?" "Marry her," Ben repeated. He looked extraordinarily happy.

"It's absurd!" Mr. Prentice waved the whole matter aside with a sweep of his hand. "Go to bed, my boy. You'll be laughing at it yourself in the morning."

Ben sprang out of his chair. "I'm sorry," he said stiffly, "that I mentioned it at all. I—I hardly expected you to take an attitude like this. I'm telling you that I've found the woman I want to marry—"

"All right," his father interrupted. "All right, son. Let's talk it over. Let's have a regular old man-to-man talk and see what's what. Now, as regards your marriage, son, you must remember that you have before you a brilliant future. Take your time and look around. Don't lose your head over the first girl you meet—good Lord, you'll probably be in love half a dozen times before you marry! You are at a crucial moment in your career—the beginning is always the important point, and it is my most earnest desire that you do not muddle your life. I don't need to say any more, do I?"

Ben stood up straight as an arrow, his blue eyes on a level with the red-brown eyes of his father. "I'm not going to muddle my life, dad," he said quietly. "I'm going to marry Phoebe Overton—if she'll have me." And before his father could reply, Ben strode out of the room.

PHOEBE

opened her eyes and saw grey rain blowing past the windows. She smiled at it, wondering why she should feel so terribly happy. What had happened? Then she was wide awake, sitting on the edge of the bed, hugging

herself in the cold freshness of the room. She had fallen in love! She pattered across the floor in her white pyjamas to close the windows, stopped before the mirror for a glimpse of Phoebe Overton in love.

Had it made her look different? No, she couldn't see that it had. How strange! Here she had awakened a new person, her whole world changed, and nothing showed! Ben... Was he really in this same world with her? Was he really right over there? Phoebe took a long look at the familiar red brick house visible from her window as if she had never seen it before. Then she flew into her clothes—navy shirt, scarlet cardigan, and white blouse—and ran downstairs. The dining-room shades were up to the top and the room smelled of fresh coffee and bacon. Her mother and aunt sat at the end of the table which had not yet been made small, lingering over their breakfast.

"Here's Phoebe, fresh as a daisy," said Aunt Bea, as her niece slipped into her place and hungrily speared the grapefruit on her plate.

Phoebe beamed at both of them. "Isn't it a wonderful morning?"

"A wonderful morning!" Caroline glanced sharply at her daughter. "Why, it's coming down in buckets!"

"Well, I just mean," Phoebe blushed suddenly. "I love the rain."

"I can't say I do!" exclaimed Mrs. Overton as a gust of wind shook the house. "Bes, I do wish you didn't have to drive into New York through this. Won't you stay over Sunday?"

"Can't be done, more's the pity," said Miss Palmer. "Saturday night's my big night at the tea room, and Anna has to be on deck." She turned to her sister. "That old road of yours must be a roaring river."

Caroline nodded. "Do be careful on it." "I will, don't you worry! Carrie, did John get any chance to speak to Ed. Prentice about the right-of-way last night?"

"Mercy, no, not at the party!" "Well, you keep after him until he does. I declare, I'd like to sail into Ed. Prentice myself. There's no reason on this earth why he shouldn't give you a right-of-way across his corner, things being as they are."

Phoebe listened to the talk of her mother and aunt with little attention. Ordinarily she was as interested in the matter of the much-needed right-of-way as anybody. But this morning she and the wild storm outside shared a secret remote from such everyday things.

"Phoebe," her mother said suddenly, "I forgot to tell you Benjamin Prentice was over here looking for you about nine."

Phoebe's hand joggled, spilling half a teaspoonful of sugar outside her cereal dish. She stared at her mother with dazed, shining eyes.

"He wanted to tell you he was going to New York for the day, but would be over to-night."

"Like him, Phoebe?" Miss Palmer had observed with interest her niece's heightened color.

Phoebe became very much absorbed in helping herself to bacon. "Why, yes," she murmured. "I guess so—that is, I really don't know him, do I?"

"A nice boy," Aunt Bea remarked cheerfully. "A very capable young man! He'll go straight for what he wants, that one, with no beating about the bush. Ought to make a splendid lawyer. A shade on the serious side, maybe, but that's a good fault. I like his hair. I don't imagine he's seen much of girls."

"Mercy, Bea," Caroline laughed. "If you don't sound like a fortune-teller—and you've only seen the boy once!"

"Pooh! Once or a hundred times," Miss Palmer said stoutly. "It's all there if you have the eyes to see."

No more was said about Benjamin, and immediately after breakfast Miss Palmer started for the city, the round faces of Anna and Matsui beaming back at Phoebe through the wet rear window of the sedan.

"Phoebe, maybe you could start straightening out the house," Caroline took her coat down from its hook in the hall and wrapped it tightly around herself. "I promised to run in and see Amy Prentice this morning, but I don't expect to be gone more than half an hour."

AFTER lunch Phoebe hung around the kitchen. "Well, all I can say is"—Caroline leaned down to peer at the heat indicator on the oven—"that I've never been so shocked at the sight of anybody in my life as I was at Amy Prentice this morning."

"Is she terribly ill, Moms?" Phoebe looked up from the flour she was sifting for the apple pie. Poor Ben!

Her mother clicked her tongue. "Till I tell you, Phoebe, it's pitiful, just pitiful! Why, when I think of Amy Prentice twelve years ago, and to see her as I did this morning! I simply cannot understand Ed. Prentice! The doctor told him and told him that Amy couldn't stand Florida in the summer time."

"But, Moms, if it was so bad for her, why didn't she just come up here in summer and let him stay south if he wanted to? The house was right there all the time." Mrs. Overton made a bitter mouth. "I asked Amy that. Poor soul, all she said was that Ed. considered a wife's place was at her husband's side, no matter what."

"My goodness!" "Yes, I saw Ed. out in the yard afterwards, and I said to him—" Caroline's voice was muffled by a clatter of pans. "Phoebe, where's that grey pan I put parings in? Have you seen it?"

"Why, no, I—oh! I guess I left it over at Prentices' last night when I went to feed the kittens."

"Well, run over and get it, dear." The rain had stopped, but the wind blew a fine mist off the bay. Phoebe liked the feel of it in her face, she was glad of the excuse to go out. She went rather cautiously around the end of the hedge and on to the Prentice lawn. From what her mother had said, Ben would be gone all day, but supposing he had returned—she'd die if she met him over here. She stood transfixed as a car came up the drive, but it was only Mr. Pease's truck with Mr. Prentice on the seat beside the old man. Mr. Prentice jumped out and the truck circled the drive and went back toward the road. Phoebe bent down to see if she could see anything of the kittens, and Ben's father came toward her.

"Hello, there," he said pleasantly. Phoebe smiled up at him. "How do you do, Mr. Prentice. I was looking for the kittens, but I don't see them anywhere."

"The kittens? But they're not there any more."

"Oh! Did Ben take them into the house?" she asked eagerly.

"No, no—no, indeed. You see—" Phoebe thought that there was a great deal of red about Mr. Prentice. He had on a reddish-brown Norfolk jacket which just matched his eyes, and his hair was red, and the rims of his eyes, and even the freckles that stood out on his thin cheeks. Then suddenly she realised what he was saying: "... so I just had Pease drop those cats off the truck up the road a way."

Phoebe stared. Of course, she must have heard wrong.

"Better than drowning, I always think," Mr. Prentice went on, as if he felt compelled to make further explanation to the wide hazel eyes fastened on his face.

"But you don't mean," Phoebe said in horror, "that you threw those kittens out into the road!"

"Why, no, of course not," Mr. Prentice said. "I had Pease put them down quite gently in the woods."

"In the woods?" Phoebe's eyes blazed. "Why, what a perfectly cruel thing to do! Those kittens are only five weeks old. They'll—" she paused, for at this moment the grey mother cat appeared around the corner of the carriage house and ran to Phoebe. "And you didn't even put their mother with them!" she added.

"Well, no—we can use one cat around here to keep the mice down," Mr. Prentice said.

"But didn't Ben tell you," Phoebe said breathlessly, "that I gave him the kittens to k-keep?"

Mr. Prentice looked surprised. "Why, no," he said. "I understood from Benjamin that nobody wanted those cats."

"Oh!" Phoebe was really shocked. She felt a sickening sense of disappointment. So Ben hadn't meant it when he said he would keep them. He had let his father do this!

Mr. Prentice seemed very sympathetic when Phoebe explained that it was all a mistake, that she loved the kittens. He told her where they had been abandoned "... it was about half-way to the pine barrens—back in the woods this side of the Foster place..." and then Phoebe picked up the grey cat in her arms and ran pell-mell toward home. She didn't realise that she was crying as she got the car out of the barn, dumped the cat into the tonneau—she might help find the kittens—and tore down the drive.

At the point where the old road met the highway she saw Peter. "Come on and get in," she called as she stopped the car. "I'll explain as we go along. Be careful, don't let that cat get out!"

Peter climbed into the seat beside her without stopping to ask any question, and Phoebe was so excited explaining what had happened that she didn't notice how white his face was, or that he had dark circles under his eyes, or that his voice sounded strained as he said: "Phoebe, I was coming over to see you. I just had to talk to you."

"We'll talk later, Peter, I can't think of anything now but finding those kittens."

So there was nothing for Peter to do but sit silently while Phoebe drove. He held on to the cat, which squirmed and howled resentfully, and kept to himself whatever was on his mind.

THE pine barrens was a dismal stretch of burned-over land extending for two miles on either side of the Riverhead Road. Hundreds of acres had been swept by fire, and above the underbrush a forest of dead, silvery tree trunks reached gaunt arms towards the leaden sky. Phoebe looked at the desolate expanse, thinking of the kittens wandering there somewhere, frightened and lost.

When they came near the Foster place, an abandoned farm falling into ruins, she stopped the car and she and Peter got out and began to hunt among the thickets bordering the road. Phoebe called to the kittens in the same tone she used when she brought them food, and she tried to make the grey cat speak, but the cat was scared and sullen and refused to make a sound.

They repeated the process at intervals along the road as far as the Foster place, then back again on the other side. But no kittens were to be found.

"We might as well give up," Peter said. "It's no use, Phoebe." It was beginning to get dark; the gusty wind carried their voices off into nothingness.

"Please, just a little longer," Phoebe begged, and began searching farther and farther away from the road.

Rain came suddenly in a cold, pelting shower that mingled with the tears on Phoebe's cheeks. Peter ran to her, shouting, "Come on, Phoebe, it's no use, you'll only catch cold out here."

"ALL right," Phoebe dug a damp ball of handkerchief out of her sweater pocket and mopped her eyes, but the tears kept welling up as Peter dragged her back towards the car. She was seeing the little black kitten, lost, hungry, and frightened, with nothing to do but wander around until he died.

Suddenly she caught Peter's arm and stood still, holding her breath. The wind had lessened with the coming of the rain, and she thought—she was sure she had heard a tiny cry. Yes! There it was again, so faint that it was hardly louder than the patter of the rain. Peter heard it, too. And then they saw the grey cat, who had been crouching miserably at their feet, dart quickly away to the right. She was making soft, trilling sounds, and the boy and girl followed breathlessly. A moment later they were squatting above three drenched kittens that stumbled about against each other and their mother, joyfully purring. Phoebe gathered them up and felt the frantic clinging of tiny claws.

"But, Peter—this is only three," she said anxiously. "The black one isn't here."

"I think the cat has found him, too," Peter said.

She looked and saw the cat standing under a bush a few feet away, her head down, looking a small object. Peter went over and picked it up. It was the black kitten, but in Peter's hands his head drooped so strangely that Phoebe cried out:

"Peter, he's dead!"

"No, not dead, Phoebe. But he's badly hurt."

"Oh, dear—!" She saw the dark wound in the little white vest beneath the kitten's chin. "Oh, the poor little thing!" The kitten moved faintly, and she touched her cheek to the dragged fur on top of its small head. "Looks as if a woodchuck got him," Peter said.

Phoebe was silent as Peter drove home. She held the wounded kitten in her lap, trying to ease it against the motion of the car, but every now and then it cried weakly as if exhausted by pain. Phoebe felt sad and bitter. Each time the kitten cried she felt that she never wanted to see Ben again.

For an hour Caroline had been worried by Phoebe's absence. When at last the boy and girl arrived in the kitchen with their arms full of drowned-looking kittens she scolded them both as if they were eight instead of sixteen. But she was all indulgent sympathy once she had heard the story. The idea! She felt like giving Ed Prentice a piece of her own mind. She hurried Phoebe upstairs to change—"And you'd better gargle your throat, dear"—... invited Peter to stay for supper, and then kept the meal waiting while they fixed a box and a pan of milk near the stove for the kittens.

As they all went into the dining-room Phoebe drew her mother aside. "Moms, if Ben Prentice came over to-night, will you tell him I can't see him?"

"We-ell," Caroline hesitated. "What shall I say?"

"Oh, just tell him I'm busy or—sick, or something. Honestly I don't want to see him to-night."

Neither Peter nor Phoebe ate much, and as soon as the meal was finished they

wandered into the living-room. Phoebe curled up in one corner of the sofa. "Play for me, Peter," she begged. "Something nice and gay. How about that song from 'La Boheme'?"

Peter hesitated, then started off bravely enough with the gay melody. But after a few bars he stopped. "I can't play that thing to-night," he said in a desperate voice. And suddenly he dropped violin and bow on the piano top with a clatter and rushed across the room, to fling himself down by the sofa. "Phoebe, I can't bear it," he burst out. "I saw him take your hand last night while I was playing! I saw you looking at each other. I can't bear it! Don't you know I've always loved you?" His face went down against the couch.

Shocked into speechlessness, Phoebe sat gazing down at the dark head beside her hand. She couldn't believe that it was really Peter saying these things. It was as if her whole world had turned itself upside down before her eyes. She suddenly felt intensely sorry for him, and, reaching out uncertainly, touched his hair. But she couldn't find a word to say.

He caught her fingers, drew them under his cheek, and pressed his lips against them. "I know I haven't got anything to offer you. I haven't any money, or—anything. But if you loved me," he looked up, his young face eager, "if you loved me I'd manage somehow! Phoebe, couldn't you—marry me?"

She looked away. "But, Peter—I—never even knew you felt this way. Honestly, I didn't, Peter."

"You mean—you don't—love me at all?"

"I just haven't thought about it..."

"And I can't think about anything else," he said helplessly. "It seems to me as if we couldn't help loving each other. That's why I can't bear it if you fall in love with him! Phoebe, say you're not falling in love with him!"

She was silent, looking down at her lap.

"Are you?" he demanded desperately.

"I... I'm not." That's what I decided out in the pine barrens, wasn't it? Phoebe thought.

He leaned toward her with shining eyes. "Oh, Phoebe, that makes me so happy. I love you so!" Young, awkward, ardent, he leaned over. "It's funny," he whispered, "I've never kissed you..."

The doorbell sounding loudly through the house startled them both. Phoebe turned her head and raised one hand to Peter's shoulder, unconsciously pushing him away. She heard her mother go through the hall and open the door, then Benjamin's voice carried clearly into the room. There was a moment's indistinct conversation before the door closed again, and her mother returned to the dining-room.

Phoebe relaxed, her cheeks bright. Now that Ben had gone she realised how she must have hurt Peter. He did not speak, and she was afraid to look at him. When at last she did she was shocked by the misery on his face. He was sitting rigid on the sofa's edge, staring down at his hands.

"Peter..."

"You do care for him," he said in a hopeless voice. "When he's around you can't think of anything else! When you heard him at the door now you forgot me... even when I was... even then."

"But I didn't see him, did I?" Somehow she must make Peter stop looking like that. "I told mother to send him away."

"That doesn't make any difference. It's him you care about." Peter covered his face with both hands.

Frightened, thinking nothing but that

she must comfort him, Phoebe threw her arms around Peter. "Peter, don't! I said I wasn't in love with anyone else, and I mean it. Oh, dear, I can't bear to see you suffer like this—I'm so fond of you."

For a moment Peter held himself rigid. But Phoebe's arms were around him; he was so ready to clutch at straws that he read into her words everything he longed to hear. Turning quickly, he buried his face in her shoulder. "Then you do love me!" he murmured. "You'll marry me... you're mine! Oh, Phoebe!"

She hardly felt his kiss; she was thinking frantically that she must tell him. He had misunderstood her meaning completely. She hadn't meant—she hadn't promised... But Phoebe couldn't make herself say the words. And then it was too late to say them; he had drawn away and was looking at her exultant and happy. "Darling Phoebe, now I can play for you—stay right there where you are."

Caroline and John, hearing the music, came to the door to listen. They both wondered at the new quality in Peter's playing. "John, doesn't it sound as if someone was singing just because he was glad to be alive?" Caroline whispered, and her husband nodded.

Phoebe, in her corner of the couch, with her hand across her eyes, heard that joyous note in Peter's music, too. But it made her want to put her head in somebody's lap and cry. She felt terribly tired, and her head was aching. What had she done? Well, she had made Peter happy. But everything seemed queer and dizzy and unreal—most of all the fact that she was engaged to marry Peter.

CAROLINE couldn't go to sleep. About two o'clock she rose and tiptoed to the door of Phoebe's room, wondering if the child was all right—she had looked so flushed when she said good-night. She heard Phoebe tossing in her bed; she distinctly heard a muffled sob, so she opened the door and went in.

"What is it, darling?" What's the matter? Snapping on the light, Caroline sat on the edge of the bed and looked down into her daughter's burning, tear-stained face. "What is it, dear? Tell mother."

Phoebe rolled over and buried her head in the pillow. "I—don't know," she sobbed, "I just feel terrible."

As early as possible in the morning Caroline had Dr. Cross come over, and when he had gone she undertook the task of nursing Phoebe through a "severe attack of grippie."

After the first few days, when she was too miserable to care much about anything, Phoebe was glad to have to stay in bed. Being ill relieved you of responsibilities—such as deciding whether or not you would see a certain person. You could stay hidden away in bed and try to get used to things.

She was much too ill the first day to notice that Benjamin Prentice came over bright and early to present himself at the Overton back door; she showed no interest in the red roses which appeared on her bureau that afternoon. She heard Peter talking to her mother downstairs in the afternoon, and a fine cold mist came on her forehead and around her lips. Next day he brought her a present—trailing arbutus, fresh from the woods. She held them in her hand while her mother went for a glass of water. The dark leaves and pink and white blossoms were wet, as sweetly cool as if their perfume had been distilled and kept fresh beneath snow. When Caroline came back she found Phoebe weeping, the flowers scattered on the bedspread.

"John, I'm worried," she confessed to her

husband that night. "There's something more than gripe the matter with the child. She cries so much. John, could it be possible that Phoebe's in love?"

"Why not?" Her husband smiled. "It was possible for you at her age."

"Ye-es. Do you think it might be Peter?"

"Very likely."

"But, John, if Phoebe is in love, why isn't she happy about it? So far as I can make out, she's miserable. And she won't confide in me."

The only real interest Phoebe showed those days was in the black kitten. She asked her mother a dozen times a day how he was, and at last Caroline brought him, box and all, up to the room where Phoebe could see with her own eyes how he was improving. He did seem to be getting well. He was such a plucky little thing! In spite of the wound on his chest, he seemed determined to make the best of things, and had already begun to scamper around.

APRIL came, not gently and sweetly, but with moody violence that pelted the earth one moment with wind-driven rain, the next with white sunlight poured from beneath swollen blue-grey clouds. Phoebe was sitting up, cross and hungry, her nerves twanging to the constant clatter of the shutters. She felt resentful of everything; she fiercely resented the fact that the black kitten had a hot nose and watery eyes, and showed symptoms of a cold. As if he hadn't endured enough already!

By ten o'clock she had churned her bed into a mass of wrinkles and her mind into a like condition. "Moms, I want to get up!" she shouted, and brought Caroline running into the room.

"Now, dear, try to be patient. You can't get out of bed yet."

"When can I?"

"To-morrow, maybe—if it's nice and warm."

"You mean I've got to stay in bed another whole day?" Phoebe bounced over towards the window. Her father was down in the yard, raking leaves out of the lilac bed. "Then if I can't get up," she turned tragic eyes to her mother, "I wish I could see father."

"All right; I'll tell him, dear."

A moment later her father smiled at her from the yard. "Be there as soon as I finish this," he called.

Phoebe felt somewhat soothed. How pleasant and kind he was—her father. Phoebe could remember only one time in her whole life when she had seen her father really angry. And though that had been long ago when she was only seven, it had made such a deep impression on her mind that she never quite forgot.

The hedge had been planted the day after Phoebe broke Mr. Prentice's little pink dogwood tree.

She certainly had not meant to break the little tree, but somehow she had when she raced after a croquet ball which her father had hit so hard that it went spinning over to the Prentice lawn. In fact, she hadn't known about the pink dogwood tree until afterwards—she only knew that suddenly Mr. Prentice had grabbed her and was shouting at her and shaking her hard. But the thing she remembered most vividly of all was how her father had snatched her away from Mr. Prentice, how the two men had shouted angrily at each other over the top of her head. Her father's face had been suddenly all red and strange and different—and Phoebe had felt frightened in a way that she could never quite forget. The next day while she had been still feeling solemn and subdued, the hedge had been set out. Hundreds and hundreds of little bushes put

into the ground by Mr. Prentice's gardener in a long, straight line at the edge of the Prentice lawn. And her father had looked at it and had called it a "confounded spite fence."

"Hello there! Want to see me?" Her father stood by her bed, smiling down at her. He had brushed his grey hair and his face was a bit sunburned, making his eyes look clear and grey.

Phoebe nodded. She looked at him from under her lashes in silence for a moment. "Father," she burst out suddenly, her cheeks quite pink, "you and Moms—you're happy, aren't you? I mean—together?"

"Why, yes, dear. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking about—about marriage and—things." Phoebe paused, picking at the tufts on the quilt. "Father, do you ever get all mixed up in your thoughts?"

"I certainly do. Lots of times."

"Well, then what do you do? I mean, what do you do about it?"

"Try to straighten them out," her father smiled. "That's about all anybody can do, dear."

Phoebe sighed deeply.

"Maybe you're mixed up about something," John said. "Maybe we could talk it out together."

Phoebe shook her head. "No, I can't talk about it, exactly. But I was just wondering. I mean, suppose a person said he would do something—something important—and then he found he didn't really want to, and yet at the same time he felt as if he ought to, what do you think the person ought to do?"

John rose and leaned over the bed to pat a flushed cheek. "I think," he said gently, "that the best thing in such a case would be to think it over for a long time before doing anything at all. Time has a way of taking many of the knots out of problems, Phoebe. And remember this, often it does help to talk things over with someone else. If you have a problem, I want to help you in any way I can. You know that, don't you, dear?"

"Y-yes, Father."

It was nice to be up and dressed even if you couldn't get out of your room. Phoebe walked shakily about, taking a mournful pleasure in seeing how loosely her tan wool dress hung on her and how thin and pale her face had grown. She looked, she told herself, ethereal, and she felt she could be almost happy if only the kitten would get over his cold. She sat down in the rocker and watched him anxiously. He had slept almost all day long. Now he was awake, but he certainly did look droopy.

Caroline poked her head in at the door. "Ruth's here, dear. Shall I tell her to come up?"

"Oh, yes!" Phoebe's face brightened.

"Why, you're all dressed!" Ruth's curls had been blown about her face by the wind. "Do you feel lots better, Phoebe?"

"Lots. But the kitten's pretty sick."

"Poor little thing!" Ruth bent over to stroke the kitten gently. Then she sat down on the edge of Phoebe's bed and the two girls smiled at each other uncertainly.

They were best friends. They told each other everything. Since babyhood Peter and Ruth and Phoebe had played together; among them had grown up the kind of serene taken-for-granted affection that exists among brothers and sisters. Confidences were given as a matter of course by all three; secrets shared. Ruth and Peter's father, a widower who farmed land belonging to the Prentices, was considered by Phoebe's father to be "the salt of the earth," a man who combined simple wisdom with great kindness. The two men were close

friends, and Caroline had mothered the Rosick children along with Phoebe.

Like all little girls Phoebe and Ruth had loved to go to each other's home to "spend the night." Phoebe loved Ruth's tiny bedroom, which seemed so different from her own. Color filled it. There were bright blue curtains at the windows and the bedspread was a gay patchwork quilt. And in that bed, beneath the sweetly gentle gaze of the Virgin on her shelf above the brass head rods Ruth and Phoebe had whispered and giggled in the dark long after they should have been asleep, Phoebe's hair done up in tight knots on the patent curlers she was forever trying.

Ruth looked suddenly away from the window and at Phoebe as if she had decided to speak her mind. "Phoebe, Peter was telling me about you and him."

Although she had half expected Ruth's mention of Peter, color flooded Phoebe's face. She seemed to blush so easily these days! "He—he was?" she stammered. "Wh-what did he say?"

"I guess you know what he said."

"Well," Phoebe broke the ensuing silence defiantly, "aren't you glad?"

"No, I'm not. I'd think it was just simply wonderful if I thought you loved Peter. But—I don't think you do."

Tears came into Phoebe's eyes. She felt horribly weak and wobbly and she wished Ruth would go away and not say such things. "Because the one you're in love with," Ruth went on, "is Ben Prentice. And you couldn't love two."

Phoebe stopped crying; her eyes opened wide. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"And I bet Peter knows that himself," Ruth added solemnly, "only he won't let himself think it's true."

"But I'm not in love with Ben Prentice!" Phoebe said in a breathless voice.

There was a silence while Ruth considered what truth there might be in this denial. "Well," she said at last, "he's in love with you!"

"H-how do you know?"

"Because he's been over at our house a lot while you've been sick and he talks about you all the time."

"He—he does?" Phoebe's gaze pleaded with Ruth to go on. "Well, what does he say?"

"Oh, that you're wonderful and everything," Ruth's eyes shone suddenly. "He's wonderful!"

Phoebe jumped up. "Let's not talk about it any more," she said passionately, and the next moment she was weeping.

SOONER or later, of course, Phoebe had to see Peter again. And the meeting came on the first day she was allowed to go downstairs. She dreaded it; though she could walk quite well by herself she clung to her mother's arm as they went toward the living-room where Peter was waiting. Caroline warned the boy that he could stay only for a minute.

"Now remember, Peter," she said firmly, "Phoebe is far from well yet. She simply must not get excited."

When Caroline had left them the boy and girl stood looking at each other. Peter's dark eyes expressed his gladness at seeing her again, but he felt shy of this new Phoebe who looked so wan and fragile. And Phoebe's heart was pounding; she couldn't think of anything to say.

"I'm glad you're better," Peter said at last. "Come on, you don't want to stand up. Sit over here." Running to a chair which stood in the sunshine he thumped the cushioned seat.

The room which Phoebe had not seen for

so long looked unfamiliar, almost like a room in a strange house. And it was strange to feel so weak, just a little as if she were going to faint in a minute, and to see this solicitous, slightly awed expression in Peter's eyes. He perched on the piano bench telling her about things that had happened while she was ill, asking her about the kitten. They both clung to the subject of the kitten.

"I'm afraid he's got a cold," Phoebe said breathlessly.

"Well, he'll get over it, Phoebe," Peter told her about the other three kittens which he and Ruth had taken over to their house. "Old Mrs. Corbett took one and dad says we can keep the others. They're awfully cute."

"But the black one is the cutest."

"Oh, sure. He's a very unusual kitten, I think. And you know the mother is in Riverhead."

"Yes, father was telling me that Mr. Weeks took her to keep the mice down in his market."

Peter said nothing to remind Phoebe of the last time they had been together. His special tenderness for her flashed in his look, but her illness and the long separation made a barrier between them. And though Phoebe saw Peter for a few minutes on each day following, she managed to maintain the barrier.

She was having lunch with her mother and father in the dining-room for the first time. Caroline went to answer the telephone and Phoebe heard her say "Why, Ben, she's right here now. I'll call her to the phone," and her heart plunged.

"Phoebe! I'm so glad to hear your voice!" Ben exclaimed in response to her faint hello.

"Thank you."

"I can't wait to see you. May I come over this afternoon?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not—this afternoon," she answered in a panic.

"Well, then, to-night?"

"No, no. I don't think so."

He laughed. "To-morrow?"

"No, no."

A long silence.

"Phoebe," Ben said in a different voice, "are you trying to tell me that you don't want to see me at all?"

"Yes," she breathed, and hung up. "Moms, I don't want any more lunch," she called from the hall, and wandered out on to the porch.

Ben appeared suddenly. "Phoebe! You said you didn't want to see me, but I've got to see you when you say it. Did you mean it?"

"I—yes."

He reached out as if to touch her, but withdrew his hand. "You're not well yet, dear," he said earnestly. "We'll talk this over later, when you're stronger."

"But there—there isn't anything to talk over!" she stammered, and the screen door banged behind her.

RETURNING from his morning visit to the post-office, John Overton shifted into second gear and turned off the cement highway into the steep dirt road which led to his own property. The car wobbled through the foot-deep puddle at the junction of the new and old roads, covering itself with splashes of yellow mud, the wheels vibrated violently in John's hands as the car labored and groaned and rattled up the hill, which had been washed out by spring rains. A third of the way from the crest it skidded off an exposed root, swerved to one side—and stuck.

With an exasperated sigh John climbed out to take a look, found that his off rear wheel was sunk over the rim in mud that had crumbled away from the bank, and opened the tonneau door to get the shovel and old boards he always carried with him for "digging out." A little less than an hour later the car was in the garage, and John was walking across the Prentice lawn, his usually gentle mouth set in a stubborn line.

He hated to ask a favor of any man. He hated a fuss; and speaking to Ed. Prentice about the right-of-way involved both. But the time had come when something had to be done. Prentice had been back for three weeks now, and had carefully avoided all mention of the right-of-way, concerning which John had written him frequently over a period of two years. And John knew that he couldn't look Caroline in the face—he couldn't look himself in the face for that matter—if he let another day go by without speaking directly to Prentice.

THE facts were plain enough. The old road was not only a confounded nuisance, it was rapidly becoming a menace to safety. Something had to be done about it, and soon; something most emphatically had to be done before another winter set in.

John went up the steps on to the Prentice veranda and pressed the bell button beside the oak doors, which were panelled with frosted glass in a design of oak leaves and acorns. There was no response. He raised his hand to ring again. Then he thought, "No, Amy might be sleeping. Don't want to disturb her," and walked around to the back door.

It stood open, and from within came walling sounds. John crossed the entry way, squeezed between a big old-fashioned ice-box and a conglomeration of pails and cleaning tools, and peered into the kitchen. Eulalie, the colored maid acquired by the Prentices shortly after their arrival, stood with her back against a sink full of dishes facing the master of the house.

"Ah doan have to stay heah," she was saying, her soft voice pitched to a high wail. "Ah doan have to stay heah and be treated like a dawg!"

"Oh, come, now," Ed. Prentice spoke in a soothing voice. "You have a good home here, my girl. I'm sure Mrs. Prentice treats you well."

"Mix Prentice!" Eulalie raised her hands, pale palms outward. "Mix Prentice, she's an angel, de Lawd have mercy on her soul. And Ah gits along wid young Ben, soo. But Ah ain't ever worked"—Eulalie took a long breath—"for nobody like you, suh! No, suh! An doan know wheah Ah'm at wid you, an' Ah can't stand it. Now take younself. If Ah cooks pot alga three minutes you boiler at me an' 'em foah you foah. But when Ah cooks 'em foah you boiler at me cause Ah ain't cooked 'em three! An' Ah can't stan dat, suh!"

"Then get out!" Mr. Prentice's voice had changed from soothing to a whiplash. "Get out, and don't let me see that ugly face of yours around here again!" Turning to leave the kitchen he caught sight of John in the entry way. Smiles wreathed his face. "Well, John. Well, glad to see you. Let's step outside." When the door had closed on Eulalie's sobs he chuckled. "Those temperamental mammites! The northern ones are worse than the ones in the south, if that's possible."

John glanced obliquely at his neighbor's sharp red profile. "Too bad you're losing Eulalie. According to Amy, she's a fine cook."

"Losing her!" Mr. Prentice shook his head. "I'm not losing her. Not a bit of it. She'll

stay. I know how to handle 'em. If kindness won't work, a kick will. Purely figurative, of course—the kick. Has to be in these so-called civilized times, though sometimes I'll confess I wish—" he paused, drawing a deep breath. "Well, well, now isn't this a beautiful morning? Does a man good just to look up into that blue sky, doesn't it, John?"

John thought what a blessing it was that Prentice couldn't cut the sky up into building jobs and sell it. "Ed, I'm here on business," he said, "and I'm coming right to the point. How about that right of way?"

"Right of way? Why yes, yes," Ed said heartily. "The right of way! Let's go down and look the situation over."

Prentice started across the lawn, but John stood where he was. "Just a minute, Ed. We can talk here as well as anywhere. All I want to know is whether or not you'll sell me the right. I need ten feet off the edge of your property around the foot of the hill for a distance of fifty yards, and as I've told you I'll pay you a fair price for the right. What do you say? Ten feet of your property is all I need, and I'm willing to pay you six hundred for the strip. Will you take it?"

"Why, John," Mr. Prentice chuckled. "You know I wouldn't want to take money from you. We're neighbors. I'd rather give you the right of way—help you out all I can."

"Well!" John stared at the man, as staggered as if he had been pushed with all his might at a closed door only to have it give way of its own accord. "Well, that's fine of you, Ed," he said a bit weakly.

"Who-o-o! Hold on there!" Mr. Prentice smiling held up one hand. "I said I'd like to help you out, John. But that's not saying I can."

John's patience came suddenly to an end. "Confound it," he roared, "what are you driving at? Are you telling me that you won't do anything at all?"

"Afraid I can't, John. And I'll tell you why. Now look at that hedge over there. You'd have to cut through it, wouldn't you?"

"Of course. But—"

"Well, that's our big stumbling-block, John. I'm sure you'll get my point. You see, if I had only myself to consider in this thing I'd be all humky dory. But it just happens that there's somebody else to be considered, John."

"And that is?"

"My wife," Mr. Prentice brought out words triumphantly. "You see, John. An mighty fond of that hedge there. Likes to see it from her window. You'd have to cut out at least twelve feet of that hedge for your road, and—well, since Amy feels the way she does I couldn't think of touching a twig of it, much as I'd like to help you out. I'm sure you get my point."

"That's nonsense, and you know it," John said. "Amy'd do anything in her power to help; you know she'd be only too glad to have the hedge cut under the circumstances. But you also know I wouldn't think of going to her, since she's ill. Good heavens, Ed, I haven't known you twenty-five years for nothing! Well—" he smiled bitterly, "there's no way I know of to force you into selling. But if you should change your mind my offer stands. Good day."

The little black kitten was growing worse each day. Phoebe sat on the porch steps, watching him with sombre eyes.

Caroline saw Phoebe sitting with her chin in her hands, staring at the ground. Caroline's lips set firmly. That kitten would have to be put out of the way, the child was moping herself sick over it. She decided to speak to John about it at once.

But Phoebe had just made up her own mind to end the kitten's misery. "I'm going up to the store," she told her mother, "to get some things."

At the drug store she found a young clerk whom she had never seen before. "I want enough chloroform to—to put a kitten to sleep," Phoebe said.

The clerk looked at her doubtfully, shaking his head. "I'm sorry, miss. We can't sell chloroform to minors."

"But I'm not a minor. I'm eighteen." "Well, I don't know," The clerk looked dubious. "Tell you what, you let me get in touch with your folks. You got a phone?"

"But—but I'd rather not do that." "I can't let you have it, miss. Sorry—nothing to do with me, you understand. I have my orders."

"Oh, all right then, call my mother. It's Mrs. Overton, two-five-nine, ring four."

Her mother was waiting for her at home. "Phoebe, dear, father will see to the kitten," she said sympathetically. "There's no need for you to do it."

"But I want to do it alone!" Phoebe said fiercely.

Baffled, Caroline withdrew. Phoebe marched up to her own room, rooted out a doll's knitted afghan from the depths of her closet. She loved the kitten, and she couldn't let anyone do what had to be done except herself. When she returned to the porch Benjamin Prentice was coming slowly up the walk.

"Hello, Phoebe," he said. "Could I talk to you for a minute?"

Phoebe gave him a stony glance and knelt blindly above the kitten. "Go away!" she said passionately. "You said you'd take care of him, and you didn't. And now I look at him!"

"But, Phoebe, it really wasn't my fault. Please listen. That night after the party Dad and I were coming home and he noticed the cats. I told him I was going to keep them. He said, 'Doesn't Phoebe want them?' And I said, 'No, she gave them to me.' He didn't tell me he was going to throw them out. I was furious at him for doing it."

Benjamin was silent for a moment. "You're going to chloroform him?"

"Yes."

"I'll show you how if you'll let me. Shall I hold the kitten?" he asked gravely. "Or do you want to?"

Phoebe sat down on the steps beside him and silently held out her hands. In her lap the kitten lay limp, not protesting, his eyes closed. "I can't do it," she whispered. "See how he trusts me."

"He's so sick he doesn't know what's happening, poor little beggar," Ben said gently.

It was over. Over so quickly, Phoebe thought, looking down blindly at the quiet kitten. Her throat ached. Oh, what is life? So wonderful, so harsh, so softly ended. . . . Ben lifted the kitten out of her lap and laid it in the box, and took Phoebe in his arms. "I know he was just—just—a kitten," she sobbed, "but—it's—so—"

He held her tightly. "It's a little tragedy made out of the same stuff as the big ones," he whispered. "I know, dear."

Ben helped Phoebe bury the kitten and they walked silently back to the house just before they reached it she glanced up timidly at Ben. "Thank you for helping me. And I'm sorry for what I said. It wasn't your fault. If it was anybody's fault, it—it was mine."

His fingers curled about hers, but he only said, "Phoebe, you'll let me see you again—soon?"

And Phoebe said, "Yes."

That evening after supper she walked with dragging steps across the field towards the pine woods bordering the cove. Rosy streamers in the sky shed a tender glow

over the earth, the April evening breathed out an immense sweetness. But Phoebe on her way to meet Peter felt only a cold dread.

For days she had gone around asking herself, why did I let Peter think that I would marry him? I don't love him that way. If I did, wouldn't I be sure? Now the answers rushed at her pell-mell like arrows out of the empty sky. You let Peter think you would marry him because you were afraid to hurt him. You were sorry for him, that's all. It was pity, not love, that made you do it! After a long time she knew that the only right thing to do was to tell Peter the truth.

She shrank from the happiness in his voice over the telephone. "After supper, down at the cove? You bet I'll be there! If you'll bring my violin down I'll play to you? What? . . . Oh! Well, that's even better, just to talk . . ."

But now at the edge of the cool shadow of the pine trees she stopped in a panic. She'd run away. She could not face Peter! But Peter was waiting. He called to her. He was running to meet her, looking so happy. "This is wonderful! Oh, Phoebe, you're so sweet! Look, let's sit over here."

Phoebe stood stiffly, refusing to sit down. The eagerness left Peter's face. "Why, Phoebe," he said uncertainly, "what's the matter? Don't you feel well? Are you—are you angry at me for something?"

"No, I'm not angry. I couldn't ever be angry at you, Peter." Her voice trailed off. She had made the worst possible beginning! Drawing a long breath, forcing her eyes to meet him, she began again. "Peter, I've got to tell you something, and I hate to, but I've got to say it."

"Why, Phoebe?"

"Peter, I—I can't marry you. I'm so sorry, it's all my fault—but I just don't love you that way, so—and I can't bear to hurt you."

The silence stretched until it seemed as if it must snap like a too-tight rubber band.

At last Peter said: "Phoebe, please tell me one thing. Is it because you love Ben?"

"No! Or at least I don't think so." She hesitated. "I want to tell you the truth, Peter. I honestly don't know."

"Then we're not engaged any more." Suddenly the truth rushed over Peter and he covered his face with his hands. "I—I guess I knew all the time," he gasped, "that it was just too—good . . ."

Phoebe could not bear it. She rushed to him. "Peter, Peter, don't! I can't bear it! Don't pay any attention to what I said. I'll keep on . . ."

But Peter turned and stumbled blindly away through the trees.

"Phoebe," Ruth's voice came excitedly over the wire the next morning. "Peter's gone!"

"Gone!" She felt a sick lurch of her heart.

"Yes. He just packed his suitcase and went on the early train and didn't say a thing but that he was going to New York. He said he was going to look for a job. Phoebe, do you know anything about it? I thought you might."

"Well—I guess I know why he's gone, Ruth," Phoebe said slowly.

L

LIKE a lost soul Phoebe wandered about the house, avoiding her mother. The relief of having told Peter the truth was drowned out by sadness, by real anxiety. She pictured him on the train; she saw him caught up and whirled away in hurrying crowds; borne

along on the hollow tumult of the metropolis, his face looking as it had last evening in the pine grove. How can I ever be happy again, she thought, sitting on the porch, with no pleasure in the shining softness of the April day.

But when Benjamin appeared around the hedge and came toward her across the lawn Phoebe was shocked to feel a ripple of something that certainly felt like happiness stir the surface of the sad cold pool in her heart. She was amazed to feel her lips stretch themselves into a smile.

"Hello, Phoebe." He looked down at her, his blue eyes anxious, adoring. "Want to go down to the beach?"

They walked across the lawn towards the bank, not saying much. Phoebe wondered at the happy peace which had come over her. Now the sun was shining again, and she was safe. How could this be?

Ben went ahead down the steep bank, which became a warm wall behind them, smelling of bayberry. At the bottom he reached for Phoebe's hand to help her over the big stone, and when her feet were on the sand he drew her into his arms.

Phoebe went into them with a little sigh, as if she were coming home. And when Ben kissed her, everything seemed to be explained.

"Will you marry me, Phoebe?" he asked. And Phoebe said, "Yes . . . I love you."

W

HITE paint streamed in a ribbon from the brush Mr. Overton drew along the sloop's side. Phoebe watched and sniffed the smell of turpentine, and wondered how her father would look when she told him. At last he straightened up, setting the brush on top of the paint-dribbled can. And after he wiped his fingers on a piece of waste, Phoebe breathlessly told him. And his expression was exactly what she had imagined it would be.

"Sure you love him, Phoebe?"

"Oh, yes! And I'm so terribly happy—except for just one thing."

Her father looked at her questioningly. "But there shouldn't be even one thing," he said. "Would you like to tell me about it?"

Phoebe nodded. "Yes, Father, I'm so worried about Peter. He went dashing off and didn't say where he was going."

Mr. Overton looked grave. "Suppose you go back to the beginning, dear."

He listened without interrupting while Phoebe poured out the whole story. She ended with an anxious question. "It was right, wasn't it? I mean, for me to tell Peter how I really felt, instead of just going on?"

Mr. Overton sighed, for he was thinking of Peter, who was almost as dear to him as a son. But he said quickly, "Yes, dear, it was right."

"Well, that makes me feel some better," Phoebe said.

That night, after his daughter was in bed, John telephoned Miss Palmer: "If the boy shows up at your place—as I think probably he will—do all you can for him. Bea. He's had a tough blow, and he's a sensitive youngster. Let me know, will you?" John felt relieved by the flood of his sister-in-law's sympathetic assurances. No one, he thought, would know better what to do with a broken heart.

The roadster skimmed along through light and shadow under the trees, the top down, and the sunny wind rushing by so fast that Phoebe had to keep one arm crooked to hang on to her hat, so fast that little cow-

Beks appeared and disappeared in Ben's ruffled, stubby, blond brush of hair.

The day stretched before them, made out of blue and silver and their awareness of each other. They were on their way to Riverhead so that Ben could show Phoebe the office he had just rented.

At 23 Oak Street they went through the stiff entrance door, up gritty cement stairs to the second floor. A typewriter was clattering, a door stood open and for an instant Phoebe's eyes met the eyes of an unknown girl who stood by a water cooler drinking out of a paper cup. Ben pulled a key from his pocket and fitted it to a Yale lock in a varnished panel. The door swung open and their footsteps echoed on the bare floor of the empty room.

They wandered about in a daze. Phoebe thought it a wonderful office. The case-work windows were nice. They flung them open and peered down into the street with their shoulders close together, seeing nothing.

"Here's where I'll put my bookcase," Ben waved an arm at a blank wall. "Oh, hang it, Phoebe, I can't put my mind on hunting for furniture to-day!"

They had intended to go around to second-hand stores looking for a bookcase, a desk, a chair, a filing cabinet. But now they strolled along the street with all that impossibly foreign to the day and wandered back to the car.

The roadster turned off the main highway practically of its own accord and followed its nose through criss-cross sandy lanes hemmed in by budding branches. And at last it offered Phoebe and Ben a present—a little lake with one tall pine and a wreath of white flowering bushes reflected in its mirror.

They sat under the pine, Phoebe's hair swinging back as she leaned on her elbows. "Ben—is it real?"

"You know it's real. We love each other—forever."

In the silence a frog dived into the clear pool with a quick plunk and the pool was still again; around them spring was breathing, pushing out, thrusting up in the damp sweetness.

A FEW days later they really did go hunting for office furniture. At the end of an hour Ben had acquired in addition to a desk and chair a battered green metal filing cabinet. "We could paint it so it'd look like new," Phoebe said—a tall bookcase with glass doors, a coat rack and a green leather chair that was the jewel of Mr. Klein's collection and really did look beautiful when the dust was wiped off.

It was a thoroughly gay day. They had lunch at the King's Palace, where booths were strung around the edges of the floor and you put a penny in the slot to start the music machine. Ben and Phoebe used up all their pennies, they danced again and again, silently, speaking to each other without words.

And every little while Phoebe would remember the letter that had come from Peter two days ago, the sweet letter that had taken away most of the darkness from the edge of her happiness.

"Dear Phoebe," Peter had said. "I am writing from my room on West 86th Street, where I expect to be from now on. I want to tell you that I am all right and that I want you to be happy and to forget all about what happened. I guess I will always love you, but I also guess that I love you enough to want you to be happy more than anything else."

"Your Aunt Bea is wonderful to me and has taken me to two symphony concerts and says she thinks she might be able to get me a job in some orchestra. So I've asked Dad to send me my violin as soon as possible. I was terribly surprised one night to have Aunt Bea knock on my door and Mr. Austin and Henrietta were with her. You can imagine how funny I felt with them in this place. Henrietta asked me to dinner to-morrow night. Well, I must say good-night for now, dearest Phoebe. Please try to think of me as you did before."

Tears came into Phoebe's eyes as she glided about the dance floor with Ben. Dear Peter! "No, I'm not crying, Ben. I—I just swallowed the wrong way or something. Oh, darling, I love you so."

PHOEBE lay on the beach, flat on her back, one arm flung across her eyes to shield them from pouring sunlight. Her outflung hand touched the covers of the book Ben had given her last night, "The Golden Bough," lying on the sand beside her.

What was Ben doing? Was he sitting in the squeaky swivel chair at his desk, his hair bright against the background of the blue monk's-cloth curtains, talking to somebody who sat in the green leather chair? Was he at this very minute looking at the bowl full of flowering beach plum she had picked for him that morning, running out of the house before breakfast because the beach plum bushes had burned so white against the bank making her think of him? Or was he poking through the drawers of the filing-cabinet, maybe, frowning because they stuck so? Darling Ben! Now it was the end of May and they had been engaged for over a month. And the best part of it was that soon she would be near him all the time, not just evenings and Sundays. Beginning next Monday she would be in the office, too.

Last night they had gone over to the reef to watch the sunset. Ben had told Phoebe she was wonderful, saying it with the expression on his face that always made her feel beautiful and glorified, that made her want to be good enough, to be everything for him. "But I'm not wonderful," she had said. "It frightens me to have you say that, Ben. I'm just ordinary. I—I don't know anything."

"Billy dear."

"Do you know what I wish you'd do, Ben? Give me books to read and—talk to me about your work. Let me in on that side of your life, too. Would you? Would you, dear?"

And Ben had said of course he would; and then while they were talking Phoebe had had her great idea.

"Ben! I've just thought of something—oh, why didn't I ever think of it before? Ben, I could be your secretary. You've been saying you needed someone, and I know stenography and typing and—and I'm neat. So why couldn't I be it?"

Ben had looked rather startledly into her shining eyes. "But, darling, you wouldn't want to do that. I don't think—"

"You mean you don't think I could?"

"No-o-o, I'm sure you could do it all right. But—"

"Then please let me. At least until—until we're married, dear. It would help me to understand your work and—"

"And we'd be together all day!" Ben had become so enthusiastic about it as Phoebe. And so it had been settled that she would be in the office until they were married. And they were going to be married later in the year.

Ben touched the horn button as he skimmed past Mr. Weeks' delivery truck, toot, toot, toot toot—toot toot! He waved

and Phoebe, in white linen on the high seat of the truck beside Mr. Weeks, waved back.

They had decided against driving together to the office. Solemnly Phoebe had shaken her head when Ben said what fun it would be going to Riverhead together every morning. "But we can't! You get to the office any old time. Some days you have to go and see somebody and don't get in till noon. And isn't a secretary supposed to be at her desk at nine o'clock?"

"But how'll you get there? You can't keep your father's car in town all day."

"Don't you worry, I'll find a way!"

So there she was, bouncing along beside Mr. Weeks, who kept the Seaside Fish Market in Riverhead and passed the Overton house every morning at eight.

When Ben opened the door of his tiny reception room she was at the desk. She had swung the top under so that the new typewriter was revealed. She beamed at him. "Good morning, boss!"

"Darling—"

Ben shut the door and swooped down on her.

"Be careful, Ben. Don't squash this suit. It'll look terrible enough in an hour or so."

"That suit needs squashing. You look prim, like a secretary. What will you do first?"

"Whatever you want me to do."

"Well—"

Ben glanced about the room. He looked a little embarrassed. "Fact is, there isn't much work lying around."

Phoebe sat down and slipped paper under the roller of the machine. "I'm going to look busy. I'm going to sound busy. Anybody who comes down that hall past the door to-day is going to think that you're swamped with more work than you can possibly take care of."

"Great!" Ben thought a minute. "Tell you what you can do. Copy off some of those legal forms—" he went to the old metal file and drew out a sheaf of crisp documents, "... and that way you'll begin to get an idea of the phraseology."

"All right," Phoebe spread out one of the printed sheets on the desk beside the typewriter and beamed up at Ben, her fingers poised over the keys. "Now I'm all set. And, really, Mr. Prentice, I know you're my boss and all that, but how I'm ever going to get anything done with you hanging around..."

Towards the middle of the morning the outside door opened. Phoebe almost gasped. Three men stood before her. Three pairs of hard eyes stared from beneath three pairs of bushy eyebrows. The men were so big that Phoebe's rather faint, "Good morning, what can I do for you?" seemed to make no impression at all.

Without so much as a by-your-leave the three of them had walked right through the reception room and into Ben's own office.

At noon Phoebe sat perched on a stool in front of the counter in Harmon's Drug Store. Phoebe nibbled at bacon and tomato tucked between slabs of toast, sipped her frosted chocolate through the long, pale straw, but she tasted nothing. What was happening to Ben? What did those rough-looking men want with him?

They had stayed in the office for an hour and Phoebe, listening to the rumbling of deep voices, had grown more and more uneasy. Once there had been an argument, with Ben's voice sounding strange and sharp cutting across the rumble. Once there had been the pounding of heavy fists on the desk top. Then at last the door opened and Ben and the three men came out.

Ben hadn't looked a bit scared, but of course he wouldn't! As he passed her desk he had smiled. He had said, "Close the

office, Miss Overton, and go out to lunch. I'll want you here when I return."

Jamming on her hat Phoebe had got out of the office as fast as she could, had reached the sidewalk downstairs in time to see the four men enter the Clover Club Cafe across the street. And the Clover Club was known as the worst place in town! What did it mean?

Back in the office again Phoebe sat nervously waiting. She was sure those three big burly men were gangsters. They were forcing Ben into something dreadful!

The door swung open and her heart stopped. Ben came in, and Phoebe's wide, frightened eyes could see no sinister faces over his shoulder. He was alone. She flung herself upon him and clung to him, trembling.

"Why, Phoebe!" Ben held her tightly. "Phoebe, tell me instantly, what's happened to you?"

"Nothing happened to me! I've been frantic thinking of you with those awful gangsters. Oh, Ben..."

"Gangsters?" Ben held her away and looked bewilderedly into Phoebe's face. Then suddenly he shouted with laughter. "Darling, did you really think the Bojesca brothers were gangsters? Oh, gosh, that's the best laugh I've had in years!"

Phoebe drew away. "Oh," she said in a small, hurt voice. "Then—then they weren't?"

"Darling, I'm sorry you were worried. I should have explained before leaving the office, but I never thought. And," Ben chuckled again, "those Bojesca brothers are pretty tough-looking customers, I'll admit."

"And you went to that awful Clover Club!"

Ben laughed. "Yes—the Bojesca idea of being gay. You should have seen the devil-dog way they ordered cocktails as a starter. And what cocktails! But, Phoebe," he leaned on the desk to peer into her face, "I'll burst if I don't tell you pretty soon. I have a real case!"

"Have you honestly, Ben. Oh, tell me about it!"

He strode up and down the room. "Well, the three brothers are business partners—big potato wholesalers—and they've got themselves all snarled up in a partnership quarrel. Nick—the big one—is in a rage at the other two brothers because they put something over on him. It's this way. They had a big potato shipment in the warehouse, and Nick wanted to hold it for higher prices, and the other two thought the shipment would spoil if they waited. See? Nick's pig-headed, and said to hold on. Well, Nick went in to New York for a couple of days, and while he was away the other two brothers sold without his say-so. So Nick wants to dissolve partnership and sue them. He's mad as hops, but still he doesn't really want to break with them. He knows it'd be cutting off his nose to spite his face. So they decided to get legal advice, and that's where I come in. Gosh, Phoebe, it's a break for me! The Bojescas are about the biggest men in their line—"

"And they came to you!" Phoebe said proudly. "You'll do it wonderfully."

"Well, I think I can handle it!" What time is it? Gosh, I've got to go. Meeting the Bojescas at the courthouse." He strode toward the door.

"But wait, Ben," Phoebe frowned down at the little desk pad, feeling exhilarated and important. "How about that Mr. Long—for advice—at two? I made the appointment this morning."

"For two? Oh, hang it! Well, you'll

have to get in touch with him and make it later."

"But he didn't leave any telephone number."

"Well, he'll have to wait. I'll be back by three at the latest. Make it right as you can with him. And, Phoebe, always get a phone number if possible."

"Yes, Ben."

AFTER two weeks of dry June weather came the storm, and it rained and blew steadily for three days. The earth loved it. The garden, which had begun to look pale and parched, grew happily sodden, and an immense sweetness filled the air and blew into houses whenever doors were opened.

But Phoebe's father did not enjoy the storm. He had spent most of the past two days tramping restlessly about the house, peering first toward the east and then toward the west, to see if the storm was going to let up by the 20th, the day on which he was expected to deliver the sloop to Mr. Austin. Now, on the afternoon of the 19th, he stood at the dining-room window gazing out at a bay the color of dark lead and trimmed with the foam of vicious little whitecaps. "A fine time for her to take the kick-up," he observed gloomily to Caroline for the tenth time, and she put down her knitting and came to stand beside him, her brow wrinkled anxiously.

"What'll you do, John?" she asked. "I mean if it doesn't clear to-morrow."

"I don't know."

"Do you think you'd try to make it, anyway?"

He shook his head. "I couldn't risk it," he said, looking at the sloop, which stood beneath her protecting canvas sheath on the ways. His eyes saw straight through the tightly-bound grey tarpaulin to the delicate hull. Trim, beautiful and fragile, this boat was his masterpiece, the finest craft he had ever created, and his pride in her went deep.

"Well, then, Caroline said after a moment, 'Mr. Austin will just have to wait, won't he? The storm isn't your fault.'"

John ran a hand through his hair and sighed. "I suppose he will have to wait, but I certainly hate to disappoint him. He's been planning this birthday surprise for Henrietta for a year. He's just like a kid about it, Carrie. And I promised I'd have the boat there on time."

The strong south-east wind went on blowing all night, and when morning dawned grey and heavy it was still driving rain in sheets against the window-panes. Caroline was surprised to see John quite cheerful as he came into the kitchen after breakfast.

"I've got a way out," he announced. "Don't know why I didn't think of it long ago. I can get the sloop over to Austin to-day by truck!"

"By truck?" Caroline paused with the percolator she was carrying to the kitchen dresser in her hands, and her face brightened. "Why, that's a wonderful idea, John." Then she added anxiously, "But won't a truck be pretty expensive?"

He nodded. "Yes, but I don't care about that. Austin's paying such a big price for the boat, I feel we can afford to strain a point to help him out."

"Of course," Caroline set down the percolator and sighed happily. "John, every time I think of that two thousand dollars I have to pinch myself to be sure I'm not dreaming. It seems too good to be true!"

By the time the truck arrived at two o'clock quite a group had gathered on the

Overton lawn. The truck driver, a young giant with black hair and a black felt skullcap into which a pattern had been cut with a pair of scissors, had two assistants with brawny arms. He jumped down from the van and looked at the sloop, his black eyes snapping with enthusiasm. "We'll get her there all right, all right! Won't be a nick on her, either. Naw, never carried a boat before, but I've had a tractor, and only last week I took seven cows in one load, and there ain't no boat nor nothin' that could be worse'n that!"

It took the nine men half an hour to get the sloop hoisted into the van. Phoebe and Caroline and Ruth Kosicki stood on the soaking lawn and watched, and waved to Mrs. Prentice who was looking on from her upstairs window across the way.

And at last the sloop was poised safely on the floor of the van, braced, padded and snugly bound about with tarpaulin from which the smooth golden shaft of the mast end protruded.

"Moms! It's just like a party, isn't it?" Phoebe cried. "And the sloop is the debutante. Moms, let's have a party afterwards to celebrate!"

"Mercy, child. Well, maybe we can."

The truck was starting slowly along the driveway. At the top of the hill where the old road led down to the highway, Mr. Overton called to the driver to stop, and, standing below the cab, shouted to him over the roar of the engine.

"Take it easy down that hill," he said. "Take it easy!"

Phoebe thought the truck looked top-heavy, with the hull of the sloop rearing up so that it hid the driver's cab. And the hill certainly was a mess! Rain had been washing down it in rivers for three days, making gullies between the stones, leaving roots naked and slippery. Then the tragedy happened before their eyes while they stood helpless.

The truck had slewed, its huge, double rear wheels swinging around in a sickening arc. It was like being in the middle of a nightmare to see it keep on going, driven by the force of its own momentum on the steep down-grade. To see one of the double wheels jam hard against the ridge of the rock that made a sharp diagonal backbone through the road, to see the other wheels tilt up, hang in the air for one horrible moment while no one breathed—and then go over! With a dreadful crash the truck had gone over on its side! And the sloop tore loose from its ropes and slammed full force against a tree.

Phoebe leaned against a muddy wheel, fighting the faintness that swept over her, with the relief of seeing the driver and his two helpers crawl out of the cab alive, apparently unhurt. The driver, the minute he was on the ground, staggered around the end of the truck and looked at the sloop, then stared at Phoebe's father with dazed, scared eyes. "Gosh, mister—" he began hoarsely.

John silenced him with a downward gesture of his hand. "It wasn't your fault. It was the road." And without another word he started back up the hill.

Phoebe's heart plunged as she saw her mother open the door and come out on the porch to meet them. Caroline was smiling, but her smile changed to blank surprise as they came nearer; then her face grew strained and frightened.

"John! What's happened?" she called sharply.

Phoebe ran to her mother and threw her arms around her and burst into tears. And John stood on the bottom step, looking at his wife. "I'm sorry, Carrie," he said helplessly. "The truck skidded on the hill. All the sloop's good for now is kindling wood."

NEXT morning the sun rose in a sky innocently blue. Phoebe, bumping along to Riverhead on the hard seat of the truck beside Mr. Weeks, resembled the sweet morning. She responded to Mr. Weeks' pleasantries with silence, though usually they chattered gaily all the way to the office.

And at the office everything seemed to go wrong. She had forgotten to buy a new ribbon for her typewriter, went out to the stationery store in the next block to get it, and returned to find Ben waiting in a stew of impatience because Mrs. Barstow was due to arrive any minute now and Phoebe hadn't prepared the necessary forms.

Her fingers were all thumbs. Half of her mind was still at home, clogged with the heaviness that had hung over the family breakfast table. She spoiled two of the long printed forms, concentrated furiously on the third, and managed to finish it with only one erasure. She carried it in to Ben, and when she came back to her desk Mrs. Barstow was just coming in the door. "Good morning, dear child, isn't this a beautiful morning?" cooed Mrs. Barstow, irritatingly fresh and cool in her tailored white silk, smiling her patronising smile as she sailed on into Ben's room.

"Phoebe!" Ben came suddenly out of his office, leaving the door open behind him. "Phoebe, you'll have to retype this. I thought you understood that there can't be any erasures on a legal form. I've told you that again and again."

Phoebe's cheeks crimsoned. Of course, she was nervous about Mrs. Barstow, who sat regally in the green leather chair just beyond the open door, tapping her foot; of course, his severe tone was for the purpose of impressing Mrs. Barstow. Phoebe made an effort to swallow her humiliation. "Put a new form in your machine. I'll dictate."

Well, he certainly had no need to use that tone! Blinking away furious tears, Phoebe inserted the sheet of paper under the roller and began typing as Ben dictated; "Whereas, I, Edna Barstow—" Phoebe's fingers punched the keys in quick staccato. Then they stopped. She had written "Barstow."

"Take it out and try another." Ben laughed nervously.

Phoebe thought, "He thinks it's funny," and she was trembling as she began all over again. And again she wrote "Barstow." She sat rigid, tears blinding her eyes, her fingers frozen on the keys.

"Here, I'll take it." Ben said, and Phoebe stumbled up from her chair, bumping her thigh on the sharp corner of the desk, and fed behind the screen that hid the wash-bowl. When Ben ushered Mrs. Barstow out of the office half an hour later Phoebe was sitting at her closed desk with her hat and gloves on.

Ben leaned against the door he closed after his client and stared. "Darling, what's up? Or is it lunch time already?"

"It's not lunch time. I was just waiting to tell you I'm going home. I've found out." Phoebe paused to make her silly lips stop trembling. "That this is no place for me."

"Phoebe, what are you talking about? You can't still be upset about this morning! That didn't amount to a row of pins!" "It—it amounted to enough to make you nasty to me."

Ben crossed quickly to the desk. "Gosh, I'm sorry if I was nasty," he said, with his arm about her shoulders. And suddenly Ben saw how forlornly her mouth drooped, and he also noticed the tired, strained look on her face and the dark circles that sleeplessness had drawn beneath her eyes.

"You poor kid," he said gently. "Darling, I am sorry! I guess I got so fussed about Mrs. Barstow and her everlasting high-handedness that I forgot everything else."

Tears began rolling down Phoebe's cheeks, and Ben took her in his arms.

"Gosh, your father certainly had about the rottenest break I ever heard of," he went on.

Phoebe slipped suddenly out of his arms.

"It might be more to the point," she said breathlessly, "if you'd get your father to sell my father a right-of-way."

"I don't blame you for saying that," Ben said at last. "And I'm awfully sorry."

"Well, so am I. Oh, Ben, I know it's none of my business and you'll probably hate me for saying this, but I just can't understand your father. It seems to me that what happened to the sloop was mostly his fault. Don't you see?"

Ben nodded slowly. "Yes, I see. And believe me, I have talked to him about it, dear. And—" Ben paused. "And the whole thing worries me in another way—I'm afraid that it might affect us."

"Oh, no!" Phoebe ran to him. "Oh, we mustn't let it! Ben, I'm sorry I acted this way, honestly I am. You're right, I was silly about the typing. I was in the wrong all the time. I shouldn't have erased and—and I don't want to quarrel!"

"Neither do I," Ben said fervently. "I don't believe I could bear it if we ever really quarrelled, Phoebe."

IT was three days since the disaster to the sloop, but John Overton couldn't seem to shake off his depression. Austin had been magnificent about it, but in a way that only made it worse. The financier had generously insisted that the accident was no fault of John's and had tried to make him accept a cheque for the full amount which had been agreed upon as the price of the sloop. John had firmly refused to take a cent, and Caroline had backed him up in this. Remembering her valiant eyes as she said, "Why, of course we must refuse the money, dear," John winced. The disappointment to Caroline was hardest of all to bear.

He wandered restlessly to the window, watched Edwin Prentice on the lawn and wondered what he was up to. The real estate dealer stood at the edge of the bank where the hedge began above the shore. Then John noticed that Prentice had a large pair of pruning shears in one hand, and a moment later he saw old Mr. Pease trundling a stepladder awkwardly across the lawn. Well, so Ed was going to trim his hedge! On an impulse John left the ship and ambled towards his neighbor.

Prentice called out the minute he caught sight of him. "Say, John," he said in a confidential tone, "I've been wanting to tell you how I felt when I heard about that boat of yours. That was tough luck, boy."

John shrugged. "I'll weather it, Ed," he said dryly.

Prentice beamed. "Well, now, that's the spirit! Never say die, that's the spirit I like to see," and he clapped John heartily on the back.

The back-slapping sent a wave of pure fury over John. As his neighbor started walking back to the hedge he said sharply, "Just a minute, Ed! Changed your mind about that right of way?"

"Well, no, can't say that I have. Told you frankly some time ago how I felt about that, John. But I'll tell you this—I'm pretty sure of getting on the Town Council next

autumn, John, and as soon as I'm in a position to bring pressure to bear on the Road Commissioner I'll get him to fix that road up for you in short order. How's that?" As John made no answer beyond an amused smile Prentice turned towards the hedge. "High time this baby had a hair cut," he said jocularly. "What do you say, John? Got a stepladder? If you work along with Pease, one on each side, it'll be easier for you both."

"If I work—" John stared at the man. "What makes you think I'm going to help you trim your hedge?"

"Oh, come now," Mr. Prentice laughed. "This hedge is as much yours as mine, and you know it."

"Oh, it is, eh? How do you figure that? Seems to me you planted it yourself."

"Of course I planted it," Mr. Prentice agreed heartily. "But, great Scott, she's half yours now. Look there, John, she's branched out fully four feet across your land."

"I see," John paused, staring at the hedge. "So you figure half of this hedge is mine?"

"Why, of course," Mr. Prentice laughed. John smiled. "Do whatever you like with your half, Ed," he said. "I'll keep mine the way it is."

"What?" Sensing too late the trend affairs had taken, Mr. Prentice stared. Then he scowled blackly. "You mean to say you're still not going to clip?"

"That's what I mean to say," John laughed outright. "You see, Ed," he added in a confidential tone, "I haven't only myself to think of in this. There's Caroline. She likes this hedge. So much as I'd like to help you out, I wouldn't feel free to touch a twig of it. I'm sure," he chuckled, "that you get my point."

CAROLINE was in the kitchen making lemonade, singing "My Old Kentucky Home" softly to herself as she poured cold well-water over the lemon juice and cracked ice in the pitcher.

Still humming she moved about the kitchen, collecting a tray, two glasses, two of the long, green, unbelievably light spoon she had picked up in the five-and-ten. At the window she paused for a moment to look across at the Prentice house, the upstairs windows visible over the top of the hedge. Poor Amy! Caroline decided to go over and see Amy after supper, when it was cooler. Feeling better because of her decision to do something nice for Amy, Caroline put the pitcher and glasses on the tray, her thoughts running on about herself and John. Business had been unexpectedly good this summer—already John had rented five boats for the whole season—and somehow, if nothing unexpected happened, they would get caught up in a year or two. There was nothing to worry about, really . . . nothing in the world . . . Oh! oh, mercy . . .

She put down the loaded tray so suddenly that lemonade surged up over the edge of the pitcher and made a dark blotch on the clean scalloped d'oyley. She pressed a hand against her side. That pain again. What was it? What was it? Caroline sank into a chair, cold moisture springing out on her forehead and her upper lip, trying to endure the stab of that hot knife. Appendicitis? She had felt this once or twice before, and each time the dread question had sprung into her mind. But she put it aside. She had to put it aside! Appendicitis—an operation—no, no! It simply wasn't to be thought of . . . the expense . . . And for a moment she was unable to think of it, or of anything else. Cramped tightly by the pain, she crouched in her chair seeing the bright

summer afternoon recede from her, withdraw its richness, leave her in the familiar room grown suddenly remote and strange, with nothing real left except that stabbing, burning pain.

It passed as quickly as it had come, leaving her to trembling limpness. Just an attack of indigestion, she told herself, forming the words in a whisper. I must be careful what I eat in such hot weather. Her relief at having explained the pain was so great that she leaned weakly against the sink while the color came back faintly into her cheeks. But she still looked unnaturally pale as she picked up the tray again and carried it out to the porch.

YOU look so tired and hot, Phoebe. Why don't you go home? There's nothing much to do." Ben, just returned from lunch, stood by Phoebe's desk looking down at her.

"I'd rather wait for you," Phoebe said. "You might need me."

"No, I won't. There aren't any appointments and all I'm going to do is dig around in my library on that Bentley guardianship. Come on, now, get your hat. You can take my car and I'll get a lift from somebody."

"We-ell, I'll go. But if I take the car I'm going to come back at five-thirty to get you."

"All right, dear. Then we'll have dinner in town."

Phoebe drove slowly along the concrete that blazed a hot white streak through the pine barrens. Why did she feel so doubtful, so uneasy, as if something unpleasant was going to happen? She slowed the roadster to a stop, feeling an impulse to turn around and go back and have it out with him. But probably it would be better not to. This was no day to have anything out. They might really quarrel, as they had come near to doing that morning over the matter of Mrs. Corbett.

She had meant so well, sending Mrs. Corbett to Ben. Mrs. Corbett was a nice old soul and Phoebe was sorry for her because she lived all alone in her gloomy house. Mrs. Corbett's chief pride and joy in life was her grape arbor, and it did seem too bad that her entire crop of grapes should be gobbled up every year by old Mrs. Randall's turkeys.

Sending Mrs. Corbett to Ben had made Phoebe feel a pleasant glow. But he had let her down completely. After a short fifteen minutes with Ben Mrs. Corbett had sailed out of the office looking a good deal like a ruffled old turkey herself. Phoebe had jumped up and running into the inner office had found Ben leaning back in his chair with an amused expression on his heat-flushed face.

"Didn't you do anything to help her?" she demanded.

Ben chuckled. "I couldn't, dear. There isn't any legal point involved. Gosh, she's a peppery old girl, isn't she?"

"You don't need to just sit there and laugh. I sent Mrs. Corbett to you and promised her you'd help her."

Ben stopped laughing. "You promised her I'd help her?" he asked in surprise. "But, darling, please don't ever promise anybody anything like that again. You see, in this case there was nothing I could do. There's no law which prohibits turkeys running loose. So what could I do?"

"Don't ask me, I'm not a lawyer," Phoebe spoke sharply because she detected a patronizing note in Ben's voice. "But it seems to me you might at least have said you'd speak to Mr. Randall and try to get him to keep his turkeys off Mrs. Corbett's grape arbor."

"But it's not my place to mix into personal squabbles where no legal complaint is involved." Ben leaned forward across the desk. "Darling, try to think straight. If Mrs. Corbett had grounds for legal complaint it would be different. But she hasn't. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see—and since I can't think straight maybe I'd better get right out of this job."

"Phoebe, stop it! You don't know what you're saying. Gosh, let's not quarrel on a day like this, dear. It's too darn dangerous!"

And of course she had melted, as she must melt when Ben looked at her with that loving expression in his eyes.

After Phoebe left the office Ben pulled towards him the sheet of letters that Phoebe had laid on his desk before lunch. Seven letters—and each with at least one mistake!

Phoebe would have to do them all over again, poor kid. He jerked the bottom drawer of her desk out, put the letters in, started to close the drawer and then slowly opened it again. Slowly he pulled out the thin manuscript fastened with a paper clip—Phoebe's "Journal."

Ben read only the first page, but at the end of that he sat staring at the wall, staring through it, seeing in place of the familiar brown paper a clear vision of Phoebe. "I'm so terribly proud of you, Ben. . . . I know you'll make a splendid lawyer, because you're so honest and fine yourself." Tenderness for Phoebe poured through all his body. He loved her. How he loved her!

After a moment Ben put the journal back in the drawer again. And then he slowly pulled the heap of imperfect letters out of the drawer and began retyping them himself.

IN the roadster Ben and Phoebe sped out of Riverhead across the narrow bridge into the highway. "Oh, Ben, isn't this fun? I love doing things on the spur of the moment. Isn't it wonderful that Mr. Rumplesberg wanted to see you right away? If I'd known we were going I'd have worn my beret. What time is your appointment?" Phoebe's hand in the short, white glove that made her slim arms look so brown snatched at the fluttering brim of her hat.

It was as much fun as being let out of school, this unexpected spree together on the hot Saturday morning. The sweltering countryside reeled by—corn standing green and tall; stretches and stretches of potatoes and cabbages and broccoli; villages with red store fronts and people in light clothes walking under the trees. At last came the Parkway where speed was like a cushion under your thoughts. Under the blazing sun your head felt light, if you were happy, only happiness mattered.

"I'm happy, happy!" Phoebe thought. She and Ben were dancing between salad and dessert in the gloomy, gaudy, roadhouse cavern. They were in a magic cave where the red and green and purple lights had nothing to do with everyday life, where it was cool in spite of the blazing heat, where the air vibrated to the primitive beat of tom-toms.

Later Phoebe sat in the theatre alone, watching the comedy unfolding on the stage. But the seat beside her shrieked its emptiness, and she was so conscious of it that she could not concentrate on the play. The jokes seemed flat, the ensembles tawdry, the music a thin patter of sound. Then Ben came.

And suddenly the show was wonderful! Phoebe turned towards him, her face faintly

gleaming in the light from the stage. "Ben, I'm so glad you could get here!"

They were going to have dinner at Aunt Bea's restaurant, so they took a bus. Phoebe relaxed in the hard, wobbling seat on the open top, feeling Ben's shoulder pressing against her own.

"Say, Phoebe, I was just thinking. We might easily run into Peter at your Aunt Ben's place. Shall you mind if we do?"

"No. Shall you?"

"Of course not."

"Then if Peter doesn't, it'll be all right," Phoebe said.

But she felt a little nervous as they went through the street door leading to the restaurant and up the short flight of stairs into the hall of the narrow building. "It's quite early, Ben. Let's go back to the kitchen first and surprise Aunt Bea." Taking his hand, she dragged him down the hall which led them to the kitchen door without having to enter the dining-room at all.

"Why, you darlings!" Aunt Bea, in her white apron, ran to greet them, holding her face up for her tall niece to kiss, beaming at Ben. "I'm all over onions. Ben; can't shake hands. How grand it is to see you!"

Matsu came through the green swinging doors from the dining-room with a tray, his forehead wrinkled with trying to remember his orders, and then he saw Phoebe and Ben and grinned like a delighted schoolboy. Anna was very busy with her chops, but she turned around and looked at the young couple and smiled at them too.

"Aunt Bea," Phoebe said nervously, "is— is Peter here?"

"No, but he's coming. And most likely Henrietta Austin'll be with him. She usually is."

Peter and Henrietta Austin! Phoebe and Ben looked at each other.

"It's as plain as the nose on your face," Aunt Bea said, all the time busily stuffing devilled eggs for the salads, "that Henrietta's head over heels where Peter is concerned. Now you two run along in and have your dinner—and don't forget to order tipsy pudding, or else the butterscotch tart. They're grand."

Ben and Phoebe took the round table for four at the end of the alcove which opened off through a wide arch from the big dining-room. Matsu hurried along behind them and lighted the tall white candle which sparkled and shone in Phoebe's eyes. "Peter and Henrietta," she said musingly. "Ben do you suppose—"

Matsu had whisked away the fruit cocktail glasses and had gone to the kitchen for creamed sweetbreads when Peter and Henrietta arrived. They paused just inside the door to say something to Jean French at the cashier's table, and Phoebe looked at them. Henrietta was—well, she was Henrietta, her tiny hat edged by bright blonde curls, her lips so red, every inch of her joyously alive. And Peter looked so well that sudden tears came into Phoebe's eyes. For weeks she had been remembering him as she had last seen him in Pine Grove, white and suffering, and now there he stood laughing with Henrietta, and all his radiant quality had come back.

Ben stood up to attract their attention, and the boy and girl hurried across the half-filled dining-room into the alcove.

"Why, hello, you two!" Henrietta gave Phoebe's shoulders a quick hug and beamed at Ben. "This is simply marvellous."

"You'll sit with us, won't you? H-hello, Peter," Phoebe said breathlessly, and Peter slipped into the chair beside her.

"What brings you into town on a day like this?" Henrietta looked at Ben.

"Business. I have a client named Rumplesberg, and he wanted to see me. So I brought along my secretary and sent her to a show."

"Business! Ben, that's great! You must be doing awfully well."

"And what," Ben looked into Henrietta's sparkling eyes, "brings you into the city on a day like this?"

A tender softness diffused the sparkle in Henrietta's face; without answering she glanced at Peter.

"It's wonderful to see you, Phoebe," Peter was saying. "You look well."

They gazed into each other's eyes. And suddenly Phoebe knew that so far as she and Peter were concerned, everything was all right. "What are you doing these days, Peter?"

"I have a job," Peter announced it proudly, excitement kindling his dark eyes as he looked at them. "Your Aunt Bea found a place for me in an orchestra."

"Oh, Peter!"

"Congratulations!"

Phoebe and Ben spoke in the same breath, but Henrietta said nothing. "Isn't that splendid, Henrie?" Phoebe asked, surprised by the sudden drop that showed itself at the corners of Henrietta's gay mouth.

"Of course it's splendid," she said slowly. "Only—tell the rest of it, Peter."

"Well, you see," Peter said, "the orchestra's going on a tour of the country—all the way to California and back—and I'm going with them."

"Oh! When do you start?"

"Day after to-morrow. In some ways I—I hate to go," Peter was looking anxiously at Henrietta. "But I feel I've just got to hang on to this job."

"Yes, you have, Peter," Henrietta spoke so seriously that Phoebe felt a queer thrill. "And—of course you'll come back."

Phoebe, who had been looking from one face to the other, glanced away. She felt that she had no right to observe the look that passed between them. Peter and Henrietta loved each other!

MR. PRENTICE chose Saturday afternoon for calling on Ben in his office on purpose to avoid Phoebe. But the first thing he saw when he walked in was a big jar of crimson Ramblers on his desk, reminding him of her. Naturally Ben himself would never indulge in such frivolity, so it must be that girl's work. Mr. Prentice felt a prick of irritation.

Ben looked up in amazement as his father walked in. Outside of one visit several months ago, which Ben realised had been made out of sheer curiosity, the elder Prentice had never darkened his office door. And as they were on slightly distant terms these days Ben was further amazed to be favored with a genial smile.

"How are you, boy? Just thought I'd drop in to consult my attorney this afternoon."

My attorney! In spite of himself Ben smiled.

"What's up, Dad?"

"I want you to serve a dispossession notice for me, son."

"Dispossession?" Ben felt a wallow in the pit of his stomach. "Gosh, that's a bad business. Who's it on?"

"Rosicki. He's got to get out."

Benjamin had turned into a statue beside the roses, a statue with furrowed brow and shocked young eyes. "You're going to dispossess Rosicki?"

"Got to, Ben. Tough, but it can't be helped. Take a look at these. Eight months in arrears counting August, you see. Been pretty lenient, haven't I?"

Ben was reading Mr. Rosicki's letters.

January. "Dear Mr. Prentice: I find I cannot pay the rent this month. I am sorry about this, but prices went down so low last autumn that we have had not quite enough

to get along. I expect to borrow, and I beg your trust—"

February. "Dear Sir: I must again beg your trust in waiting for the rent. Things are going poorly with me, the seed I got for spring sowing was bad and I had to replace same. I am most sorry—"

March. "Dear Mr. Prentice: I am sorry that I cannot pay the rent again. Things are so tight I could not borrow more than to pay for my seed. I had to ask the dentist to wait for fixing Ruth's teeth. I beg your trust, with the first crop I can pay you what I owe—"

"Poor devil!" Ben murmured. "His spring crop went down in sleep, Peter was telling me. Why don't you give him a little longer, Dad? After all, it's the first time he's slipped up on the rent in—what is it, twenty-five years? His autumn crop's going to be all right. Gosh, Dad, what does that money mean to you? What does it amount to—two hundred dollars!"

Mr. Prentice considered the cloth in the sleeve of his summer suit. "All I'm interested in," he said finally, "is this. Have I a legal right to put him off, or have I not?"

"You have," Ben said shortly. "But, Dad—look here. You've come to me for advice on a legal matter. You have a legal right to dispossess this man, but under the circumstances I should advise leniency and an extension of time. I know Rosicki has been an excellent tenant and that his will and intent are of the best."

"Well said, son. Excellently stated. But it just so happens that there's another little aside to this situation. And that is that the property on which Rosicki lives is valuable. It also belongs to me. It also interests a wealthy client of mine who has offered me a big price for it."

"Oh, so that's it," Ben said slowly. "You're going to get a big price. That's why you're going to dispossess Rosicki. It isn't just the default in rent. You want to sell the place." He stared down at his desk. "But isn't there something," he said, looking intently at his father, "... something in grandfather's will that gave the Rosicki family the right to live on that property as long as they wanted to?"

"There was," Mr. Prentice admitted promptly. "But only so long as all obligations were met. Now, obligations have not been met—"

"Okay, Dad," Ben shrugged. "I suppose if you see a chance to make money you're bound to go through with it. But not with my help. I wouldn't touch this thing with a ten-foot pole!"

"All right," Mr. Prentice rose. "All right, son. My main reason in coming to you was to soften the blow for Rosicki. However, if you refuse I'll take it to the sheriff as perhaps I should have in the first place. Too bad—it'll mean a lot of pretty nasty publicity for the old fellow. I thought we could manage to keep the whole matter just among ourselves for his sake."

Ben jumped up from his desk and whirled on his father.

"I think you're being damned harsh in this, Dad. But if you're set on carrying it through I'll see Rosicki and try to let him down as gently as I can."

THE farmhouse parlor was like an oven. Ben sat in the red plush chair, his broad shoulders musing the d'oyse on its walnut-framed back, facing Mr. Rosicki and Ruth. And Mr. Rosicki sat hunched in his rocker, his kind face furrowed with bewilderment.

"But I do not understand this, Ben. Your Pa—he says I must go away from here?"

Ben nodded, staring down at the legal document in his hands. He had been prepared for a flood of protest, for pleading,

for anger—for anything but this crushed bewilderment. "You've paid no rent for eight months, Mr. Rosicki," he explained again. "I'm sorry to say that my father has a right to do this according to the law."

"The law?" Ruth's father looked around the room. He shook his head. "I was born here, boy, and here I grew up. This was the home of my father. This land I have worked on since a little fellow—I love this land! How can—?" his eyes anxiously sought Ben's. "Maybe your Pa don't understand," he added hopefully. "Maybe I didn't explain good in my letters about the rent."

"Mr. Rosicki," Ben leaned forward earnestly. "My father asked me to come to you, but I want you to feel that I'm here as your friend, too. I did my best to make Dad change his mind and give you more time. But he's set on doing this—and if I hadn't come he would have sent the sheriff. Can't you raise the two hundred dollars before the end of next week?"

"Two hundred dollars—next week?" Mr. Rosicki shook his head. "I don't know where there's so much money as that."

Mr. Rosicki rose, and, walking to a window, let a shade fly up to the top. The sun poured in; beyond the yard to the south stretched the standing corn. It was already turning brown; in another three weeks it would be ready to harvest and market for feed. Because of the size of his crop Mr. Rosicki found it convenient to let the ears dry on the stalks rather than in storage bins. The farmer turned to Ben, waving a hand towards the window.

"There's plenty of money out in those fields, Ben," he said. "The crop is good this time. Tell your Pa I can pay him what I owe next month."

"But I'm afraid that's not the point. The whole point is—Dad's got a buyer for this place and they want it September first or not at all. I'm betraying confidence with Dad when I tell you that," he added, "but I've got to make you understand. I don't want you to lose your home, and if you're going to save it you've got to realise exactly how things stand."

"So! It is that way!" Mr. Rosicki cried angrily. "It is not the money I owe—it is the money your Pa can get from somebody else! I remember now. I remember the rich people Mr. Prentice brings to the old house. He says, 'I want to show these friends the old homestead, Joe.' I am proud. Like a fool I show everything. I tell them my well has the best water on Long Island. I tell how fine my apples are, how the lilacs make it sweet in spring. I say, 'Look at my house. Sound as a nut after three hundred years. I take good care of her.'"

"The rich people look and look. The man smiles. She stands in kitchen door. 'How quaint,' she says—quaint—and tells how she would fix it up, with the old fireplace. He says, 'A beautiful place, Ed. Beautiful place. I'd give lots to have it for myself.' And like a fool I smile. But—"

Ben rose. "I don't want them to get it either, Mr. Rosicki," he pulled his pen and cheque-book from his pocket and leaned over the parlor table. "I'll lend you the money myself. Here." He held out to the farmer his cheque for two hundred dollars.

Mr. Rosicki thrust Ben's hand holding the cheque roughly aside. "I don't want your money, boy. You're just a kid. You keep out of this. I'll talk to your Pa—"

He sank back in his chair and relapsed into brooding silence.

Saturday night. Ben and Phoebe were coming home from the movies. Ben at the wheel and Phoebe with her head resting against his shoulder. But for once Ben's

thoughts were not of her. He felt nothing but worry and dread.

This was Joe's last day of grace. In the morning Ben had driven down to the farm with the cheque, determined to make the farmer accept it. But the place seemed deserted. He thought he saw Joe out in the fields. But no one answered his shout, and no one appeared. He had cornered his father at home, and argued. The elder Prentice had grown irritated. "You're acting like a child, Ben. Joe Rosicki isn't the first man to get into debt and lose his home. You seem to forget that he's nothing but a tenant who has failed to meet his obligations."

"What?" Ben asked vaguely, coming back to the present as Phoebe asked him some question.

"I said, look at that glow in the sky. What do you suppose makes it?"

For the first time Ben noticed that the heavens above the pine barrens were lighted with a red glow. "That's fire," he said, increasing the speed of the car. "Quite near, too."

Ben sent the roadster racing along between the deep woods beyond the pine barrens. When they rounded the corner where the cement ended and the dirt road began he gave a shout. "It's the Rosicki place! Oh, gosh!"

"Ben! It's—the corn!"

He was already out of the car, running. Phoebe scrambled after him, catching at his hand. She could feel the heat on her face; the air was filled with the crackling of the fire.

"Stay here!" Ben shouted. "I've got to get over there and find out what's happened!"

"Ben, you can't!" Frantically Phoebe stumbled after him, choking in the smoke that billowed back and forth over the road in the wind. Ben disappeared from sight, and she began to sob. Suddenly her father was beside her. "Daddy, Ben's gone right into the fire," she sobbed.

"He'll take care of himself, dear, don't worry."

The black, darting figures of the fire squad showed in the red light, shouting and yelling at each other. The little engine was pumping with rhythmic chugs, pouring a stream of water towards the Rosicki house.

"HE musta set it," somebody said. "No corn field goes up like that all by itself."

An ambulance came down the road with clanging bell and siren screaming. Phoebe ran ahead of her father and the crowd, pushed her way through the knot of people that swarmed about the ambulance the minute it stopped. Some men were supporting a half limp figure through the gate. One of the men was Ben, and the sagging, stumbling figure was that of Mr. Rosicki.

"Mr. Rosicki! Mr. Rosicki!" Phoebe put out her hand to touch him and snatched it away as she felt the burned cloth still hot on his shoulder. She looked wildly up at Ben.

"Where's Ruth?"

"She's all right, Phoebe. He sent her in to New York."

"Ben—Mr. Rosicki twisted his blackened face towards the boy and girl. They leaned close to hear the words he said in a painful whisper. "Ben, I'm sorry I did it . . . I was mad . . . I said nobody else would have my corn . . . I—I set the corn on fire but I didn't . . . mean to burn . . . the house. I didn't mean . . ."

"I know, I know," Ben said. "And the house is all right. It's all right, Mr. Rosicki, it isn't burned. You saved it yourself . . ."

"I'll go with you." Phoebe's father hurried forward and got into the ambulance after the stretcher holding Mr. Rosicki had

been lifted into place. The big car clanged away.

"What was he talking about?" Phoebe stared wildly at Ben. "Ben, what did he mean about his corn?"

"He was mad because Dad's putting him off the place. He wasn't going to let anybody else have his crop. Poor devil—Ben swayed a little as fierce pain from the burned hand he kept behind him shot through his shoulder and down his side.

"You're hurt!" Phoebe's arms went around him. "Oh—oh, your hand! Come on, I'll drive you home."

He stumbled into the roadster with difficulty. Phoebe drove silently for a minute, thinking of nothing but getting Ben home. Then she remembered what he had said just after the ambulance went away.

"Ben, did you say that your father was putting Mr. Rosicki off the farm?"

"Yes, he owed eight months' rent." Ben in his pain forgot all about the full explanation he had meant to make to Phoebe. "I didn't want to tell him he had to get off—I never thought of anything like this happening."

Phoebe felt cold all over. "You—you say you told him to get off, Ben?"

"Dad—he came to me—I didn't want to." Sweat was pouring down Ben's grimy face as the bouncing car tortured his burned leg and hand.

At the house Phoebe helped a frightened Eulalie help Ben upstairs, called Dr. Cross, and waited in the hall until he came. Then she went home. She sat by the window in the dark until dawn broke cold and grey over the bay. Then she crept into bed.

And then she was awake again, and it was morning, and Ben was limping across the lawn, a white bandage on his hand. She went out on the porch to meet him.

"Phoebe, I've got to talk to you!"

"Are you feeling better, Ben? Your burns—"

"They hurt quite a lot, but I'm all right, Phoebe—I've got to talk to you about the Rosicki's!"

She looked away. "Ben, I just want to ask you one question," she said stiffly. "Did you or didn't you tell Mr. Rosicki for your father that he had to get off the farm?"

"Yes, I did. But I didn't want to, I—"

"But you did," she interrupted. "And so there isn't any more to say."

"But you must let me explain."

She shook her head. "All the explanations in the world couldn't make this right. Oh, Ben, don't you see—you're always explaining things to me. You're always telling me that the law comes first and human beings afterwards. And, Ben, I—I want to love a man, not a—legal document! I'm sorry—"

Blindly she plunged into the house.

"Moms, Ben's going to get another secretary," she told her mother that afternoon. "I don't understand the work well enough. So if you don't mind, I think I'd like to go and visit Aunt Bea for a while."

THE shocking story of the fire tumbled from Phoebe's lips two minutes after she appeared in her aunt's apartment. It took Miss Palmer some time to grasp what had actually happened. She couldn't believe that Joe Rosicki would do a thing like that.

"But if Joe needed money so much, why on earth didn't he come to me? I'd have let him have it gladly. Oh, his pride, I suppose, Phoebe, have you any idea where he'll go?"

"No, Aunt Bea. I don't think he has any place to go after he gets out of the hospital. Ruth's staying with mother now."

"Well!" Aunt Bea frowned. "Well, I

wonder if I couldn't help them out. There's that bungalow of mine over in the woods. It's not anything really but a summer camp, but it's furnished. I wonder if they couldn't manage there for a while?"

"I should think they could."

Miss Palmer put down her knitting. "I'll telephone the house this minute. Maybe it'll put Ruth's mind at rest, the poor child."

Phoebe could hear Ruth's high excited voice over the wire thanking Aunt Bea over and over. "Poor child," Miss Palmer said again, returning to her chair. "I declare, I'm getting so mad at Ed. Prentice I can't stand it!" she exclaimed.

Again she stalked to the telephone, demanded the Prentice number in a dangerous voice, and a moment later relieved her mind of its burden of resentment directly into the Prentice ear.

"Well, that makes me feel a little better." She turned from the telephone to look at Phoebe, who was perched on the couch staring with enormous eyes. "I don't think much," said Aunt Bea, "of your future father-in-law, my dear."

"Oh, I don't either. I—I hate him! He's mean and hard. And—the trouble is," she went on in a small breathless voice, "I'm afraid Ben's a whole lot like him." And then quite suddenly Phoebe was sobbing in her aunt's arms.

IN the following days Miss Palmer found herself thinking about young Ben Prentice a good deal. Like father, like son? She herself had been most favorably impressed by the boy on the few occasions when she had seen him. And yet there was that stubborn-looking brush of hair of his; that very direct pair of eyes; that uncompromising manner. Aunt Bea sighed. Maybe Ben would turn into another Edwin Prentice. And if he did, Heaven protect the woman who married him!

Observing her niece she came to the conclusion that Phoebe was in a very doubtful frame of mind toward the young man herself, though the child offered no further confidence. And considering everything, Miss Palmer felt that the best thing for Phoebe to do would be to stay away from Ben for a while. She encouraged Phoebe to prolong her visit, and, with this in mind, she wrote a long letter to Caroline.

"I hate to, but I suppose I'd better be going home," Phoebe was saying one evening when a week had passed.

Miss Palmer looked up from her jig-saw puzzle—she adored puzzles and cared less than a snap for the fact that no one did them any more—and said cheerfully, "But if you hate to, why go? You know how I love having you."

"But I don't think I ought to keep hanging around when you're so busy, Aunt Bea. And you keep giving me dinners in your restaurant."

"Nonsense." Aunt Bea paused to pounce on a piece that had been invisible for ten minutes, and was right under her nose all this time. "But if it would make you feel better, you could help me."

"How?"

"In the restaurant. The girl that usually comes to help with salads and desserts for dinner has just left. I've got to find another, so if you think you'd like to do it yourself, you can."

"Oh, Aunt Bea! You know I'd love to!"

Phoebe's visit was prolonged indefinitely. Caroline's letters arrived almost daily, and there were long ones from her father which were somehow comforting, though he never mentioned any trouble. But Ruth didn't write—except for the short note telling Phoebe that her father had left the hospital and they were moving into Aunt Bea's house—and Phoebe was a little hurt. Then

one day Ruth came into the metropolis to see her.

Aunt Bea happened to be out shopping, and the two girls sat facing each other feeling a little strange in the apartment living-room. Phoebe asked Ruth how her father was.

"Well, he's still in bed, but he's getting better all the time. The bungalow is nice. Do you s'pose you'll be able to keep warm there in winter?"

"Oh, I think so. It's got beaverboard, you know, and a little stove. We'll get along all right."

They looked at each other in silence. "Ruth, why don't you tell me about everything?" Phoebe asked finally. "You've only written me one letter."

Ruth looked down at her handbag and smoothed it. "I know—I—I couldn't seem to write. I did start a lot of letters, but—oh, Phoebe," she said suddenly, "aren't you engaged to Ben any more?"

Phoebe jumped up and went over to the window. "N-no."

"But why aren't you?"

Phoebe twisted the curtain cord in a spiral around her finger and let it unwind itself. "Well, you know the reason, I guess."

"You mean—about the farm?"

"Of course."

"But, Phoebe, that wasn't Ben's fault!" Ruth cried. And she told Phoebe all that Ben had said and how he had offered to help with money.

"But just the same," Phoebe persisted stubbornly, "he shouldn't have done it in the first place. He didn't have to have anything to do with it if he didn't want to. How do you know? Maybe his father paid him for doing it."

Ruth's face flamed. "How can you say a thing like that! You know it's not true, and I just won't sit here and let you say such mean things about Ben!"

"Well, if he was doing such a noble thing," Phoebe whirled around from the window, her cheeks bright too, "why didn't he tell me? Why should he hide such an important thing as that for days and days?"

"Because he was afraid to tell you, Phoebe. Ben is perfectly miserable without you. You ought to see him. He looks like a wreck."

Phoebe gazed down at her tightly clasped hands. The idea of Ben looking like a wreck was hard to bear. "I'm sorry," she said at last in a small voice. "But—I can't help it."

"You mean you don't love him any more?"

"I don't know."

Ruth looked at Phoebe's bent brown head. Strangely, her eyes filled with tears. "Well, I guess," she said, "you still must, or else you'd know."

There was pandemonium in the kitchen. The restaurant was full, and Matru, excited and flustered, rushed in and out through the green swinging doors and stammered almost unintelligible orders to Anna. And into all the confusion walked Henrietta Austin.

Henrietta had arrived, to talk for hours about Peter, who was still on tour with the orchestra. She sank into the chair Phoebe used when she had a minute to sit down and looked around with relish at the excitement.

"Oh, Phoebe, I've thought of the most marvellous plan. So I can marry Peter, I mean. You know I've been half mad because Peter won't marry me unless I'll live on what he makes, and uncle says I can't marry Peter because I couldn't begin to live on twenty-five dollars a week. Of course, nobody considers me at all. And so I've decided to throw down the gauntlet to uncle!"

"Throw down the gauntlet?" Phoebe had no idea what Henrietta was talking about, and she felt tired and a little cold, and her mother's letter had depressed her that morning by its hints of financial difficulties at home, and all in all she wasn't just in the mood to be a match for Henrietta's exuberance.

"Why," cried Henrietta, "I mean I'm going to take uncle up on that business of being able to live on twenty-five dollars a week. I'm going to make him give me an allowance of that much a week, and I'm going to rent a place to live in till Peter gets back in December; and I'm going to budget the allowance and cook and everything, and you're going to share my apartment!"

In the end Phoebe agreed to be the silent partner in Henrietta's experiment.

Phoebe, in her winter suit, went from employment agency to employment agency. At last came the day when she went to apply for a position in a big department store, and stood in line in the street with about a hundred other girls, a cold November wind snatching at her hat. And she had a job!

AFTER Phoebe went away Ben plunged deeper and deeper into his work. He drove himself and he drove the competent thin-featured woman who now sat at Phoebe's little desk in the reception room. His practice was growing. His popularity was increasing, through chance remarks dropped by his clients on street corners, across shop counters, on trains, around family tables.

Word went around town that Ben was an honest lawyer—"rarest thing on earth"—and also an energetic one. He got things done. More and more business, petty matters for the most part, but still more business, came his way, and he worked very hard. But the most engrossing subject in his thoughts these days was the matter of the Rosicki farm.

Since the fire his mind had revolved feverishly and without cessation around the whole affair. On that hot August afternoon, when his father had walked into Ben's office and announced his intention of dispossessing Joe Rosicki, Ben's memory had brought back to him something his grandfather had said long ago. He was sure he had heard Grandpa Prentice say more than once that he was glad the Rosickis would always have the old farm as their home. The thought haunted him. What was behind that dim recollection of his, and could it have any possible bearing on the present situation?

He questioned his father. But the elder Prentice only repeated what he had said before. "Yes, son. It was your grandfather's wish that the Rosicki family remain on the farm as long as all obligations were met."

When Joe Rosicki was well enough to talk Ben had a long conversation with him.

"Mr. Rosicki, didn't my grandfather make some kind of promise to your father about the farm? That you would always be allowed to stay there, I mean?"

Joe nodded, without showing much interest in the matter. "There was always talk. My Pa say, 'My boy, you work hard on this place and some day it's yours.' I never pay much attention. Old Mr. Prentice was very kind. He talked kind to my Pa. That's all."

Instead of going back to the office after he left the hospital Ben drove down to the farm which had been the Rosicki home. In the late September sunshine the place looked its serene loveliest. The new owners, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, were apparently eager to have all renovations made before winter set in. The barn, which had been silvery

grey, was receiving coat after coat of bright white paint. The house had been repaired on its damaged south end and the new clapboards hidden beneath white paint. Carpenters were hammering and sawing, adding a long open arbor on one side, and blue shutters were being hung beside the windows.

Ben set his lips together as he drove on. Poor little Ruth! He'd give a lot to be able to wipe away the frightened look that haunted her eyes these days, and put the dancing lights back into them.

In the bungalow which Aunt Bea had lent to Mr. Rosicki and his daughter Ben talked to Ruth. "Ruth, try to remember. What did your grandfather say?"

But Ruth shook her head. "Grandpa died ten years ago, Ben, when I was only six. I don't remember much about him. But if you want me to I'll write to Peter and ask him. He was nine when Grandpa died. He might remember more than I do."

In the meantime a State's attorney had visited Joe Rosicki in the hospital, received his confession of having set his corn on fire, obtained from Edwin Prentice a statement to the effect that the farmhouse had been damaged to the extent of five hundred dollars as a result of the fire, and prosecution for arson was in order.

Mr. Rosicki sank into the apathy of despair when he learned that he would be charged with arson. Prison stared him in the face. The case was on the calendar of the Circuit Court for the first of December. When he was discharged from the hospital he sat around the bungalow in the woods, brooding.

"You couldn't do anything, Ben?" he would ask timidly. And Ben would have to reply, "No, Mr. Rosicki. Not unless something—new—turns up."

Peter's reply to Ruth's letter came two weeks later.

Peter wrote: "I was only a kid, of course, but I do remember Grandpa saying something about the place being ours after twenty-five years. Probably the only reason I remember that is because he was so solemn about it. He'd call me into his room and lay his hand on my head and say, 'Little Peter will be a young man when the twenty-five years are up. You must always thank kind Mr. Prentice in your prayers, my little boy, for this fine home.' It was something like that, anyway. But, Ruth, you know Grandpa was queer in his head for years and years before he died—ever since I can remember. I don't think there's much use in paying any attention to what he said."

Joe Rosicki shrugged when Ben asked him about a twenty-five year period having been mentioned by his father. "Peter's right, boy. My Pa fell off the barn—oh, ten years about before he died, and it hurt his head somehow. He wasn't sick, but he got queer—kinda crazy. I never paid much attention to what he said. Anyway, I asked your Pa about the twenty-five year business and your Pa said there wasn't nothing to it."

Ben demanded that his father let him see his grandfather's will. But he found that it contained no mention of the Rosickis. With characteristic directness old Benjamin Prentice had left his entire estate to Edwin, his only son, adding simply the remark that his son knew his wishes concerning the estate and would carry them out.

Ben was not satisfied. He spent hours searching through old records in the courthouse in a futile attempt to find some trace of a formal agreement between his grandfather and Ruth's. But October wore away and he still had nothing more substantial than his own convictions.

"Ruth," he said one evening, "when you cleaned out the attic of the farmhouse did

you notice any old papers or old letters?"

"Well," Ruth hesitated, "you see, I was so—so worried when I was getting things ready to move that I didn't really notice. But I didn't throw anything away, because I thought I'd wait until I could ask Papa, and so whatever was in the attic is all out there in the little back room."

"Could I take a look, Ruth? There might just possibly be something that would help us," Ben said, and Ruth led him out to the small room which Aunt Bea had built onto the bungalow for extra sleeping space and in which were piled, helter-skelter, odds and ends from the farm.

The morning Amy Prentice had been expecting for so long came early in November. "Perhaps after all I shall see the snow," she had told herself a few days before. But when Eulalie went in with the breakfast tray she found her mistress lying peacefully in bed, her face serene as in sweet sleep, while the first snow drifted softly past the windows. It needed only one glance to tell Eulalie what had happened. Her brown lips opened without making any sound; trembling she fled from the room where she had seen the white light of angels' wings.

PHOEBE stowed away the last pamphlet, Fiske's "The Wonders of Our Globe," on the second shelf under the counter and looked up to see Henrietta.

"Why, Hennie, what on earth? I thought you were going to that auction at Sweetman's this morning."

"A telegram came for you just a few minutes after you left the house," Henrietta held out the yellow envelope. "I started as soon as I could get dressed."

Phoebe stared at the message pasted in one strip on the sheet of paper. "Ben's mother died this morning. Love, Mother."

"Oh, Hennie! I—come on with me while I get my coat and hat." She handed the telegram to Henrietta and caught the sleeve of the head sales clerk on globes. "Miss Simmons, I've got to go."

"You'll have to see Mr. Cranston and report."

But Phoebe couldn't even think of hunting up Mr. Cranston on the crowded floor. Ben's mother died this morning. Ben's mother, Henrietta slipped her arm through Phoebe's as they hurried down the street through the thickly falling snow.

"For God in His infinite wisdom gathereth at last unto Himself each weary and overburdened one."

In the sharp brightness of the snow-covered cemetery Mr. Larabee's voice was small, the warmth he tried to put into the words was snatched out of them by the freezing wind. Phoebe, standing by her mother, looked at the minister, glanced away and shed tears quietly. Her heart was a stone. She had been home two nights and a day and Ben had not come to her. Arriving late Tuesday she had gone straight to his house. But Eulalie had told her at the door that young Mr. Ben was out. "Oh, he—he is? Then when he comes back tell him I'm home, Eulalie. Tell him I want very much to see him..."

Surely he'd come over in the morning. But he hadn't. Phoebe had stood by the window, past which snow fell in a thin white veil. She had put on her goloshes and walked down to the end of the hedge where they used to meet, and stood there. And stood there. And all she saw was a florist's delivery wagon drive in. The only glimpse she had had of Ben was when at last she had entered the Prentices' dim, chilly, strangely sweet-smelling parlor at two

o'clock that afternoon and like a stranger sat down on a folding chair.

HELL come over pretty soon," Phoebe thought, sitting motionless by the living-room window. The wind made a breeze up under the sill and led her fingers lying on the rocker arm, but she didn't feel it. Her eyes watched the snow smoke glistening in the air like the stuff you sprinkle on the Christmas tree, but inside she was with Ben, suffering with him, loving him, helping him bear it.

"If I were hurt I'd run to him for comfort no matter what had happened."

The new snow was drifted against the bottom of the hedge; windy gusts whirled it up and tinkled it against the window glass. A sunset pink washed over the whiteness, for a little while the earth glowed as if a rosy floodlight had been turned on in the sky.

The glow faded, lavender flowed into the air. The wind grew quiet; winter held its breath in the still clarity of twilight.

"What, sitting all by your lonesome in the dark?" Caroline's voice was resolutely cheerful, but her fingers shook as she turned on the piano lamp with its shade of salmon silk. After the funeral Phoebe had said she wanted to be alone, she didn't want to talk. So Caroline had left her alone. But now was the time for a frank heart-to-heart conversation. She simply could not let her child go on acting in this stony, abnormal way.

Phoebe jumped up from her rocker, "Moms I'm going out for a while," she said.

"Going out! Why, Phoebe, that's perfect nonsense! It must be close to zero this minute."

"Well—I guess just the same I'll go out." The icy air made her gasp. The snow squeaked and crunched beneath her feet.

One star quivered above the oak woods, a drop of liquid crystal. "Please make it all right. Let me comfort Ben." She had seen him going across the yard to the carriage house in the dusk.

From the open door she saw him in the gloom standing by the car, one foot up on the running board, arms hooked over the door, face buried.

"Ben..." He started and looked up, but the light from the one small overhead bulb was too dim for her to see his eyes. Then he moved his head a little and she saw that his cheeks were wet.

She held him, passionately protective, trying to stop the trembling that went through all his body, her wet cheek pressed to his. "Ben, my dearest, don't—don't. I can't bear to see you suffer so. I love you, dear—with my whole heart. Oh, Ben..." she was trembling, too, flooded by the tide of pure love for him. He needed her. They were together. Everything else was swept away.

Drawing a long breath Ben moved out of the circle of her arms. "Thank you, Phoebe. It's so k-kind of you."

"Kind?" The tiny thread of her voice died on the cold air. Her heart stood still. His hands and his voice had put her away from him. "But, Ben, I've been waiting... and waiting... wanting to see you... to comfort you..."

"I know. Don't think I don't appreciate that, Phoebe. It was wonderful of you to come out to the funeral—awfully kind—"

"Oh, don't say that again! Kind! Ben, you're pushing me away—you're pushing me away now—because of a silly quarrel. When I love you and feel closer to you than I ever have before?"

"Silly quarrel?" Ben drew a hand across his eyes. He shook his head. "That wasn't silly, Phoebe. And nothing's changed. You're sorry for me now. That's all. It wouldn't be fair for me to let you—you're just sorry for me." Suddenly he had brushed past her and walked out through the door.

She followed him to the road, tears streaming down her face. He disappeared from sight turning into the lane that led through the strip of woods by the Rosicki bungalow. Phoebe stood still, her chest hurting so that she could scarcely breathe. Then in the silence she heard snowy feet crunch on the floor of a wooden porch. She heard Ruth's voice like a silver bell.

"Why, Ben! Oh, Ben, come in."

The brightly-lighted coach on the six o'clock train for New York was like an oven. But Phoebe kept on shivering. She had to clasp her jaws tightly together to keep her teeth still.

She had hoped Henrietta wouldn't be up when she arrived, but Henrietta was up. She sat at the rickety writing table in the front room of the apartment, every light blazing, her cheeks flushed, her short, blonde hair wild. Her eyes were ecstatic.

"Phoebe! Home so soon? Oh, Phoebe, I got a letter from Peter to-day. He'll be back in a week, but he says please write to him. So I am—do you mind if I finish? Then I want to hear about everything."

"Go right ahead. I think I'll go to bed, Hennie. I'm dead on my feet."

Phoebe went into the bedroom where the wind whistled through the tiny window. By the time Henrietta crawled into the other cot she had stopped crying. Her hand lay lax on the cold pillow as she drifted off to sleep.

IN the bungalow Ben sat across from Ruth at a table which was piled with old letters. More letters, cascaded from the warped suitcase on the floor by Ben's chair; a few were stacked neatly at his elbow. He was reading one after another, harsh lines on each side of his mouth destroying the boyishness of his face.

Lacerated beyond endurance by his encounter with Phoebe in the carriage house he had gone blindly to the Rosicki bungalow to plunge into the work he had started there the night before his mother's death.

Now his whole mind was concentrated on the faded letters among which he hoped to find some written statement which would back up his belief that there had been a definite agreement between his grandfather and Ruth's grandfather about the farm.

The letters were of all kinds. For the most part they represented family correspondence, but scattered among them were letters written by his grandfather. Ben read them all. The letters from his grandfather he put aside in a separate pile.

About midnight Ruth had to refill the kerosene lamp. She put another stick in the stove, for though it was already stuffed full and a red spot glowed in each lid, the bungalow was cold. Mr. Rosicki, ill with a cold, had long since gone to bed and breathed heavily behind the closed door of the adjoining room. But Ben still bent over the letters and Ruth did not interrupt.

Her heart had seemed to stop when she had opened the door to him a few hours ago. He has come to me. Phoebe is home, but Ben has come to me. Pure joy flooded her, for she loved him. But Ben had spoken quite casually. He wanted no comfort from her. No love.

It was three o'clock—the night so still

around the bungalow that Ruth could hear the frost snapping in the wood—when Ben looked up at last and said in a voice trembling with excitement, "Ruth, I've found it!"

She hurried around the table and leaned over his shoulder to read the words on the faded letter paper. "You have done well with my farm, Rosicki." Ben's grandfather had written, "and I know you love the land as if it were your own. Therefore I have decided that it shall eventually become the property of your family. I make one condition, and this I make because my own heart is in that land. For twenty-five years from this date you and yours shall remain as tenants, proving your interest in the farm by improving it, and meeting all obligations as they fall due. If you accept this condition you can rest in the knowledge that your son and his sons after him will own both house and land free and clear. It is my earnest wish that this should come to pass. In the event of my death I wish this letter to stand as a codicil to my will, though my son I am sure will carry out my wish."

"And see that date? Ben asked excitedly. "Grandpa wrote this letter in 1908. Look, Ruth. Grandpa's letter is dated 1908. In it he says that at the end of twenty-five years from that date your family will own the farm free and clear!"

"But, Ben, he says that about meeting all obligations. And Papa didn't—"

"But don't you see, Ruth? The twenty-five years were up in 1933. And your father didn't begin defaulting on his rent until this year."

"It means that your father has been virtual owner of that farm for two years." Ben jumped up and paced excitedly up and down the room. "It means Dad sold property that didn't belong to him. It means he had no right to dispossess you. It means that I'm going to see that you get your old home back again—in court if I have to."

Ruth's eyes were enormous, her face flaming. "But—oh, Ben, that would mean you'd have to fight your father. You wouldn't do a thing like that!"

"Oh, yes, I would. Why shouldn't I? He must have known about this. It's too bad Grandfather didn't protect your father with a legal transaction of some kind. But he didn't know your grandfather was going to lose his mind, and he was so honest I suppose he took it for granted that dad was, too."

"But—but you say yourself there isn't any legal paper." Ruth reminded him.

"I know there isn't, but just the same I have enough here, with grandfather's letter stating the arrangement and his other letters showing how he felt about the thing, to make a case that would convince any jury in the country. The uninterrupted payment of rent over the twenty-five year period can be easily proved." Ben ran a hand through his hair. "Why, Ruth, do you realise your father could sue Dad for criminal action on this?"

IF Miss Overton would walk out of the store without notifying the section manager, she certainly didn't need to expect that her job would be waiting for her five days later. So said the section manager when Phoebe presented herself for work on Monday morning.

Phoebe cleaned out her locker, telling herself that she didn't care. But once she was out in the unaccustomed morning brightness of the street she couldn't think what to do. Then she found herself passing an employment agency she had visited many times before, and went in.

Miss Slickles of the Empire Employment

Exchange beamed when she saw Phoebe. She said she had had Miss Overton on her mind. A lawyer wanted an assistant. Phoebe must hop right down to see Mr. Stalberg without a moment's delay.

Mr. Stalberg in his downtown office appeared to Phoebe as the centre of a rather terrifying whirlpool of activity, but she managed, with fair composure, to answer the questions he shot at her, and surprised herself by coming away with the job. But it would not begin for two weeks, so she spent several days in the apartment helping Henrietta, who, in a state of breathless excitement, was polishing and cleaning the rooms from top to bottom, pausing every now and then to exclaim: "Phoebe, in exactly six days and three hours Peter will be here."

Phoebe decided to make herself scarce on the evening of Peter's arrival. She ate spaghetti and mushroom sauce all by herself in La Stella, and then went to a movie.

The apartment was empty when she returned at half-past eleven, but a note sat on the mantelpiece. "Phoebe, darling, Peter wants to go straight to his father to-night, and as I don't intend to let him out of my sight again I'm going with him. Tried to reach you at your aunt's, but no one answered. I'll be at the Henry Perkins if you want me. Darling, I only wish you were as happy as I am now!" That was from Henrietta. There was also a note in Peter's small, hurried writing: "Hello, Phoebe. So sorry not to see you, but I'll be back soon and hope to then. Thank you for taking such good care of my girl."

THEN the telephone rang. Ben left the chair in which he sat facing his father across the green-tiled fireplace and went to answer it. He was surprised to hear Peter Rosicki's voice. "Ben, I've just come home. I've had a talk with Dad and Ruth, and I'd like to see you if I can."

"I'll be over in an hour," Ben promised. He returned to the sitting-room. "That was young Rosicki," he told his father. "Dad, let's go over there together right now. Joe Rosicki is willing to settle this whole thing out of court. It's to your advantage to do so. Why not get it over with?"

His father shrugged. "You're having a lot of fun, aren't you," he said sarcastically, "playing your lawyer role. But you're only making a fool of yourself, son."

Ben stared at his father. He leaned forward in his chair. "Dad, why do you want to go on and on trying to buck this thing when all the odds are against you? Why don't you make a decent settlement with Joe? Don't you realise? Since his ownership of the farm can be proved, Joe Rosicki could make it pretty hot for you for selling the place. Don't you realise it? He won't do it, I know. All he wants is his home back again. All you have to do is restore it to him. It's the only thing you can do!"

"And how about the Martins?" his father snapped. "They bought the place in good faith, and paid me fifteen thousand dollars for it."

Ben stiffened. "The Martins," he said, "are your concern. You'll have to square yourself with them the best way you can. They're decent people. You know as well as I do that they'll accept the return of the purchase price and make no trouble. But you have something a little more serious than that on your hands. Because, if you won't do the right thing by Joe Rosicki of your own free will, you'll be forced to it in court."

"And who do you expect will, as you say, 'force' me?" Mr. Prentice smiled.

Ben jumped out of his chair and stood before his father. "I will myself, Dad. I'm not going to stand by and see Joe Rosicki's whole life ruined. I'll bring you to trial before a jury and prove that farm belongs to Joe!"

Mr. Prentice sprang up angrily. "All right!" he shouted. "Go ahead and stage your ridiculous trial. But if you think for one minute that I'm going to hand that property over to Rosicki and lose fifteen thousand dollars you're mistaken. Ver—ry much mistaken!"

IN complete bewilderment Phoebe looked at Peter and Henrietta. She couldn't make head or tail of what they were saying. Ben having his own father arrested and brought to trial? No, it didn't make sense.

"But it's true, Phoebe," Hennie said excitedly. "And I think it's the bravest thing I ever heard of."

"So do I," Peter said. "Think of it! Ben's going up against his father in court. And why? Simply for the sake of fair play. He's not getting anything out of it for himself."

"Isn't that wonderful?" Henrietta demanded.

Phoebe looked down at her hands. Her eyes were full of tears. "I guess it is," she whispered.

"The trial," wrote Phoebe's mother, "is scheduled for the last Friday in November." This meant that Phoebe could attend it if she chose. Her new job didn't start until the following Monday. But she didn't choose. She told herself and also Peter and Henrietta repeatedly that she had no intention of going. But when Friday morning came Phoebe was on a train whizzing home, frantic for fear she would miss the trial.

She hurried up the snowy walk of the courthouse at eleven o'clock and found that the case of Rosicki v. Prentice was still in progress. As she sat down the man next her nudged her with his elbow.

"You're just in time, girlie," he whispered excitedly. "Old Prentice himself goes on the stand next."

Phoebe saw Ben as he rose to say something to the judge; she saw his face as he turned and sat down again. Her heart jumped up into her throat and stayed there.

Mr. Prentice was sworn and as he sat down Lawyer Speer sauntered towards him, smiled, and began asking questions in a respectful voice.

"Mr. Prentice, how long was it that Joe Rosicki failed to pay his rent to you?"

"Eight months," said Ben's father.

"Eight months? Why were you so lenient with Joe Rosicki?"

"I was sorry for him. I hated to put him off."

"I show you a paper. Is this the legal notice you served on Joe Rosicki to quit the premises?"

"It is."

"And how did Rosicki react to this notice?"

"He was angry. He said that I would regret it if I put him off."

"Thank you." Again Mr. Speer smiled significantly at the jury. Then he went on, painting with smooth questions a picture of what had happened. Joe Rosicki's anger. The fire. The subsequent claims made by Joe Rosicki that the farm had been his all the time. At last he turned from his client and nodded to Ben. "Your witness," he said amiably.

Every eye in the room was trained on Benjamin. He had a sheet of paper in his hand which he was holding before his father.

"Mr. Prentice," he said, "is this the letter I have previously read to the Court?"

"You know it is, you young idiot," snapped his father.

The audience gasped, tittered, and then broke into delighted laughter. When quiet had been restored Ben repeated his question. His face was white.

"Mr. Prentice, is this the letter I have previously read to the Court?"

"Yes."

"You were acquainted with the contents of this letter before to-day?"

"Certainly."

"How long ago did you first see this letter?"

"About a month ago."

"You mean you wish the Court to understand," Ben persisted, "that you have been acquainted with the contents of this letter for as long as a month?"

"Yes," snapped his father.

"Mr. Prentice, kindly tell the Court the exact date of Joe Rosicki's eviction from your property."

"August twentieth."

"And was it before or after that date that you interested the Martins, your clients, in this same property?"

"Before," answered Mr. Prentice curtly.

"How long before? You say you evicted Joe Rosicki late in August. When did the Martins become interested in the place? Wasn't it early in July?"

"I won't answer that, you young whippersnapper!" as Lawyer Speer leaped to his feet to object. Judge Baker said, "Objection sustained." But he looked quite cheerful.

"I have just two more questions," Benjamin said. "The first is this: What was the exact amount owed you by Joe Rosicki?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"I see. Now kindly tell the Court the amount of money you received for the sale of this property."

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

"Thank you," Ben paused. "That is all, Your Honor," he added, glancing up at Judge Baker, "the plaintiff rests."

An excited buzz rose over the courtroom. Both lawyers had finished making their summaries of the case. The hum of conversation died for a moment while Judge Baker solemnly charged the jury, but when the twelve men had filed out it sprang up again.

Phoebe sat dazedly in the midst of the uproar, still seeing Benjamin as he had looked up there on the platform pleading his case for Joe Rosicki; still hearing the controlled, clear tones of his voice. When, as had been predicted, the jury returned within ten minutes, she sat tensely forward.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict, gentlemen of the jury?" asked the judge after they were in their seats.

The foreman, a tall, brown-faced man of middle age, who looked as if he might be a fisherman, arose. "We have your Honor."

"And how do you find?"

"We find for the plaintiff for five thousand dollars, and the recovery of the property."

And Phoebe felt a sharp thrill pierce her through and through. Ben had won.

PHOEBE'S first thought was to go straight to Ben, to tell him how glad she was, how terribly proud of him she felt. But she was caught in the excited mob pouring out of the courtroom and was carried along to the lobby.

As she stood hesitating there her mother and father came out of the door and saw her. "Darling! I didn't have an idea you were here!" cried Caroline. "Wasn't Ben just grand? Oh, mercy, let's get out of this crowd. You're going to stay for a while now you're here, aren't you, dear?"

"Mama, I just came out for the trial. I

have to go back to the city to-night, really I do. Well, yes, I can stay for supper, but—" Phoebe was peering this way and that as she talked. "Wait a minute for me, will you? I want to see Ben and—and everybody."

Her father's arm slipped around her shoulders and gave them a quick hug. "You've got a boy there to be proud of, honey," he said. "If it hadn't been for Ben, Joe Rosicki would have gone to gaol for arson inside of two weeks."

Phoebe left them and went down the corridor leading towards the judge's chambers and the rear exit from the courtroom. But as she turned the corner at the end of the hall she stopped dead. Ben and Ruth were just outside the courtroom door. Ruth's arms were around Ben's neck and Ben was holding Ruth close. The two of them seemed quite oblivious to the clerks who hurried back and forth past them.

Phoebe ran back down the corridor. Her mother was waiting on the walk in front of the building. "Mama, I can't stay after all," Phoebe said hurriedly. "I'm sorry, but I've got to get right back. I—I just remembered something—" and before her mother could protest, she was running down the street towards the station.

In Mr. Stalberg's office Phoebe felt like a cat in a strange garret. Never had she been surrounded by such incessant, high-pitched activity. It bewildered her; she was impressed by the sense of important things being done. Mr. Stalberg seemed to have a very good reputation. She was told that he was one of the most promising young lawyers in the city, fast making a name for himself. In line for a District Attorneyship. Phoebe looked at him with round eyes as he strode in and out of the place. She felt that not the tiniest detail escaped those eyes.

Phoebe also looked with some awe at Miss Miller, Mr. Stalberg's secretary. Miss Miller was preparing herself to be a lawyer, too, a tall girl with very blonde hair and a cold smile that never seemed to go farther than her lips. Phoebe had to do whatever Miss Miller told her to, but she also took dictation directly from Mr. Stalberg.

The first two days were a nightmare. Phoebe struggled with the strenuous, sketchily explained routine, remembering that she had been recommended as experienced. But she was appalled at the amount of work that was expected of her. She had thought she worked hard in Ben's office. But this!

On Wednesday Mr. Stalberg slapped a sheaf of letters down on her desk.

"What's the idea? Can't you read your notes? Can't you type? It's okay to be rattled the first day, but this can't go on."

Cheeks scarlet, Phoebe glanced through the letters. The other stenographers were staring at her. "I'm sorry," she said timidly, "I'll do them over."

"Thanks. Have 'em ready by four."

At the end of a week her nerves were frayed, she knew she wasn't up to the job. Miss Miller said nothing—apparently all reprimanding was done by Mr. Stalberg himself—but Miss Miller's smile grew positively icy.

Phoebe felt a deep humiliation. How inefficient she was! Now that she had a taste of how things were really done in a law office she was mortified to think how Ben had babled her.

On Friday she thought surely Mr. Stalberg would tell her she needn't come back. But he said nothing, and she appeared at her desk on Monday morning. On Tuesday, however, she made such a miserable mess of things that she went to him herself and

told him she wasn't up to the job. He smiled kindly, though she had been braced for sarcasm. "Stick around a while after the rest are gone," he said. "I want to talk to you."

At six o'clock she sat across from him at his desk in the glow of light from the green-shaded student lamp. The lawyer's intelligent eyes, the color of which Phoebe had never been able to determine, studied with quiet directness her tired, woe-begone young face.

"Look here, Miss Overton—or what's your first name—Phoebe? All right, Phoebe. You've been going around here looking like a corpse for a week. You can't handle this job and I've got to have somebody who can. But you're a nice kid. I know you've got something on your mind. I'm probably a fool for wanting to butt into your personal life." He paused. Then he said suddenly, "Love affair, isn't it?"

Inwardly Phoebe gasped. "Y-yes," she stammered.

"**T**HUGHT so. Well, come on, out with it! Chances are you and I'll never see each other again after to-day. Go ahead and talk your head off." He studied her face a moment. "Cry much?" he snapped.

Phoebe shook her head violently and looked at him with eyes drowned in tears. Mr. Stalberg nodded. "Go ahead and cry," he said. "Do you good." He swung around in his chair and gazed out the window. "What's the matter between you and your sweetie?"

And suddenly, incredibly, Phoebe told him. He sat quietly, asking just the right questions at just the right time. When at last there wasn't anything more to tell Phoebe felt drained and queerly peaceful.

"How old are you?" he asked after a moment's silence when she had finished. "Eighteen or nineteen?"

"Eighteen."

"Mr. Stalberg sprang up and began pacing up and down the office. "The best thing I can do for you," he said, "is tell you something about lawyers from the inside. Give you an idea what makes 'em tick. Might help you get a slant on this sweetie of yours."

Mr. Stalberg stood still and looked at Phoebe what it means to a man to be a lawyer. "Some of 'em are born, some of 'em go into it because they want to feel important, some of 'em use it as a racket. They all hate it one time or another, the way any man hates his job. But your born lawyer will never be anything else, whether he likes it or not."

"It's one of the toughest games in the world from every angle. Take a youngster just out of school starting for himself. He's got a little office somewhere and sign on the door. For years all he's got is details, drudgery, worry, headaches. His nerves get edgy because he doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. Then he gets something big and he's tormented by the responsibility. He's haunted by the face of the guy he had to put away. He works himself up into a lather over his case. And when that's over, right away it all begins again!"

Mr. Stalberg stood still and looked at Phoebe. "That's what a young lawyer like this boy friend of yours is up against. After a few years, if he's any good, if he gets a decent break, things begin looking up for him. He gets faith in himself. Success comes. If he's a good lawyer he tries to know men as well as he knows the law. But he can't be soft. He's got to keep his brain in the saddle and ride his emotions—and if you're going to marry a lawyer

you might as well know that once and for all."

When Phoebe finally said good-night to Mr. Stalberg she held out her hand. "Thank you for—bothering with me," she said shyly. "It's helped me a lot."

"You're a sweet kid, Phoebe. You got under my skin in a pretty short time. You see, I've got a wife who's a sweet kid—and she went through it all with me. You cheer up now. Go easy. And good luck!"

Out in the lighted street Phoebe walked lightly, taking deep breaths. She felt cleared and steadied, and as if she had courage enough for anything that might happen.

PETER and Henrietta had decided to get married right away. Not with pomp and ceremony—no big wedding for them, thank you!—just a trip down to City Hall, where they could be made man and wife with as little fuss as possible. And Mr. Austin was giving them a present of a trip abroad.

Peter, though his eyes blazed with excitement at the prospect, at first protested against the trip. "Here you spend two months proving you can live on what I make playing in the orchestra," he pointed out to Hennie, "and then in the next breath I turn around and quit the orchestra. It doesn't make sense."

But Henrietta pointed out to him that her uncle had arranged for Peter to have an audition with a great music teacher in Berlin. She insisted that made a great deal of sense, indeed!

Phoebe with a spray of gardenias pinned to her coat hurried along the pier with them, up the gangplank of the ship. She felt almost shy of Henrietta and Peter because they were so happy. She kept stealing little glances at them, and trying not to feel forlorn.

The whistle sounded, warning those who were not galling that they must leave the ship. The bright crowded foyer of the vessel became filled with the sound of good-byes. Henrietta threw her arms around Phoebe. "Phoebe, darling, you know how much I thank you for everything. Don't be too lonesome in the apartment. Be happy."

Peter went with her down the gangplank to the pier. He stood looking down into her eyes. "I guess in this life you never know what's around the corner," he said, and Phoebe nodded because she couldn't speak. Peter glanced up at Henrietta hanging over the railing on the high deck, then back at Phoebe. "Phoebe, dear, I know you're not happy and I want you to be. I want things to come out right for you and Ben. I can't ever be entirely happy myself until you are, too." Putting his arm around her he bent and kissed her softly.

Phoebe took the subway back to the empty apartment. She put the gardenias in a glass of water and wept a little all by herself, and wondered what was around the corner for her.

A WEEK later a knock came at the door while Phoebe was washing dishes after her solitary dinner. And there stood Caroline smiling expectantly as she waited to see how Phoebe would react to the surprise.

"Moms!" Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Phoebe dragged her mother inside and hugged her tightly.

"I'm going to stay overnight. Maybe two nights if you'll have me," Caroline said. "I'm on a shopping spree. Do you realise that Christmas is only ten days away? Darling, how are you?"

"I'm all right," Phoebe said slowly, "but, Moms, are you sure you are? Somehow you don't look very well."

"Why, I'm fit as a fiddle," her mother said. "Oh, maybe, I did overdo it a little helping Ruth and Joe move. I got awfully tired. I'll admit! But that's all. You should see how happy they are to be back in their home again, Phoebe. The house looks perfectly lovely, too. The Court made Mr. Prentice give Joe five thousand dollars for damages, you know, and so they've been able to get some new furniture for the parlor, and Ruth has made the prettiest curtains! You'd never know the place. I'm so glad for them."

"So am I," Phoebe jumped up. "Moms, come on into the bedroom while I put on my pyjamas, then we'll have a nice talk. Oh, I'm so glad you came!" After the lonely week in the apartment Phoebe felt relaxed and warm, having her mother there.

"This is a nice little place," Caroline was saying. "I think Henrietta did awfully well. I must say I was surprised that she could learn to cook and all." Caroline was peering at herself in the dressing-table glass.

"I'm going to have a permanent. Yes, really, father gave me that for a Christmas present. You know I've always wanted one terribly, my hair is so straight and stringy, and I just decided I'd go to a really nice place and have it done now so it'll look decent for Christmas. Where do you think would be a good place to go? And, Phoebe, I've been wondering. Do you think bangs would be becoming to me at all? I have the funniest hankering to have bangs cut, and yet I don't know, maybe my forehead isn't good enough."

In the end Caroline had the bangs, sitting nervously in the rose-colored leather chair in one of the cubby-holes of Antoine's softly magnificent establishment while none other than Antoine himself cut them. Phoebe supervised the process with frowning concentration. When at last the permanent was all done, shampooed and set into soft waves, and Phoebe and her mother were out in the cold brightly-lighted street, Caroline snatched stealthy looks at herself in any surface that reflected her image as they walked along. "Mercy, I'm scared to death to face your father!" she said to Phoebe. But Phoebe thought she looked lovely and told her so.

They had been shopping together earlier in the day and next morning Phoebe got ready to go again. But Caroline demurred. "No, you can't go with me this time, darling. How can I pick out your present with you standing at my elbow?"

But though she did go first to a department store and buy a blue silk robe for Phoebe, it was not the Christmas present that had been uppermost in Caroline's mind when she insisted upon going out alone. Her main errand this morning was to see a doctor.

She had felt that sharp pain again two weeks ago when she was helping the Rosickis' move, and it had been so bad she couldn't help being worried. But she didn't want to go to their family doctor, Dr. Cross. If anything really was wrong she wanted to find out about it by herself and get used to the idea and tell John in her own way. Dr. Cross would be sure to go at once to her husband, no matter what she said.

Her heart was pounding as she went up in the elevator of the tall building on Fifty-Ninth Street, where the doctor whose name she had extracted from her sister had his office.

"I notice it comes usually after I've been lifting something," she told Dr. Dwight, her voice breathless with the dread of finding out. Obviously she climbed on to the

examination table. And then after a few minutes she was sitting up staring at Dr. Dwight, too upset to think about her hair which had slipped over to one side. "But it can't be as serious as that!" she protested, laughing a little, her eyes pleading with the doctor to smile reassuringly. "Lots of people have trouble with their appendix for years, and go on without an operation, don't they, doctor?"

Dr. Dwight remained grave. "Not with an appendix like yours, Mrs. Overton. You should have it out as soon as you can make arrangements at the hospital."

Out in the street Caroline walked along in a daze. "As soon as you can make arrangements . . ." I've got to have an operation, she said to herself, and it didn't seem real at all. Mercy how queerly that woman stared at me. I wonder if I look as if I needed an operation! Caroline stopped in front of a shop window and took a look at herself in a panel of glass. Her hat! She straightened it, frowned at the new bangs—she couldn't get used to them—and decided to go in and have a cup of coffee at the soda fountain. I've got to get hold of myself before I go back to Phoebe. What's the matter with me? There may be nothing to it at all. I've heard that those fashionable doctors are likely to advise operations on the slightest excuse. Probably he's on some hospital staff and would do it himself. And charge a good fat fee. Well, I'll wait till I hear Dr. Cross say I have to have an operation.

But she knew she was just cheering herself up with nonsense. She sipped the hot coffee and looked out through the holly wreath hung on the store window and saw two more big holly wreaths in the windows of the bank across the street. I'll wait till after Christmas, anyway, she thought. After all it's only ten days away and I'll be very careful. No, I won't say a thing about it or think about it till after Christmas.

ON her way downtown again Caroline hugged the thought of the ten days to herself. Not that an appendicitis operation was anything to be afraid of. It was just the expense. But deep in her heart she knew that she was afraid.

She kissed Phoebe good-bye at the station in the afternoon. "I wish you were coming with me now, darling. Couldn't you do your last-minute shopping in Riverhead? Oh! Your appointment at the employment agency. I'd forgotten that. Well, all right. But you'll surely be out Friday night? All right, darling, good-bye."

"Bye, Moms. I know Daddy's going to like your new hair-do. It looks lovely!"

The tree stood in one corner of the living-room, green and spicy, its tip reaching into the shadows near the ceiling. It was four o'clock on Christmas Eve. A dark four o'clock, for the snow which had fallen for two days and a night was still coming down outside the windows. Phoebe in a red wool dress watched with her mother and Aunt Bea while John fixed the tree. They told him to hurry up, or they'd never get it trimmed. Ropes of silver tinsel spilled over the seat of the couch; colored bubbles of glass as light as air were waiting to be tied to furry branches; the tinsel star that went on the very top trembled on its wire in Phoebe's hand.

Happiness blew suddenly over Phoebe in a little gust, blotting out everything else. To-morrow was Christmas. To-morrow she would see Ben!

Yesterday, when she came back from a call on Ruth, she had gone up to her own room to think things over. Poor Ruth!

She had felt miserable for her. For Ruth had told Phoebe Ben still loved her; and Phoebe knew Ruth loved Ben. But even while she had been feeling sorry for Ruth, Phoebe could tell that happiness was rising up inside her, creeping up, bubbling and light. And suddenly she had jumped down off the bed and run downstairs to the telephone. With pounding heart she had asked the operator for the number of Ben's office.

"Mr. Prentice is out. He went out of town yesterday on business. May I leave a message in case he calls at the office?"

So Phoebe had asked her to tell Ben that she had called. And this morning Ben had telephoned himself!

"**P**HOEBE! Phoebe, is that you? . . . I can't hear you—that's better. . . . Did you call me? . . . You mean you want to see me? . . . Darling, I'm way up here on the Cape. . . . Yes, the storm is terrible—I don't know if I can—gosh, this connection is fierce!"

And Phoebe had pressed her lips close to the mouthpiece of the telephone, feeling as if she were calling to Ben through miles of snowy space, across the land, across the sea.

"But, Phoebe," he was saying, "listen. Storm or no storm, I'll be there by Christmas Day. I'll see you on Christmas Day—in the morning."

On Christmas Day in the morning! Phoebe sighed and looked dazedly at her father. "What, father? Oh, wait a minute, I'll go and look."

She ran to the door and opened it to see if it was still snowing. It had grown quite dark. "It hasn't stopped yet," she said, going back to the living-room.

Her father shook his head. He looked worried as he tied the pink belt, the one with the tinkle inside, to a branch. "I hope Hensel will be able to get through that road. It's the worst snow we've had in years."

Caroline brought in an armload of packages wrapped in holly paper. Phoebe stood back to get the effect of a tinsel garland, and laughed at Aunt Bea who had dragged over a chair and was climbing up onto it to fasten the star to the tip-top branch.

"Look out, Aunt Bea!" Phoebe shouted suddenly. "One of the chair legs is on the hammer!"

At the same moment the chair teetered. Miss Palmer gave a little shriek and jumped, and all would have been well except that the chignon panned in the front of her dress caught on a twig. The tree came tottering over with Aunt Bea.

"Grab it, Carrie!" called John Overton to Caroline, who was just reaching up to lay a package in the fork of two branches.

Caroline grabbed the trunk of the tree and tried to hold it. It was heavy, and so tall that it kept going, and she strained to pull it back. Then suddenly she let go of it and it fell with a crash.

"Moms, are you all right?" Phoebe was laughing and brushing off her dress which the falling tree had powdered with tinsel snow. Then she saw her mother on the floor.

"Moms! Moms!" She rushed to her, kneeling down at the same moment that her father did. "Why, father," she said in a frightened voice, "Moms has fainted!"

John raised the limp figure of his wife in his arms. "Go to the telephone and call Dr. Cross, Phoebe," he said sharply. "Get him at once and ask him to come over."

Aunt Bea hurried to the kitchen, and when Phoebe came back from the telephone her mother was still unconscious. John had lifted her to the couch and Aunt Bea was pressing a cold wet cloth to her forehead and wrists.

"What is it?" Phoebe whispered. "What's the matter with Moms?"

At that moment her mother opened her eyes. Her face became twisted with pain. She put a groping hand out towards John and he caught it and held it tightly.

"Carrie, what's the matter? Tell me, sweetheart. Where are you hurt?"

Caroline closed her eyes. Her face was bathed in sweat. "Ill—be—all—" she whispered, and lost consciousness again.

John looked at Phoebe whose face was white with terror. "What did the doctor say?"

"He said he'd be right over."

"Then we'll have to wait until he comes."

At last Dr. Cross came in, stamping snow from his gaiters and shaking his coat.

"Sorry, John. Couldn't get through your road with the car. Had to leave the car on the highway and walk. What's up? What—Caroline?" He threw off his coat and went to the couch. Endless minutes dragged by while he made his examination. Phoebe saw him frown and shake his head.

Under his probing fingers Caroline came back to consciousness. Suddenly she screamed, and it seemed to Phoebe that her own heart had been stopped by the sound. Then the doctor stood up and put a hand on John's arm.

"She'll have to be operated on at once, John. I think, I'm almost certain, that it's a ruptured appendix. I don't understand it, but we'll have to call the hospital right away. They can have the ambulance here in half an hour."

"The ambulance?" Phoebe's father was suddenly a man turned to marble. His face was ghastly. "But, Cross, you couldn't get through the road. The ambulance can't get here, either!"

"I'll have to get here," snapped Dr. Cross. He rushed into the hall to the telephone. John began struggling into his raincoat. "I'm going to warn them," he said. "If I meet them at the highway I can let them know what they're getting into. It may help."

"Dr. Cross, is there any hope?" Aunt Bea asked when John had gone.

The doctor saw Phoebe half turn in the chair to hear his answer. "Why, of course," he said in a hearty voice. "Every chance in the world!" Phoebe didn't see him spread his hands, expressing his doubt silently to Aunt Bea.

If the twenty minutes they had waited for the doctor had seemed long, the half hour that dragged by now was an eternity. Phoebe, unable to be still, tiptoed from the window to her mother and back again. And the half hour doubled itself and still the ambulance had not come.

At the end of the creeping hour Phoebe was standing rigidly by the couch, her hands locked together, her lips and forehead cold. When she heard footsteps outside she rushed headlong to the door.

Her father came in, a strange young man at his heels. The faces of both were red and wet, both were breathing hard. And her father's eyes were wild.

"The ambulance can't get through," he said. "It's stuck fast in the drifts halfway up the hill. The driver here says it'd take an hour to dig it out. What'll we do?"

"Operate here!" snapped the doctor. He was pacing nervously up and down. "We'll have to. Can't carry Caroline to the ambulance—l'd be fatal!"

"You'll operate yourself, Cross?"

The doctor shook his head. "Can't, John. I'm no surgeon. I'll get Comastak if you say. He'll come."

"Yes! Hurry! And tell him about the road."

Dr. Cross went to the telephone and John

knelt down beside the couch. "You'll be all right, Carrie," he whispered. "Sweetheart, you'll be all right . . ."

Phoebe lay huddled in her red dress on her bed. They had told her she couldn't do anything to help. She couldn't do anything. So she lay rigid, looking at the dark. Waiting. The house was filled with bustle, with hurrying feet, with a terrible silence.

Some time in the night the snow stopped falling. Dawn came clear over a white earth. Phoebe's father stood in the doorway of her room, his face grey against the pink light.

"Your mother lived through the operation," he said. Phoebe clung to him sobbing with relief.

In her rumpled red dress Phoebe tiptoed downstairs and found Aunt Bea in the kitchen, a tired white ghost with enormous eyes. Miss Palmer was getting breakfast. She had not wept, and her eyes were dry now. She folded Phoebe in her arms and held her fiercely for a moment without speaking, then told her to carry the coffee pot to the table.

John would not eat, so Phoebe and Aunt Bea and the nurse sat down to breakfast. Except for a few questions addressed to the nurse, Miss Palmer said nothing. But when she and Phoebe were alone she spoke suddenly.

"If your mother had died last night, Edwin Prentice would have been responsible for her death as surely as I'm sitting here!"

"Aunt Bea, Aunt Bea, you mean because of the road?"

"Of course, I mean on account of the road. It was impossible to get your mother to the hospital on account of the road. It is only by a miracle that she is alive this morning. A miracle! I have been sitting all night long," Miss Palmer added, "hating Edwin Prentice." She rose and got her coat and overshoes from the hall.

"Aunt Bea, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going over to Teddy Small's to get him to round up some men. And when I get the men I am going to start work on the right of way."

YOU can begin," Aunt Bea announced to the man who stood about her in the snow with caps pulled down over their ears, "chopping down that hedge."

"Miss Palmer, I don't know," one of the men began with a scared look toward the Prentice mansion.

"Look here," snapped Aunt Bea, "do you want that twenty-five dollars or don't you? I told you I'd assume all responsibility. You don't need to worry about what's going to happen to you. Now get busy!"

The men got busy. They had been shovelling snow off the village streets when Teddy Small and Miss Palmer rounded them up. Most of them were without regular employment and were glad enough to drop their shovels and go home for hatchets and axes when told they would receive twenty-five dollars apiece for "a little job." Miss Palmer wanted done. And even now that they had discovered the nature of the job, even in the face of their natural reluctance to tamper with Edwin Prentice's property they obeyed Aunt Bea. In her present state of mind Miss Palmer was compelling. The sound of axes biting into tough stems of privet rang out merrily.

Phoebe floundered around in the deep snow shivering with cold and excitement. She felt a fierce thrill. How do you like that, Mr. Prentice? What do you think of that?

It was even more like a dream when the sound of bells chimed suddenly out over the ring of the axes.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Gle-ry to the newborn king!
Why, it was Christmas! The tune drifting out from the steeple of the church reminded Phoebe of that for the first time. She looked at Aunt Bea.

Just at that moment Miss Palmer said, "Well, here comes trouble!"

And trouble it certainly was, thought Phoebe, as she watched Mr. Prentice plough his way towards them over the snow-covered lawn.

"Hey, there!" he shouted, still some distance away. "What do you think you're doing?"

The men stopped chopping and dropped their tools with one accord. They shrank back and stared at Aunt Bea with expressions that said very plainly that she had got them into this thing and would have to get them out of it. But Aunt Bea seemed equal to the occasion.

"Hey there yourself," she said with spirit. "We're chopping down your hedge!"

Mr. Prentice, who by now stood quite near, stared at them through the opening in the hedge. Until the moment Aunt Bea spoke he had seen nothing but the men.

"Beatrice Palmer!"

"Merry Christmas, Ed," said Aunt Bea. "We're beginning work on the right of way."

Mr. Prentice stared wildly from Aunt Bea to the gap in the hedge. He looked at Phoebe and he looked at the men. But for the moment he was apparently able to say nothing. Phoebe saw veins swelling on his forehead as if he might be strangling.

"Well, of all the confounded—" he began at last. "You, Williams, he barked at one of the men, "what's the idea of cutting down my hedge?"

"Ask her." The man called Williams backed away and nodded towards Miss Palmer. "She hired us to do it, Mr. Prentice."

"That's right, Ed," Aunt Bea agreed. "These men are under my orders. It was my idea entirely. How do you like it?"

"I think," snapped Mr. Prentice, "that you're insane!"

Aunt Bea was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Maybe I am. It's a miracle if I'm not—after last night." Phoebe listened breathlessly as her aunt changed from buster to deadly seriousness, and began telling Mr. Prentice what had happened. Then she forgot to listen to Aunt Bea. Ben was coming towards them across the lawn.

There he was, tall in a grey-and-green macintosh, his hair hidden beneath a knitted skating cap. Ben, coming to see her just as he'd said he would, on Christmas Day in the morning. Only instead of meeting each other in the house with the tree sparkling and shining in its corner and everything gay, here they were out in the snow, in the cold air that was filled with anger and sharp words, while back in the house Phoebe's mother clung weakly to the fringe of life and the tree lay in the empty living-room just as it had fallen.

Ben came straight through the gap in the hedge and took Phoebe's hands. "Merry Christmas, Phoebe," he said. And that was so exactly like part of what Phoebe had imagined and everything else so horribly different that her eyes suddenly brimmed with tears. "M-merry Christmas," she whispered.

Ben kept her hand as he turned to his father. "What's the matter, Dad?"

Mr. Prentice shrugged. "Can't you see for yourself?" he snapped.

"Ben!" Aunt Bea stood before him. "Listen to me. Last night Phoebe's mother nearly died. She was stricken with acute

appendicitis. The ambulance from the hospital couldn't get through the old road. Do you understand?"

Ben looked anxiously into Phoebe's face.

"How is she now, dear?"

"They think she'll live."

"Do you blame me for what I am doing?" asked Aunt Bea.

"Look here, Bea," said Mr. Prentice. "You may as well know that I'll not stand for this. I'm sorry about Caroline, of course. But if you touch another twig of that hedge with an axe I'll have you in court for it."

"We'll see about that!" Suddenly Aunt Bea's overwrought nerves gave way. White with anger, she snatched an axe which was propped up against the hedge and lifted it ready to swing at the hedge.

Ben sprang forward. "Don't, Miss Palmer!" he cried. "Don't do it!" He seized the handle of the axe and tried to take it away. And somehow, suddenly, there was a bloody gash across Aunt Bea's wrist.

Phoebe saw it. Horrified, she ran to her aunt, pushing Benjamin aside with all her strength. "Look what you've done." She began to sob. "Go away! Go away! I don't ever want to see you again."

FOR two weeks Caroline hovered between life and death. The house was covered with hushed suspense; the telephone was muffled, the starched skirts of the nurses whispered through the halls day and night, and Phoebe acquired the habit of tip-toeing about the rooms. Early in the second week there was a terrifying time almost as bad as Christmas Eve, when Dr. Comstock was summoned in the middle of the night. But a few days after this Phoebe's mother began to rally.

January slipped away in a succession of days that were all alike while winter held the world in his cold, white fist. Icicles hung in shining fringes along the windows through which Phoebe looked out at the white lawn, the white-encrusted hedge, the jagged white gap in the hedge. The gap was all that remained of Aunt Bea's desperate attempt to establish a right-of-way.

John shovelled tons of snow out of the old road; more snow fell and he went on shovelling, but in spite of his struggles the road was impassable most of the time. Securing provisions became a serious problem. And this problem was solved, to Phoebe's secret consternation, by Benjamin Prentice.

Each morning before he started for work, Ben brought over the milk which had been left for the Overtons at the Prentice door. Each morning he received a list of things needed at the grocery and brought them over when he returned from the office at night.

By the end of January Phoebe insisted that they were able to dispense with Miss Winters and she herself carried out faithfully the exacting routine. When in February her mother began sitting up in bed for a little while each day the tense atmosphere of the household lightened and Phoebe relaxed. She read to Caroline till her eyes were blurred; her legs sometimes ached from running up and down the stairs; but at night she could sleep soundly, knowing that her mother was safe at last.

One day towards the end of the month as she was driving back from the village over shabby melting roads, Phoebe was startled to see a large "For Sale" sign posted at the Prentice gate. The minute she was in the house she asked her father about it.

"Well, I guess the truth is that Ed's finding it uncomfortable around here," he

said. "Public opinion's turned against him. I've noticed he gets a cold shoulder on every side. That's bad for business, of course—so he's getting out."

Phoebe did not mention the "For Sale" sign to Benjamin, and he made no reference to it himself. But when Aunt Bea came out for her weekly visit a day or two later, she wanted to know all about it. And after talking with her brother-in-law she stood at the living-room window and stared thoughtfully at the red brick mansion for a long time.

March, bright and windy, blew about the house. Caroline was downstairs for a few hours each day. Phoebe fussed about, fixing a chair with pillows and a shawl in the sunniest window. Seeing the new pink in her mother's cheeks she felt that life was almost right again. "Mama, look! The crocuses are up!"

On the first really warm day Phoebe decided to wash the downstairs windows. When she had finished the living-room she sat down on the porch steps to rest. She was sitting there with her chin on her knees, absent-mindedly poking a stick into the moist earth, when Ben appeared. They looked at each other for a moment. Then Phoebe moved over on the steps and Ben sat down.

"Phoebe," he said, "will you go to the movies with me to-night? That new Dietrich picture is at the State."

"We-ell, I don't think—"

Phoebe had been seeing Ben quite often the last two or three weeks. When her mother began to come downstairs each day for an hour or two Ben came over frequently to see her. And of course at such times he saw Phoebe, too. And once they had gone out in the woods to hunt for arbutus; and on Saturday afternoons Ben quite often came over and hung around the boat shop. On two of these occasions he had been there when Phoebe came to call her father to supper, and her father had said Ben must come along too.

It was a rather nice state of affairs, all in all. It was a new experience to be just casual and friendly with Ben. Though it sounded funny to say so, she felt that she and Ben had never really been friendly before. It wasn't exciting like being in love, but it was nice.

"Oh, Ben," Phoebe turned the conversation away from the movies, "did you know Peter and Henrietta were back?"

"Yes, Ruth told me. It's great about Peter, isn't it?"

"Wonderful! That big music teacher in Berlin was so impressed with Peter's playing that he cabled Mr. Austin."

"I guess Peter's all set for a career now. After what the maestro said, he's willing to let Henrie's uncle help him."

Then Phoebe said: "Ben, how's your work these days?"

"I've been wanting to talk to you about it," he said. "You see, I've got a bee in my bonnet. I'm going to try something. Did you ever hear of a Claims Court, Phoebe?"

She shook her head.

"Well, I want to establish a Claims Court for the people of Long Island. It's this way." Ben picked up a pebble and turned it over in his hands as he talked. "A Claims Court is a court run for the benefit of the little man—the small debtor. You know half the people in the country buy things on the instalment plan. Cars, radins, houses, furniture. Some of the concerns they buy from are all right, but a lot of them are in it for the racket and what they can get out of the small home owner. Just plain greed. They clamp down on a man, say, after he's made nine payments on a

car. For some reason he can't make the tenth on the line, maybe his wife was sick and he had to pay the doctor or something. Well, the company takes back the car. He finds that his salary is garnished in spite of the fact that he's already lost the car. Well, most bosses hate to keep a man whose pay is garnished. It's a nuisance and messes up the bookkeeping. So the man is fired. And the car company can take his savings and everything he's got. It happens all the time in all kinds of ways—goah, Phoebe, I must be boring you!"

"No, you're not," Phoebe said. "Please go on."

"Well, the Claims Court is for the protection of the working man who gets in a jam. The judge hears the man's story and finds out exactly what's happened, what his salary is, and what he owes. Then he fixes an amount which he thinks the man can pay on his overdue bills. Payments are made to the Court and the Court distributes them among the creditors. And as long as the payments are kept up, no garnishments can be issued on the man's pay envelope. See? Also, the Court investigates the concerns that prey on the small debtor and they're not afraid to give them plenty of nasty publicity. Oh, I could talk on about it for hours! But, anyway, the point is that the Small Claims Court protects the working man and simplifies and cheapens his dealings with the law."

Phoebe's eyes sparkled. "But that's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Do you think you can do it?"

"I think so. I've talked to Judge Baker, and he's all in favor of it. It's just a case of arousing public interest and putting the thing over in a local way."

Phoebe looked thoughtful for a moment. "But—won't all that interfere a lot with your own practice?"

"Sure," Ben said promptly. Then he frowned. "Phoebe, the law's my game," he went on in an earnest voice. "It always will be. But like anything else, a man starting out in a profession has to decide what special line he wants to take. I've just about decided that my line isn't criminal law, nor civil law either. In the general sense, I'd like to get into something different—something new and progressive. This thing I've been telling you about is one of the newest and most interesting developments of the law to-day, and I want to have a part in it!"

"And I'm sure you will," Phoebe paused. After a moment she added in a breathless voice. "Ben—I'd love to see that Dietrich movie."

THE following Sunday Aunt Bea came out to dinner. She wore a smart new spring suit and an expression which meant she was bursting with important news. And when they had all gathered in the living-room after dinner she flung her bombshell.

"My dears," she said, "I'm going into the night club business. Right here."

"Bea, what are you talking about?" begged Caroline.

Miss Palmer rose. "I'll show you," she said briskly. "Come with me. Oh, I forgot, Caroline, you mustn't walk. Well, get the car, John. We'll ride."

"Where to?" John asked.

"Oh, just down the road a way. You might," Aunt Bea said carelessly, "stop opposite the Prentice place."

Opposite the Prentice gate John parked and Miss Palmer ordered them all out. Then she carefully picked her way into the empty field which faced the Prentice estate and turned to her astonished relatives.

"It'll stand right here," she said, "my night club. I'll have to allow quite a large parking

space for the cars, of course. And the dance floor will take up the wing on this end." She waved an arm to the east. "Solid with windows. French windows. In summer they'll stand open, and inside will be playing the biggest jazz orchestra you ever heard. I'm going to have the longest bar in the country. And tables outside for those who like cocktails under the stars. Can't you see it? People will simply flock. Think of it!"

"But how can you swing it?" her sister asked bewilderedly. "It'll take an awful lot of money."

"I have a backer," Aunt Bea said proudly. "After all, I know something about restaurants." She walked back to the road and beamed at them.

"But look here," John said, "how could you get hold of this land? I know Ed Prentice has held an option on it for fifteen years."

"That's true," Miss Palmer laughed. "But you see, John, he didn't renew it this year. Maybe he had too many things on his mind."

"Ed Prentice will go stark, raving mad," Caroline said solemnly.

"And how'll he ever sell his house," Phoebe demanded, "with a howling night club across the road? Why, Aunt Bea, he's advertising it as quiet and secluded."

Aunt Bea smiled. "I've thought of all those things myself. I'm afraid," she murmured, "that my night club is going to be a particularly noisy one."

With amazing speed the cement foundations were laid, and a noisy hammering began. Bare bright two-by-fours jutted up from the foundation, making the huge skeleton of the night club. And one day John came back from the village and chuckled all through lunch.

"The whole town is laughing at Ed," he told Caroline and Phoebe. "It seems he lost his temper and told Postmaster Edwards he was going to break Bea Palmer in two pieces with his bare hands. The trouble seems to have been that Ed's prize prospect for his property arrived on the same day the steam shovel did, and he had to tell them the diggings were for a roadhouse."

When it came time to put up the big sign announcing the name of the night club Aunt Bea made a grand ceremony of it. She not only came out herself, but brought Peter and Henrietta and asked Ruth and her father to come also. All of them, including the Overton family, paraded over to the premises to watch. A large wooden sign was lying in sections on the ground beside the posts which were to support it, and which had already been erected.

"I'm none too soon in getting my sign put up," Aunt Bea said as the first sections were speedily nailed to the frame. At last they all stared at the completed sign. It had a bright blue background bordered in white; the lettering was bright red. They all gazed and read it admiringly:

Opening at this location June 1st,

CLUB CONTINENTAL.

Gayest Night Club on Long Island.

Open Day and Night.

Longest Bar in the World.

Ten-Piece Orchestra.

No Cover Charge.

Then suddenly they jumped as a voice shouted: "You'll take that thing down, Bea Palmer!" Mr. Prentice stood in their midst.

Miss Palmer gazed up at him unperturbed. "Well," she said, "maybe we could make a deal."

"A deal? You're ruining my property. I won't stand for it!"

"But I'm afraid you'll have to stand for it," she said, "unless you can make it worth my while to stop."

MR. PRENTICE glared.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'll be glad to tell you what I want," Aunt Bea said calmly. "First—" she looked around at John. "I want you to give my brother-in-law, in the presence of these witnesses, a right of way across your land such as he has discussed with you many times in the past." She paused. "And then," she said, laughing, "of course I'd expect—er—damages and costs . . ."

There was a fierce clashing of eyes, but finally Mr. Prentice whirled around at John. "Hiding behind a woman's skirts," he shouted, and this was so funny that everybody burst out laughing. "All right, take your confounded right of way!"

"Good for you, Ed!" Aunt Bea whipped a paper from her pocket. "I knew you'd do the truly generous thing. Now, if you'll sign your name—this is just a little thing I wrote myself, giving John the right of way." Scowling blackly, Prentice scribbled his signature on the paper and Aunt Bea tucked it back into her pocket. Then she smiled. "About the other—er—considerations, Ed, I'm afraid I misrepresented a little bit. You see, I don't own this land. It isn't really my night club either. So—to settle about them you'll have to see my backer, Benjamin Prentice."

"Tell me again, Aunt Bea, the whole thing," Phoebe pleaded. "I can't get it through my head." She sat with her sum in the living-room.

Miss Palmer laughed. "Haven't I said that I practically promised Ben I wouldn't tell?" But she went all over it again.

It seemed that Ben had thought up the whole scheme. He meant to force his father to give in about the right of way. He had used the money he had inherited from his mother to buy the land and finance the building operations. And he had got Aunt Bea to pose as the real owner.

Phoebe's eyes were round and shining.

"You see, dear," Aunt Bea finished, "Benjamin was absolutely determined to get that right of way for your father one way or another."

Phoebe looked at her aunt; she looked at the floor. And then without a word she jumped up and marched to the telephone. "Ben, I want to see you," Miss Palmer heard her say. "Yes, right away. Yes, I'll meet you down on the beach."

She sat on the big stone at the foot of the bank, waiting for Ben. She knew exactly what she was going to say. She was going to thank Ben for what he had done, and tell him how sorry she was for ever having any doubts, and what she said after that would depend entirely on Ben himself.

But when he appeared Phoebe found that she wasn't able to say a word. She could only look at him. And Ben, after one glance at Phoebe's face, gathered her quickly into his arms.

"This is for keeps," he said.

The April day smiled at the sight of them. Oh, this can't last, she thought, and pulled a little cloud across the sun. She sent a cold wind to pluck at them. But Phoebe and Ben paid no attention. The unrest of April had gone forever from their hearts.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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